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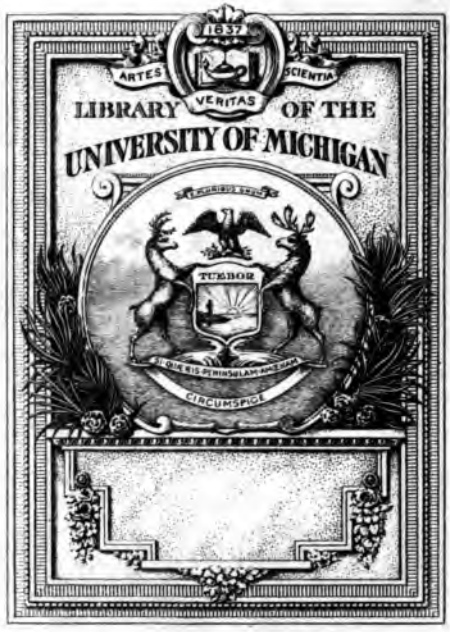
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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL,

In LATIN and ENGLISH.

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ſtant and wearisome attention, will neceſſarily be more entertaining, than a confuſed heap of wild, unconnected, and monſtrous adventures. The greater the action, the more will it pleaſe and engage all men, as it is the natural foible and propenſity of human nature to be delighted with every thing that is above common life. The action ought to be intereſting, becauſe all hearts feel pleaſure in being moved; and a poem, however perfect, if it does not touch and affect us, will be inſipid and diſregarded at all times and in all countries; and the action ought to be entire, becauſe no man will be ſatisfied if he receives but one part of the whole which had been promiſed him.

Theſe remarks are very applicable to all the epiſodes and under-actions of the Æneid. To the narration carried on in the ſecond and third books, containing the deſtruction of Troy, with which it was abſolutely neceſſary to make the reader acquainted; to the paſſion of Dido and its conſequences, in ſtopping Æneas at Carthage; to the ſports at the tomb of Anchiſes in the fifth, the deſcription of hell in the ſixth; the ſtory of Cacus, and the decorations of the ſhield in the eighth: to which may be added, the adventures of Niſus and Euryalus in the ninth, and of Mezentius and Camilla in the tenth and eleventh. All theſe Virgil hath found a method of connecting with his main ſubject, and of making them intimately eſſential to the fable. We meet with no unnatural mixture in the correct and exact oeconomy of this poem, like the monſters Statius has introduced in his Thebaid. What affinity has the anger of Venus, the butchering of the Lemnians, the deſigns of the Argonauts, and the amours of Jaſon and Hypſipile, with the quarrel between Etëocles and Polynices?

An epic poem is not to be a hiſtory, like the Pharſalia of Lucan, or the Punic war of Silius Italicus: nor the whole life of a hero, like the Achilleïs of Statius. But

it

it is the recital of ſome ſingle great action in the life of a hero.

With regard to the morality which this fable of the Æneid inculcates, how noble, extenſive, and truly heroical a moral is this; that piety to God, obedience to the orders of providence however harſh they may ſeem, and juſtice and benevolence to men, together with true valour, both active and paſſive, (not ſuch as conſiſts in ſtrength, intrepidity, and fierceneſs only, which is the courage of a tiger and not of a man) will engage Heaven on our ſide, and make both prince and people victorious, flouriſhing, and happy!

SECTION II.

Of the CHARACTERS.

IN a well-diſpoſed picture, it is not required that every figure ſhould be repreſented with an equal degree of ſtrength and eminence. The principal figure muſt be brought nearer the eye, drawn at full length, and be completely viewed, as far as the rules of perſpective and proportion will admit. There will be other perſonages, which it will be neceſſary to place in almoſt as ſtrong a light as that of the principal one. Some figures muſt be half hid; others muſt appear more or leſs entire, as the grouping requires. In repreſenting a croud, or great number of perſons together, the extreme parts only ſhould be diſtinguiſhed, and, in ſhort, ſo much expreſſed, as merely to ſhew us that ſomebody is there. As the very remote figures cannot be repreſented with any diſtinction of character, ſo muſt the more important and nearer figures ſignify by their attitude, countenance, titles, or other external marks, their proper character, and what intereſt they bear in the action exhibited.

The caſe is the ſame in the Epopoeia. Each actor muſt be repreſented in a greater or leſs degree of ſtrength, according to the part he ſuſtains. The grand and principal figure in the poem before us is Æneas; on whom all the actions of each inferior character depend, and who conſequently, is the ſoul of the whole piece. Æneas is led by the prophecies of the Gods to eſtabliſh a new kingdom; accordingly, we ſee him taking all opportunities of practiſing religious duties; and as this is his moſt eminent virtue, Virgil almoſt every where dignifies him with the epithet *pius*. Though the frequent repetition of the word *pius* may be thought tautology and idleneſs in the poet, yet that epithet conveys with it the deſign of the whole poem, namely, that of founding a new ſtate according to the dictates of Heaven. This characteriſtic piety of the hero, occaſions a fine contraſt between him and Turnus, where the league is broken in the twelfth book. In ſhort, whatever he does is enjoined or regulated by religion; conſequently he is juſt, merciful, and generous. Thus he is a far more amiable character than that of Achilles, or Ulyſſes; ſince the actions of the former are almoſt all founded on revenge, and of the latter on diſſimulation. But characters may be *poetically* good, that are not *morally* ſo.

Next to our hero, Dido acts the moſt conſiderable part in the firſt ſix books, and is the character, on which the plot and intrigue of them turns. She is the foundreſs of Carthage, as Æneas is the founder of Rome, and ſhe repreſents the obſtacle which this republic laid in the way of the Roman victories, which were to make that ſtate the miſtreſs of the world. She is bold, paſſionate, ambitious, perfidious: but her moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic is diſſimulation. It is by this ſhe revenges her huſband, puniſhes her brother, and deceives Iarbas. It is by this ſhe would retard Æneas's journey; but not being able to ſucceed in that ſcheme, ſhe deceives her ſiſter and confident.

confident. However, Virgil has given her ſome virtues truly royal. She is magnificent, courteous, and loves to reward what is praiſe-worthy. *Sunt* hic *etiam ſua praemia laudi.* Æn. iv. She is hoſpitable to exceſs, as is evident by her entertaining the Trojans after the ſhipwreck, and this, before her attachment to Æneas.

In the ſecond part of the poem there are a great many more intereſted perſons than in the firſt. Latinus is a very good and pious prince, but old and without ſons. This gives the queen an occaſion of diſobeying his orders, and Turnus a deſire of being his ſon-in-law in ſpite of him, and of forcing the good old man to proclaim war againſt Æneas, and of making uſe of his ſubjects, his arms, and authority. This default of authority is natural and ordinary among kings that have no heirs.

Amata aſſumes a kind of right to diſpoſe of her daughter. She is ſtrongly in the intereſt of her kinſman Turnus. She is ſo obſtinately bent upon having him for her ſon-in-law, that ſhe had rather die than change her reſolution. This obſtinacy of the woman puts her upon trying a variety of expedients, keeps up her anger and violence, and is the principal character the poet gives her.

The character of Turnus is the ſame with that of Achilles, as far as the alteration of the deſign, and the difference of the fable would admit. We ſee in him a young man, of a furious and vehement temper, paſſionately in love with a princeſs whom a foreign rival would rob him of. His mind is deeply fixed upon arms and war, without conſidering whether this be juſt, or whether the want of juſtice, and the contrary orders of the Gods, make it criminal and impious. He ſuffers himſelf at every turn to be tranſported with anger, the moſt prevailing of all his paſſions. This is the firſt idea our poet gives of him, and which he always ſuſtains very carefully.

carefully. He is leſs of a ſoldier and more of a general than Achilles. But this general in office ſometimes forgot himſelf, to act the part of a private ſoldier. Had it not been for this, he might have put an end to the war the very ſecond day, when breaking into the entrenchments of Æneas, which he beſieged, his fury made him neglect to keep the paſſage open for his own men, as he might eaſily have done. So far it is true that anger is his principal character; he was ſo full of the idea of Achilles, and ſo animated with the ſame ſpirit; Go, ſays he to Pandarus, when he killed him, go tell Priam thou haſt met with a ſecond Achilles here. The poet makes uſe of theſe remote hints and oblique artifices to ſhew the reader the turn and ruling paſſion of Turnus.

The character of this hero partakes likewiſe of the injuſtice of Achilles, in that, from his own particular quarrel, he raiſes a general war, renders his anger pernicious to both parties, and more to his own than that of the enemy: and expoſes many thouſand innocents for his ſingle intereſt. The blameable part of his character is alſo concealed, as the vices of Achilles, by openneſs, by generoſity, and by the dazzling luſtre of a wonderful courage.

Theſe are the moſt ſtriking and the principal perſons in the poem. All the under characters, though more ſlightly touched, are delineated and ſupported with equal beauty and juſtneſs.

The piety of Anchiſes, his attention to prodigies, his mildneſs to Achaemenides; the artful villainy and deliberate deceit of Sinon; the gentle manners of Achates; the fury of the haughty and tyrannical Mezentius, his impiety and abandoned behaviour; the malice and envy of Drances; the tenderneſs and affection of Niſus and Euryalus; the noble ſimplicity of Evander's manners, more charming than the ſplendors of a modern court; the bravery of the heroine Camilla; the ſoftneſs, modeſty,

deſty, and reſervedneſs of the lovely Lavinia; are all of them painted in the moſt lively and natural colours, are ſtrongly contraſted to one another, and are juſt draughts of human nature. If there be not that marvelous variety of characters in our poet as in Homer, yet perhaps it may be urged in his defence, that by this very circumſtance our attention is more conſtantly and invariably fixed, as it ought to be, on the principal figure, Æneas.

SECTION III.

Of the SENTIMENTS.

THE ſentiments in an epic poem are the ways of thinking and reaſoning, which the author aſcribes to the Perſons he introduces; and are juſt, when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The ſentiments have likewiſe a relation to things as well as perſons, and are then perfect when they are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider, whether the ſentiments he makes uſe of are proper for theſe ends. Homer is cenſured by ſeveral critics, particularly by La Motte, and others of that claſs and country, who cannot reliſh nature and ſimplicity, for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of his Iliad and Odyſſey; but thoſe who have treated this great poet with more ſenſe and candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived, and which he minutely and faithfully deſcribed. It was the fault of the age and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments, which appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. But what Homer wants in *refinement*, he amply makes up in *nature*. Virgil has excelled all others, excepting Homer, in the propriety

priety of his ſentiments. All the perſonages he introduces ſpeak, according to the duke of Buckingham's proſe-line,

— juſt what a man would do in ſuch a caſe.

But it is not ſufficient for an epic poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are natural, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are ſublime. Virgil in this particular is thought to fall ſhort of Homer. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are what we now call low and vulgar, but at the ſame time he has not ſo many thoughts that are exalted and ſublime. The truth of it is, Virgil ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not borrow his hints from Homer.

Though this remark is doubtleſs true in general, yet I believe many inſtances of great ſublimity may be produced, for which our poet has not been totally indebted to his Greek maſter.

Is not the deſcription of the approach of Hecate nobly conceived?

Ecce autem primi ſub lumina ſolis & ortus,
Sub pedibus mugire ſolum & juga caepta moveri
Sylvarum; viſaeque canes ululare per umbram
Adventante deâ; procul o procul eſte, profani,
Conclamat vates. ———————

What can affect the imagination more ſtrongly than the idea of Æneas's fleet, driven upon an unknown coaſt, and, in the dead of a very dark night, hearing the moſt frightful noiſes that could be conceived?

Noctem illam tecti ſylvis immania monſtra
Perferimus; nec quae ſonitum det cauſa videmus.
—— Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,

Interdumque

Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favillâ.

I muſt add to theſe, that moſt majeſtic figure of Æneas:

Laetitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis:
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipſe coruſcis
Cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice ſe attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.

But above all, I cannot forbear taking notice of Turnus's ſtopping to liſten at the diſtant confuſion and diſtraction of the city, when the queen had hanged herſelf, &c.

Attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
Commixtum clamorem, arrectaſque impulit aures
Confuſae ſonus urbis et illaetabile murmur.

And afterwards the deſcription of the Fury, which muſt make the moſt inſenſible tremble to read it.

Alitis in parvae ſubito collecta figuram,
Quae quondam in buſtis aut culminibus deſertis,
Nocte ſedens ſerum canit importuna per umbras.
Hanc verſa in faciem, Turni ſe peſtis ad ora,
Fertque refertque ſonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

The circumſtance of the bird's flapping her wings againſt his ſhield is ſtrangely terrifying. It puts me in mind of a fine image in Spenſer,

And over them ſad Horror with grim hue,
Did always ſoar, beating his iron wings——

As there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic poem, there are alſo (ſays Addiſon) two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He

has

has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities, that are ſo often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of Taſſo. Every thing is juſt and natural. His ſentiments ſhew, that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it:

Reddere perſonae ſcit convenientia cuique. Hor.

As to the ſecond kind of thoughts, Virgil hath never debaſed the dignity of epic poetry by introducing any ſentiments and images that are mean and vulgar. All is uniformly majeſtic. He has never fallen into thoughts that either are coarſe, or bordering on burleſque; of which the refined and ſuperficial French critics have ſo frequently accuſed Homer, without making proper allowances for the manners of thoſe early ages. The difference between the Greek and Latin poet on this occaſion, together with the reaſon of ſuch difference, hath been well pointed out by the ingenious author of an Enquiry into the life and writings of Homer. Virgil, ſays he, had been accuſtomed to the ſplendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his repreſentations of that part of life are more auguſt and ſtately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and thoſe poliſhed manners which render men ſo much of a piece, and make them all reſemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His ſtate deſigns and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the ſpirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magiſtrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a ſtranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural; either ſtratagems of war, or ſuch deſigns in peace, as depend not upon forming a party

party for their execution. He excells in the ſimple inſtructive parts of life; the play of the paſſions, the proweſs of bodies, and thoſe ſingle virtues of perſons and characters, that ariſe from untaught, undiſguiſed nature. And afterwards,——Even the ſtately Agamemnon is not aſhamed to own his paſſion for a captive maid before the whole army.——He is beſides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to ſuch a degree, that his teeth chatter and his knees knock againſt each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in ſuch piteous plight, that, if we were not well aſſured of his perſonal bravery, we ſhould take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durſt make no condeſcenſion to nature, nor repreſent the human frailties in their genuine light.

SECTION IV.

Of the LANGUAGE.

TO crown theſe excellencies, the ſtyle of Virgil is remarkable for perſpicuity and purity, for harmony, for brevity, and ſublimity.

As idiomatic ways of ſpeaking grow familiar and mean by the frequent uſe of them in ordinary converſation, ſo an epic poet ſhould diligently guard againſt falling into obvious phraſes and current expreſſions, which would debaſe and ſink his language to the level of proſe. For this reaſon, he raiſes his ſtyle by a judicious uſe of metaphors, by lively and expreſſive epithets, or by making uſe of the idioms of other tongues; as Virgil, for inſtance, is full of the Greek forms of ſpeech which the critics call helleniſms. But how many, to avoid the mean and the groveling, fall into the ſtiff, the unnatural, and the falſe ſublime. Among the Greeks, Æſchylus, and in a few

paſſages,

paſſages, Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Lucan, Statius, Claudian and Seneca; among the Engliſh, Shakeſpear, and the pathetic Lee; among the French, Du Bartas, Ronſard, and even ſometimes Corneille. In theſe authors, the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity of ſtyle; as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs. Virgil has kept a juſt mean, is clear without being tame, and is lofty without being turgid in his expreſſions.

In Virgil we meet with no mixture of different ideas, no metaphors harſh and violent, no epithets that claſh with and contradict the nature of their ſubſtantives; nothing like the *Meſſis clypeata virorum* of Ovid, or *the ſhining ruin, and graceful terror*, and *moving iron wood*, (for an army marching with ſpears erect) of a better writer than Ovid, but one ſometimes infected with the modern love of glittering expreſſions, and fond of the falſe florid. Of all modern writers, Racine ſeems moſt to reſemble Virgil.

With regard to verſification, a reader who hath a juſt muſical ear, and attentively peruſes twenty lines together in the Aeneid, will find and feel as much true harmony and melodiouſneſs in them, as in the moſt admired airs of a ſkilful muſician. There is no tedious uniformity in Virgil's numbers, as in moſt other Latin writers, particularly Ovid and Claudian: his pauſes in each line are perpetually varied; his periods fill and ſatisfy the ear; the eliſions with which he generally cloſes his periods, are introduced with as good effect as the flats and ſharps in muſic; and above all, there is a certain majeſty in his lines that approaches as near Homer's verſification as the *patrii ſermonis egeſtas* would allow.

As to thoſe verſes in Virgil, which are an echo to the ſenſe, and which expreſs by their ſound and flowing, the thing deſcribed, there is no doubt to be entertained, but that the poet frequently intended this beauty, though perhaps

haps not ſo often as certain chimerical critics imagine. I cannot help thinking this beauty was deſigned to be obſerved in the following lines among many others:

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna oſſa lacertoſque.
Ut quondam in buſtis aut culminibus deſertis.
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.
——Telum imbelle ſine ictu.

And many more inſtances, which could not happen by accident, may be ſeen in the third book of Vida's poetics, and in Clarke's notes on the Iliad, and in the Actius of Pontanus.

There remains to be mentioned Virgil's diſtinguiſhing beauty and characteriſtical excellence, his exquiſite and expreſſive brevity. He never inſerts a ſyllable in vain. He is cloſe and preſt. He gives us more things than words, but without abruptneſs or obſcurity. He never exhauſts the ſubject, by ſaying all upon it that could be ſaid, but leaves ſomething for the mind of the reader to diſcover. To him may we juſtly apply the elegant eulogium which Pliny gives Timanthes, one of the moſt admirable painters of Greece, in the xth chap. of the 35th book: *Timanthi plurimum adfuit ingenii in omnibus operibus ejus; intelligitur enim plus ſemper quam pingitur.* "Timanthes diſplayed a great genius in all his pieces, his meaning always is much fuller than his expreſſion."

From this ſhort view of the Aeneid it may appear, that the plan of it is formed upon pious reſignation and its rewards, as the plan of the Iliad is, upon anger and its pernicious effects. Conſequently Æneas is a more amiable and virtuous character than Achilles, whom Homer never deſigned as a perfect hero, or as a proper object of imitation. The intention and ſcope of the Iliad is ſo plainly pointed out by Horace in his epiſtle to Lollius,

that it is wonderful ſo many critics ſhould have miſtaken it, eſpecially thoſe of France:

Stultorum regum & populorum continet æſtus.

I have purpoſely avoided entering into any minute compariſon betwixt theſe two great poets, becauſe all that can juſtly be ſaid on the ſubject is comprehended in the following excellent words of Pope:

"No author or man, ever excelled all the world, in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention becauſe Homer poſſeſſed a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work."

If it be allowable to criticiſe in the way of imagery, I would add to theſe words of Pope, that the muſe of Homer, full of fire and enthuſiaſm, reſembles the Sybil in her prophetic fury;

——— non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptae manſere comae; ſed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans.———

But the muſe of Virgil, more graceful and ſedate, may be compared to the elegant figure he himſelf has painted of the mother of his hero;

—— avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit,
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit dea.

DISQVISITIO I.

DE CARMINE EPICO VIRGILIANO.

AUTORE C. G. HEYNE.

DE carmine epico vniuerſe multa diſputare, cum tot habeamus libros, in quibus copioſe et accurate de eo praeceptum eſt, et cum pauci ſint, quibus expediat, vt in praeceptis diu detineantur, inutile eſſe arbitror. Neque etiam talis diſputatio vllam ad adoleſcentum animos habere poteſt vim aut vllam afferre vtilitatem, niſi vno iam vel altero carmine epico perlecto diligenter et docte enarrato; ne nunc illud moneam, praeceptis iſtis et diſputationibus omnino plus promitti quam praeſtari. Pleraque enim, quae vtilitatem aliquam habent, talia ſunt, vt ab vnoquoque ingenio liberaliore, vbi vnus vel alter poeta perlectus fuerit, vel, nemine monente, facile animaduertantur; vanis autem et inanibus ſubtilitatibus et argutiis aetas illa melius caret. Tum vtilitas illa, quam praeſtant, intra iudicium de ingeniorum monumentis, quae manibus iam tractamus, qualecunque ferendum ſubſiſtit; vt ii vero, qui aliquem ingenii ſui foetum edituri ſunt, ex illis praeceptionibus paullo plus quam ex vno vel altero bono exemplo proficiant, exſpectari non poteſt. Eos tamen, qui adoleſcentibus poetas interpretantur, librorum illorum doctrina imbutos eſſe velim quam maxime; nam ita demum, vbi ipſi virorum doctorum diſputationes accurate cognouerint et animo teneant, in promtu habebunt, in

ſingulis rebus et cauſſis monere commode et cum fructu enarrare eá, quae adoleſcentum ingenia alere, iudicia acuere, elegantiae et virtutis ſenſum aut inſtillare aut excitare animis poſſint. Omnino enim praecipiendi hisce de rebus vtiliter et cum fructu ad adoleſcentum animos genus eſt vnum et fortaſſe ſolum, vt ſcilicet non vniuerſo de genere multa, ſubtiliter forte, ſed ad ingenia tenella et rudia parum accommodate, diſputentur, verum vt in ipſa interpretatione poetae in ſingulis locis, rebus, perſonis ac ſententiis ea moneantur ſalubriter ac breuiſſimis, quae ex re praeſenti et oculis ſubiecta claritatem ſuam habent et veritatem. Adoleſcens enim, qui tam beatus fuerit, vt Homerum et Virgilium interpretis alicuius opera in hunc modum inſtituta enarratum audierit, diſputationes illas aeſthetícas forte non ſine fructu aliquo deinceps perleget; ſed initio a tali lectione facto ſi quis ad poetas cognoſcendos pergere voluerit, an is ex doctorum virorum diſputationibus ad intelligendos et iudicandos poetas multum profeciſſe ſe intellecturus ſit, admodum dubito. Sed, vt peruerſis hominum noſtrorum ſtudiis occurratur, ſatis haec dicta eſſe arbitror.

Quae hic a me exponenda ſunt, pauca quidem et ſummatim, ad Virgilianum carmen ſunt referenda. Ad huius rationem intelligendam ſatis eſt tenere, carmen epicum vniuerſe nihil aliud eſſe, quam narrationem omnibus numeris abſolutam ac perfectam, ſeu narrationis genus praeſtantiſſimum et iis virtutibus, quae huic generi ineſſe poſſunt, cumulatum; carminiſque adeo epici naturam poſitam eſſe in rei geſtae magnae et arduae narratione ad admirationem efficiendam inſtituta. Eiusmodi enim narratio praeſtantiſſima eſt ex toto hoc rerum genere. Admiratione animis iniecta quaeritur hic ea, quae omni carmini propoſita eſt, ſed in alio genere ab aliis cauſſis proficiſcitur, delectatio; quae vtique, ſi ingenuo et liberali animo digna eſſe debet, a rerum honeſtate et vtilitate ſeiuncta eſſe nequit, et tanto exquiſitior, generoſior et plenior

nior eſt, quo maiora virtutis adhortamenta et incitamenta cum hac ipſa voluptate animis ſe inſinuant; vt adeo, ſi quis carmini epico magnum aliquod ac praeclarum virtutis et vitae, inprimis publicae, praeceptum ſubiectum eſſe debere dixerit, ad rerum vtique veritatem dixiſſe ille videatur; ſed poetae epico talis vtilitas ad philoſophicas rationes exacta non ita propoſita eſſe poteſt, vt poeticas rationes inde petat aut metiatur; vt rerum narratarum admiratione animi afficiantur, hoc ſummum eſt quod ille ſequitur. Ipſa autem rerum animorumque noſtrorum natura ita fert, vt, quod a virtute et vtilitate publica vacat, ad animos noſtros admiratione impellendos vim habere nequeat. Non igitur vlla ratione euenire poteſt, vt bonum carmen epicum contineat nihil, quod ad publicam et ciuilem vtilitatem valere poſſit. Magna viſiſſim et ardua conſilia, excelſi et magnifici animorum ſenſus, virtus vltra vulgarem mortalitatis modulum et morem animoſa et fortis, nullis aduerſis caſibus et periculorum terroribus infracta mens, ſalus ciuium, vel imperii maieſtas parta vel ſeruata ac defenſa, haec eadem illa ſunt, quibus maxime hominum animis admiratio iniici poteſt, quae adeo inprimis epico carmini idoneam materiam ſuppeditant.

Admiratio itaque, neceſſe non eſt, vt a rerum et naturae miraculis petatur; ſed, quod facile quiſque intelligit, admiratione animos noſtros afficiunt omnino res a magna animi virtute aut immani aliquo ſcelere profectae, a magno viro, magna ingenii vi, magnis corporis viribus, magnis animi motibus et affectibus, inter magnas difficultates, caſus et pericula, magnis praeſidiis et auxiliis, magnis de cauſſis ſuſceptae et geſtae, quales fere res etiam euentu clarae et inſignes magnique exempli eſſe ſolent, vt aut magni alicuius viri aut populi vel ciuitatis aut generis adeo humani fortunas in vtramque partem contineant. Non difficilis eſt ad cognoſcendum in rhetoricis et poeticis locus de magnitudine; nec tamen omnis mag-

nitudo epici carminis indoli eſt accommodata, ſed ea maxime, quae a ſenſibus et a phantaſmatibus proficiſcitur, quippe quae eadem ad animos mouendos et admiratione imbuendos inprimis valet. Quae quidem omnia paſſim a viris doctis ſatis diſerte ſunt expoſita.

Vt admiratione autem tanto magis teneatur animus, non modo res geſta, quae narratur, et actio eo attemperata ſit neceſſe eſt, vt miratione faciat, verum etiam narrationis genus et ratio ad admirationem efficiendam vel tuendam idonea requiritur. Qua de re plura monere nihil attinet. Quis enim non videt, orationis genus eſſe debere nec humile nec molle, ſed forte, acre, magnificum, ornatum, etſi pro argumenti diuerſa natura diuerſe attemperatum, et quae ſunt alia.

A binis hiſce tamquam principiis repetenda ſunt omnia, quibus carminis epici argumentum, perſonae epicae, facta, virtutes ac characteres, ſententiae, oratio ac dictionis genus conſtituuntur; verbo, admiratione quaeſita delectatio moderatur in hoc genere omnia.

Poteſt autem accidere mentibus noſtris admiratio rerum vel hominum modo cum molliore, modo cum grauiore animorum impulſu; miramur enim alia attonitis ſimiles, alia terrore perculſi, alia miſeratione commoti; interdum magno cum animi aeſtu miratio eſt coniuncta, interdum cum leniore ac remiſſiore impetu, et cum molliore et ſuauiore animi affectu. Quo ipſo ſequitur, vt magna in hoc genere eſſe poſſit varietas pro argumenti diuerſa natura, vtque inanis ſit virorum doctorum opera, qui Homeri ac Virgilii exemplis omnem carminis epici naturam circumſcribere voluerunt.

Eam admirationem rerum, quae cum terrore aut cum miſeratione et grauiore omnino animi affectu mentem impellit, inprimis ad tenendos animos valere, magnamque delectationem habere, quis non videat et naturae humanae eſſe conſentaneum intelligat. Res haec ex parte animaduerſa

maduerſa in opinionem induxit Marmontelium V. Cl.* vt intra tragicos affectus non minus epicum genus contineri et idem argumentum in vtrumque vſum accommodari poſſe exiſtimet. Sed dramate latius patere epicum carmen, hoc eſt, narrationem per cauſſas et conſilia expoſitam; et magnos affectus non niſi vnam eſſe ex pluribus admirationis mouendae cauſſis, ex ſuperioribus facile intelligitur. Ne illud moneam, epici carminis virtutes multas ex narrationis bonae indole et natura eſſe petendas, ad quam et hoc ſpectat, vt tanto dulcior ſit omnis narratio, quanto magis illa animum terrore vel miſeratione exagitat. Vt vero, quod vir elegantiſſimus in medium profert, ſutilis aliqua tragicarum actionum compages bonum epos efficiat, vereor. At vero ex epici carminis partibus bonas tragoedias fieri poſſe alia res eſt, de qua iam Ariſtoteles egit Poet. c. 23 et 26.

Illud tamen negari nequit, cum id, quod admirationis maioris vim habeat, ad animos noſtros mouendos tanto ſit potentius, heroicum argumentum genus epici carminis nobiliſſimum conſtituere; inprimis ſi ex heroicis temporibus petitum fuerit, quibus deorum interuentu res aut geſtae ſunt aut geri creditae; etſi minus bene a Batteuſio et aliis tota epici carminis vis ex his deorum miniſteriis deducitur.

Reliqua, quae de carmine epico praecipi ſolent, partim ex narrationis bonae ratione ac praeceptis, partim ex poeticae orationis genio, repetita ſunt et facile repeti poſſunt; v. c, quae de epiſodiis argute magis quam vere diſputantur. Neque in his animos generoſiores diu detineri velim. Pleraque enim ſunt talia, vt, niſi quis tardiſſimi ſit ingenii, primo ſtatim rerum obiectu ea percipiat. Quorſum enim operoſe multa conſcribere aut commemorare, vt factum, quod argumentum epicum contineat, doceas, eſſe debere vnum, et abſolutum, et intra iuſtum temporis ſpa-

* *Poetique Françoiſe.* T. II. p. 234. ſqq.

tium comprehenſum? quorſum de nectendo et diſſoluendo nodo h. e. de difficultatibus obiectis? de epiſodiorum affinitate et nexu cum epica narratione? Haec intelligere et aſſequi haud adeo difficile eſt; ſed difficultates paullo maiores tunc naſcuntur, ſi in rem praeſentem deducendae ſunt iſtae diſputationes, vt appareat, qua ratione et arte in magno factorum numero argumentum carminis ita digeri et adornari poſſit, vt ad vnitatem deducatur res. Hoc ingenio poetae relinquitur; qui, ſi ad hoc ſatis ingenio valet, multo magis praeceptorum iſtorum copioſa expoſitione carebit.

Vt vero admiratio rei magnae animum tenere et delectatione perfundere poſſit, quis non videt, ea omnia a poeta curari et ſagaciter prouideri debere, quae ad illud conſilium prodeſſe, caueri debere ea, quae obeſſe poſſint? ante omnia lectoris animum argumenti notione aliqua eſſe imbuendum, vt nec tamen exſatietur, in mediam rem eſſe rapiendum, cumque omnia ad ſenſus et phantaſmata in carmine redeant, rerum obiectarum praeſtigiis ita deliniendum et fallendum, vt iam in alia rerum natura et ordine, alia cogitandi, ſentiendi et agendi via et ratione, aliis temporibus, inter alios homines, et extra ſe ſolitumque vitae tenorem conſtitutus, in nihil incidat, quo expergefactus quaſi ex aureo ſomnio ſibi luſum fieri animaduertat; id quod ſine indignatione et poenitentia aliqua eius, qui ad ſe rediit, fieri non poteſt. Hinc a viris doctis multa cum magno legentum fructu diſputata ſunt de probabilitate poetica ac mythica et de veriſimilitudine, quam poëta ſectari debet, qui non ipſe vult ſua acta reſcindere. Omnino ad hanc illuſionem, quam recentiores commode vocant, pleraque, quae de carmine epico cum vtilitate aliqua praecipi poſſunt, reuocare in promtu eſt; et ad hanc normam vel maxime reuocare ſoleo ea, quae de multis Virgilii locis a VV. DD. diſputata ſunt.

Virgiliani igitur carminis dotes vt recte diſcernant ac perſpiciant, ad id intendant animos adoleſcentes, auctor ſum, vt quantum cum in toto argumento tum in ſin-

gulis partibus inſit ad mentes admiratione non ſine voluptate tenendas, conſiderent. Exponitur a poeta Aeneae ex Troia capta profugi, poſt longos errores, in Latium aduentus a fatis monſtratus, et condita ab eo in his locis Troianorum colonia nouaque parata ſedes. Quis autem non facile intelligat iam ab initio, rem eſſe magnam, arduam, et admirationis aliquantum habentem, quod profugus ex vrbe incenſa aliquis fatis ducentibus in tam longinqua terra, in Latio, nouas ſedes ponit? Quis non in ſummis periculis ac diſcriminibus in nauigatione et mox in Italia obiectis nouam admirationis efficiendae videat eſſe materiam? nec minus in ſingulis carminis partibus, in motibus et affectibus animi, in moribus, ſententiis? et eidem conſilio accommodatum eſſe orationis genus et colorem et ornamenta? In his ac ſimilibus diſertus eſſe poteſt facile vnusquiſque carminis interpres.

Rerum quidem inueniendarum laudem Virgilius habet admodum diuerſam ab Homero, nec tamen nullam aut contemnendam. Alterum cum eo comparem, qui verae hiſtoriae exornationem ſuſcipit, alterum cum Mileſiae narrationis auctore *. Scilicet Homerus id agebat, vt narrationem rei ad opinionem verae tradere vellet, cuius ſublimitate et magnitudine contactam et inflammatam habebat mentem; propius attingebat tempora heroica, ipſam rerum famam ſequebatur, qualis ea in popularium ore ferebatur, cum ipſe temporum decurſus omnia in maius auxiſſet, et, vt in maiorum factis et priſci aeui rebus fieri ſolet, humana facta ad diuinam aliquam ſpeciem ac dignitatem euexiſſet; deorum itaque miniſteriis omnia exſequebatur, quoniam priſcis hominibus hoc erat perſuaſum, humanis rebus gerendis intereſſe deos praeſentes multoque magis praeſentes adfuiſſe rebus geſtis patrum aetate, iniicere eos hominum animis bona vel praua conſilia, obiicere pericula ac diſ-

* Egregius eſt ad animi mei ſententiam declarandam locus Baconis de augm. Scientt. lib. II. cap. 13. p. 80. Opp. T. I. non reprehendendus ille, ſi ad epicam poeſin reuocetur.

crimina,

crimina, iraſci, dolere, metuere, ſperare; verſabatur ſub eodem coelo et adierat ea loca, in quibus res illae, a fama tam magnifice ornatae, fuerant geſtae; vtebatur ſermone, natura ſua poetico, hoc eſt, per philoſophorum ſubtilitatem, et rhetorum ac grammaticorum argutias nondum fracto et attenuato, ſed qui multum adhuc retinebat ex genio antiqui ſermonis Graeci, qui communis eſſe ſolet omnium rudium linguarum, vt res ad ſenſum reuocaret, adeoque ſenſa animi et cogitata, etiam phyſicas et ethicas ſententias, per rerum naturas, proprietates, vices, vtilitates, propter ſimilitudinem aliquam tranſlatas vel adumbratas, declararet; quibus omnibus poetica vis vel maxime ineſt. Itaque fere accidere ſolebat, vt philoſophorum quoque opiniones vel praeceptiones ſpeciem narrationis factorum induerent. Ortus v. c. mundi ex chao per pugnam elementorum in perſonas et deos commutatorum erat enarratus. Homerus igitur ea maxime ingenii ſollertia eſt vſus, vt videret, narrationes has poetarum ante ſe, quae philoſophicas doctrinas interpretabantur, omnino narrationum poeticarum loco inſeruire poſſe; vt quae a poetis ante ſe ex priſci ſermonis genio expoſita eſſent ſymbolica rerum cogitatarum adumbratione, ea a ſe pro factis et fatis deorum narrarentur veterumque mythorum naturam et faciem haberent. Hac potiſſimum ratione doctrinam de diis poeticam et ſyſtema aliquod mythologicum condidit Homerus; cumque ad epicam et dramaticam rerum expoſitionem egregie eſſet accommodatum, in poetarum inde patrimonium illud ceſſit. Vt rem abſoluam verbo, Homerico ingenio obſtetricabantur et, vt ſine doctrina doctrinam, ſine arte artem habere videretur, efficiebant plurima, quae, ſi ab iſto aeuo diſceſſeris, omnibus poetis deeſſe neceſſe eſt. Virgilius itaque a libero iſto ingenii et mentis impetu et praecipite motu intercluſus, et tot enthuſiaſmi fouendi, excitandi et inflammandi adminiculis plane deſtitutus, priorum poetarum exemplis tamquam cancellis circumſcriptus, ingenio frenis iam tum

tum ab Ariſtotele aliisque iniectis, ab arte neceſſe habuit petere omnia. Alio aeuo, ab heroica aetate nimis remoto, inter diuerſiſſimas hominum, rerum, temporum, locorum ac coeli rationes ſuum opus erat aggreſſus. Sine doctrinae et multae ac variae lectionis copiis, nulla iam tum ingenii laus erat. Fracto in hunc modum mentis impetu, tamen vel ſic magnum eius etiam in inueniendis rebus ingenium ex his agnoſcas: Primum vidit carmen epicum Homericum, hoc eſt, heroicum poſſe perfici et ornari; tum eius vix eſſe poſſe argumentum idoneum, niſi ex vltima antiquitate et aetate heroum proprie ita dictorum petitum. Eſt autem a natura res ita comparata, vt priſcorum heroum ipſa nomina, res geſtae et fata etiam per ſe non adeo memorabilia animum humanum teneant et admiratione afficiant. Eſt porro illa aetate morum ac vitae ſimplicitas ea, quae poeticum ornatum ſublimesque rerum formas et ſententiarum grauitatem multo magis ſuppeditet, quam vita hominum elegantior; quando etiam ipſa facta corporum magis viribus et animorum impetu ac virtute gerebantur, quam conſiliorum ſagacitate, et artis vel ingenii ſubtilitate. Tandem gerendis tum rebus ipſi dii interfuiſſe credebantur. Ita deorum miniſteriis res explicare et ex toto cyclo mythico, quae vellet, depromere poterat. Italicis autem mythis nouam et Graecis incognitam ſuauitatem adiecit. Tum vero praeclaro iudicio argumentum ex vetere cyclo epico delegit, necdum tractatum a claro aliquo poëta, nec tamen plane intactum et Homerico aliisque carminibus quaſi contiguum ac finitimum. Ita enim conſequutus eſt hoc, vt materiam haberet copioſam, nec rudem, ſed poetica tractatione ab aliis iam ſubactam et ad epicam dignitatem ac vim accommodatam. Perſonas et characteres, mores ac facta iam aliunde nota, commendata, conſtituta ac definita, optauerit ſibi poëta quiſque. Illud vero ad intelligendum procliue eſt, quam expedita ac facilis eſſe debeat copia ornamentorum et epiſodiorum in tali argumento tam late fuſo et patente;

quod ipſum Homerus aut vidit aut ſenſit, cum ex toto belli Troiani decurſu vnum heroem, vnum factum ſelegit, adeoque infinitis aliis rebus ex iſtius belli hiſtoria ad exornandum et amplificandum argumentum recte vti potuit. Hoc vno ſuo iudicio plurima praeclara carminis ſui praeſidia et vberrimos fructus tulit Maro. Non nouus et ignotus eſt lectoribus heros, cuius fata exponit, nec Troianorum nomen ac fortuna tam obſcura, quin ab initio ſtatim miſeratione afficiamur et virtutis admiratione. Deorum autem interuentus, Iunonis et Veneris irae et ſtudia, ac partes iis tribuendae, egregie erant iam ab Homero definitae. Quando itaque primo ſtatim Aeneidis ingreſſu Iunonis *memor ira, irarumque cauſſae ſaeuique dolores* memorantur, odia Iunonia ex Homero ſtatim ſuccurrunt legenti et iam ab initio grauem de Aeneae fortuna ſollicitudinem iniiciunt.

Poetae ſollertiam et acumen etiam in hoc ſpectari volo, quod non modo ex nobiliſſima antiquitatis parte, qualis rerum Troicarum eſt, verum etiam ex eo temporum articulo Aeneidis argumentum duxit, qui intra paucorum annorum decurſum ingentem vim illuſtrium facinorum ac memorabilium caſuum conuerſionesque rerum mirabiles cum Graeciae et Aſiae, tum Italiae comprehendit. Nam exciſo Ilio dici vix poteſt, quantopere vbique turbatum ſit. Victi victoresque ad nouas ſedes quaerendas per totum terrarum orbem diſperſi vagabantur *, et verſus occidentem maxime, qui tam parum adhuc Graecis notus erat. Primum iis tunc nauigatio vltra Siciliam frequentari coepit, cum ad illud tempus Phoenices illa maria tenerent, niſi quod e Creta aliisque forte inſulis paucae naues Siciliam adibant.

Errores iſti heroum ab Ilio redeuntium variis Graecorum carminibus epicis, Νόστοι ea inſcripta erant, materiam

* Egregius eſt eam in rem Strabonis locus lib. I. p. 48. B. et lib. III. p. 150. A.

et

et argumentum praebuerant; quae ſi ad tempora noſtra peruenifſent, plura forte veſtigia in iis deprehenderemus, quibus Virgilius inſtiterat; quandoquidem in ſimili argumento cum iis ipſis verſabatur. Sed eaedem hiſtoriae ſeu fabulae de Achiuorum reditu magnae tragoediarum Graecarum parti materiam ſubiecerant, vt inprimis ex Euripide apparet, et multo magis ex tot deperditarum titulis intelligitur. Ex Graecorum autem tragoediis, inprimis Euripidis, omnino poetam plurimum profeciſſe ex iisque orationis ſuae dignitatem paſſim et maieſtatem, ſententiarum quoque pathos, interdum tragico propius, affectuumque grauitatem tragicam, vt in Amata, in Didone, in Pallante, in Niſo et Euryalo, comparaſſe ſuſpicari licet *. Magna earum pars a ſuperioribus poetis latine iam erat reddita; quae res poetae non parum adiumenti ad orationis cultum et copiam afferre debuit.

Veniamus ad dilectum in heroe, quem ſibi ſumſit poeta, factum. Primum perſona eius, genus, fortuna, nomen ac virtus et olim vnum quemque liberaliter inſtitutum adeoque Homerica lectione imbutum tenere debuit et nunc tenet; qui caſus eum in Italiam adduxerit, diſcere auemus; Troianorum autem e patria incenſa profugorum fata lubenter cognoſcimus. Longa nauigatio per mare iſta aetate parum nauibus frequentatum ad terras nondum humano cultu, quem aliquando accepturae erant, celebratas quidni locum faciat plurimis periculis ac difficultatibus, quibus Aeneae virtus in admirationem ſui rapere poterat? Infeſtae deae ira aſperrima et ex altera parte tot deorum monitus exſpectationem faciunt magnam †. Quae omnia cum ad rerum magnitudinem, quae animum

* Cf. ad lib. II. Exc. I. p. 227 et aliis locis.

† Singularis eſt Marmontelii cenſura in Virgilium (*Poetique Franç.* T. II. p. 237.) ſoli ſuperſtitioni ſuperſtructum eſſe Aeneae in Italiam aduentum, adeoque niſi ad animos ſuperſtitione

animum admiratione detineat, valeant, ad narrationis probabilitatem egregie quoque ſunt comparata. Sed cum plura huius generis narrari poſſint, et in Notis et Excurſibus paſſim notata ſint, in dilectu tamen Aeneae magni poetae ingenium ac iudicium doctum et exquiſitum nihil magis arguit, quam quod eum potiſſimum Carminis ſui heroem circumſpexit, qui in Italiam Troianorum coloniam deduxerat, nouum regnum in Latio conſtituerat, vnde Albae Longae adeoque etiam Romae origines repetebantur, quique adeo, etſi nec nobis ingratum eſſe poteſt, tanti imperii primas origines cognoſcere, tamen Romanis ex omni antiquitate acceptiſſimus et commendatiſſimus eſſe debebat. De Aenea eiusque erroribus ac fatis omnes veteres annales Romanorum loquebantur, quod ex fragmentis paſſim a Sext. Aurelio Victore ſeruatis et ex Dionyſio ac Feſto ſatis colligi poteſt; eundemque Aeneam in nonnullis, quae interciderunt, Graecorum carminibus partes ſuſtinuiſſe non obſcuras, ex Lycophrone, qui antiquiora collegit, et ex imitatoribus ſeu exſcriptoribus veterum intelligas, Quinto Calabro lib. XI. et Dictye. Cum autem omnino in Graecorum Romanorumque libris de Aenea tam multa narrata eſſent, paratas ornandi et amplificandi argumenti copias ei ad manum fuiſſe apparet. Quae poetae felicitas cum vulgo parum nota et intellecta ſit, paullo accuratius mox ea de re, variis etiam deinceps Excurſibus de ſingulis partibus, agemus. Deducto tandem rerum ordine in Italiam noua rerum, hominum et locorum genera ac nomina ſubnaſcebantur, contingebatque adeo poetae,

ſtitione ſimili tactos vim nullam habere poſſe. Vt verbo rem abſoluam: Ponamus Aeneam poſthabitis deorum monitis in alia terra conſediſſe, apud Didonem ſedem fixiſſe, quod vir acutiſſimus malebat; et cogitemus, quo animo illud laturi ſimus inter legendum vel audiendum. Aliud eſt Batteuſii acumen, qui narrationi de aduentu Aeneae et Troianorum in Italiam nihil ineſſe videt quod humanitatis ſenſum attingat. Quid vero? alienum a te, ſi homo es, putabis, an magnus et virtute clarus vir ex incenſa patria profugus poſt tot aerumnas, et caſus fortiter perlatos tandem ad tutam ſedem delatus ſit.

quod

quod in votis habere debebat, vt praeter ea, quae a Graecis tractata ſatis erant, noua et intacta ipſe afferre poſſet.

Iudicium poetae in dilectu herois, quem ornaret, quam elegans et exquiſitum ſit, etiam ita iudicari poſſe puto, ſi quis aliorum carminum epicorum argumenta comparet, vt Herculis vel Theſei facta, Argonautica, bellum Thebanum, Gigantum vel Titanum pugnam; quae omnia etſi ſumma cum arte tractata et expolita, non tamen ad eum ſplendorem excoli potuiſſent, neque ſatis momenti ad animos impellendos aduertendosque habuiſſent; cum contra ad popularium inprimis mentes tenendas Aeneae fata tantam vim habere deberent. Adeo omnia ea, quae Dionyſ. Halic. I, 49. ad adſtruendam Aeneae in Italiam aduentus veritatem memorat, ſimul ad poetae ſapientiam declarandam valent: Τῆς δὲ ἐπὶ Ἰταλίαν Αἰνείου καὶ Τρώων ἀφίξεως Ῥωμαῖοί τε πάντες βεβαιωταὶ, καὶ τὰ δρώμενα ὑπ' αὐτῶν ὅτε θυσίαις καὶ ἑορταῖς, μηνύματα, Σιβύλλης τε λόγια, καὶ χρησμοὶ Πυθικοὶ, καὶ ἄλλα πολλά.

Neque vero huic argumenti felicitati et tantis materiae copiis poetae ingenium defuit. Vellem id pluribus a me exponi poſſet! Sed ne in immenſum rerum campum euagetur diſputatio, ratio nobis nonnullorum tantum habebitur, quae quidem praecipua in toto hoc loco videntur. Spectant ea partim ad Homericam imitationem partim ad elegantiorem phantaſmatum et narrationis omnino habitum, partim denique ad orationis dignitatem et ornatum.

Ipſam Aeneidis ideam, deſcriptionem et diſpoſitionem partium ad Homericum partim Odyſſeae partim Iliadis exemplum factam eſſe negari nequit; pauca quoque carminis lumina locaque inſigniora, et rerum orationisque ornamenta eſſe arbitror, quae a Virgilio ſine exemplo inuenta et tum primum ex ipſa rerum natura adumbrata et deſcripta eſſe affirmari poſſe putem. Certe pauciſſima ex iis occurrere memini, quorum non aut exempla aut

femina

ſemina aut materias modo rudes modo inchoatas ac praeformatas ex Graeco aliquo poeta excitare aliquis poſſit. Atqui ex Graecis poetis tam pauci ad nos peruenerunt; quid ſi plures eſſent ſuperſtites, maxime Alexandrini? Neque dici poteſt, caſu aut neceſſitate Graecum et Romanum poetam, dum eundem rerum et ſententiarum orbem libero mentis meatu peruagantur, in idem phantaſma aut ſenſum et dictum incidere potuiſſe ac debuiſſe. Factum hoc vtique et ſaepe. Nec alterum, quod forte moneas, negari poteſt, multa paſſim ab Vrſino, Guellio, Cerda, Clarkio, forte et ab aliis pro imitatis et adumbratis afferri temere et ſine iudicii acumine, quae partim ſimilitudinem tantum, interdum et hanc ſatis obſcuram, habeant, partim talia ſint, vt ſanus quiſque et rerum intelligens homo, ſi eaſdem res exponat, iiſdem modis ac verbis, iiſdem ſenſibus ac ſententiis vſurus ſit; cuiuſmodi multa a me omiſſa ſunt, nonnulla eo conſilio appoſita, vt comparatione facta delectent. Sed Maroni innumeris in locis Graeca, Homeri inprimis, ante oculos fuiſſe, probant plura, et primum quidem totius carminis deſcriptio ab Homero petita, tot verſus ad verbum latine conuerſi, tot loca, quae exquiſitiorem cultum et ornatum vel acumen vel doctrinam aut aliud quid reconditae naturae produnt, quae ea ſimplicitae, vt reliqua, enuntiaturus erat, niſi fuiſſet, qui iam occupauerat; porro graeca ratio flectendi verba vel orationem, quae ad indolem poeticae dictionis Virgilianae et genium pertinet; tum poetae ipſius profeſſio Ge. III, 10. *Primus ego in patriam mecum—Aonio rediens deducam vertice Muſas*; tandem veterum auctoritas, vt Senecae Suaſor. III, qui Virgilium *non ſurripiendi cauſſa, ſed palam imitandi, hoc animo, vt vellet agnoſci*, in multis verſibus alios expreſſiſſe affirmat. Manifeſta haec imitationis Homericae veſtigia in quam diuerſas partes laudis vel reprehenſionis a viris doctis deflexa ſint, longum eſt dicere. Aliis nihil diuinius fuit imitatore Virgilio, aliis nihil ieiunius et ſterilius.

ſterilius. Equidem hoc in loco multa eſſe video, quae nec laudi magnopere nec veniae locum faciant, ſed quae rei naturae et rationi ita ſunt conſentanea, vt quomodo aut quare aliter ſe habere debeant, cauſſa idonea non appareat. Cum ſemel ad Odyſſeae et Iliadis tamquam magiſterium Aeneidem compoſuiſſet poeta; quod quidem cur parum ſapienter factum a Marone dicamus, non video, cum id inter Romanos a nemine adhuc fuiſſet tentatum; quidni Homerum in partibus quoque aut ſingulis locis ſequendum putaret? et cum omnino veſtigiis eius inſiſteret, quandoquidem argumentum affine ac ſimile tractabat, difficile erat cauere, ne in eaſdem paſſim rerum ideas, eadem phantaſmata, eaſdem ſententias, eadem πάθη incurreret. Sunt autem multa, quae vno tantum modo recte dici et efferri poſſunt; multa quae, ſi naturae conſentanea eſſe debent, variare velle ineptum ſit. Praeterea non facile aſſequare, quomodo poeta doctus et Graecorum poetarum lectione ſubactum habens et ornatum ingenium, cum ſe ad opus ſuum conuerteret, ita omnia quae legerat, animo expellere et exturbare potuiſſet, vt nihil ex priſtina lectione obuerſaretur animo. Maxima autem eorum, quae imitatione expreſſa dici poſſunt, pars eius modi eſt, vt non tam data opera et ſtudio Homerica verba aut ſententias reddere voluiſſe videri poſſit, quam vt potius in ea incidiſſe videri debeat, ipſa re ea, quae olim lecta et cognita in ſimili argumento memoria tenebat, iterum ad animum reuocante. Atqui hoc imitandi genus, tantum abeſt, vt reprehendi poſſit, (etſi nonnulli id faciunt in noſtris quoque poetis, etiam in ingenioſiſſimo, Wielando,) vt poetam doctum nihil magis arguat et deceat. Sed in Virgilio reprehendendo vel laudando id, quod primo loco reputandum erat, non meminerant viri docti, poetam, etiamſi ingenium eum ad noua et intacta tuliſſet, hoc ſuae aetati ſuisque popularibus tribuere debuiſſe, aut ſaltem in opinione eius temporis communi

excuſationem habere, cum ad artem poetae et ad maiorem carminis ſuauitatem pertinere crederetur, ſi multa ex Graecis eſſent expreſſa vel adumbrata. Perluſtret mihi aliquis veterum poetarum ante Virgilium fragmenta, inprimis Ennii, omnia fere et ſingula ex Graeco aliquo poeta aut latine expreſſa aut imitatione adumbrata videbit. Etiam Plautus ac Terentius toti fere ex Graecis vel ad Graecos comparati et conſtituti ſunt. Ad Graeca prorſus ingenia ſe compoſuere Romani; in Graecis puericiam et adoleſcentiam conſumebant. Ex multis ſcriptorum, inprimis Ciceronis locis notior res eſt, quam vt plura de ea monenda ſint. Itaque etſi exculto iam ſermone Romano, et pluribus Romanorum ingeniorum foetibus in publicam lucem eductis, tamen ne ſub Auguſto quidem deſtiterunt ſummi viri amare Graeca, ea exprimere latine, cum Graecis ornatu certare, eorum inuenta ſua facere, multo magis ſi nouum carminis genus in Romanas literas inferrent. Horatii quidem Carmina pleraque ex Graecis Lyricis adumbrata eſſe nullus dubito; quandoquidem inter tam pauca fragmenta ex iſtis lyricis ſeruata vix vnum et alterum eſt, cuius non imitationem ab Horatio factam excitare poſſis; quid itaque futurum putabimus, ſi Lyricos Graecos integros cum Horatio comparare liceret. Neque aliter ſe rem cum Ouidio, Propertio aliisque habituram eſſe credere fas eſt, ſi Graeci Elegorum ſcriptores, inprimis Alexandrini poetae adhuc exſtarent. Quis itaque Virgilium reprehendat, quod popularium ſuorum ſenſum, iudicium ac morem ſequutus totum ſe ad Graecos poetas in ſuis carminibus exprimendos applicuit. Noua accedere videbatur voluptas, quae delectationem in maius auctam afferret, ſi praeclara et ſuauis ſententia ſimul graeci loci recordationem faceret, vnde eſſet expreſſa. In Aeneide itaque pauci ſunt characteres, vix vllum factum notabilius, vix locus aliquis praeſtantior, in quo non poetae alicuius Graeci, inprimis

mis Homeri, veſtigia agnoſcas. Sed in eadem Aeneide multo doctiorem et ingenioſiorem imitatorem agnoſcas facile, quam in Eclogis, in quibus multa paſſim aliena a rerum veritate et ratione poſita notauimus, et alia facile notari poſſunt, in quae poeta imitandi ſtudio parum ſubtili incidit, vt cum paſtor indoctus, Ararim et Oaxem memorat, aut in illis: *nuper me in littore vidi*, aut: *nouimus et qui te*, et id genus alia. Neque vero haec Graecorum imitatio aut ingenio carere aut iudicio putanda eſt. Eſt enim imitatio haec nequaquam ſeruilis illa aut affectata, cuiusmodi ab ingenio exili et ignauo proficiſci ſolet, neque in alterius poetae verbis, modis et figuris variandis turpiter ingenii vires attriuit poeta; ſed vbi occurrerat aliquid ab alio cogitatum vel inuentum, ſtatim rem ſuam fecit, et Homerico phantaſmate tactus animus, tamquam ſcintilla idoneo fomite excepta, ſtatim flamma correptus incaluit, et magno incendio exarſit. Hinc nouae rerum formae, noua genera, nouae interdum naturae. Nemo facile, ſi ſingula recognoſcat et excutiat, non intelligit Virgilium, etiam vbi preſſe ſequitur, modo caſtigatiore, pulchriore vel auguſtiore rei phantaſmate, Latini ſermonis elegantia, aut nouo rerum ornatu, modo deducta feliciter ac deflexa ad aliud rerum genus ſententia vel oratione, certaſſe cum Graeco poeta. Inprimis autem ſe Romanis in Homeri imitatione magnopere probare debuit cultus Auguſtei ſeculi, quo ſimplicitas inculta et horrida interdum Homeri vetuſtas modo ad honeſtiorem et mitiorem cultum a Marone, modo ad elegantiorem ornatum temperata eſt. Hoc nomine ipſe Aeneas quoque commendabilior videri potuit. Omnibus eius factis, moribus ac dictis mitior aliquis humanitatis cultus ineſt. Apparatus rerum ſunt ornatiores; ornamenta dignitas, ſplendor et elegantia, μεγαλοπρέπεια, ſed heroum perſonis digna, illuſtrat. Quae quidem res in longam diſputationem adduci poſſet, ſi animi magis lubitum quam

ſcriptionis conſilium proſequi mallemus *. Verum cuique Virgiliani carminis virtutes rite aeſtimaturo alte hoc menti inſidere debet, qua aetate, quo in populo, qua in vrbe, quos inter homines poeta vixerit, quem inde colorem carmen eius duxerit, vt, etſi ſaluo et integro heroicorum temporum more, purior tamen, mundior et caſtigatior eſſet carminis habitus, affectus et πάθη alia mitiorem alia grauiorem naturam omninoque cultioris aeui dignitatem haberent, heroumque mores, ſententiae ac dicta, etſi heroicae aetati conſentanea, ſpirarent tamen neſcio quid ex elegantia ſeculi, vrbis et aulae, in qua poeta vixit.

Ad cultum Virgiliani carminis gratum et amabilem non minus ſpectat orationis indoles, quippe quae in ſimplicitate mirabili dignitatem ſeruat et grauitatem. Ornatu enim vario et exquiſito, et ſermonis poetici nitore, orationis dignitate et grauitate, ſententiarum pondere, Homerum longiſſime antecellit, cuius laus praecipua in proprietate et ſimplicitate poſita eſt, etſi nec vis et robur nec pulchritudo et interdum nec ornatus ei deſit. Sed nec Virgilius in ornatiſſima oratione ſimplicitatem et proprietatem deſeruiſſe videri debet; etſi ſequiores ſcriptores multa orationis ſuae pigmenta et lenocinia ex eo adoptarint; ſed male in pedeſtrem illatis iis, quae carmini erant propria. Certe poetici ornatus elegantis nec affectati praeſtantiſſimum et vnicum exemplar eſſe arbitror carmen Virgilianum; in hoc ſermonis poetici genium primo conſtitutum et ad certa rerum principia ac regulas exactum deprehendere et troporum ac figurarum naturas et

* Scripta haec erant, cum in manus ſumſimus Hurdii, elegantiſſimi Britanni, diſputationem de imitatione poetica, qui praeclare rem expedit, quatenus et rerum a poetis tractandarum et ingeniorum tantam inter ſe eſſe affinitatem docet, vt plures eadem aut eodem modo eloqui neceſſe ſit; bene etiam notas verae imitationis apponit; ſed vt de Virgilii imitatione ſententiam mutaremus, nihil ab eo allatum vidimus.

inuerſionum

inuerſionum rationes deſcriptas et ad legem redactas diſcere licet. Quae ipſa res animaduerſa me adduxit, vt in ſermone Virgilii poetico enarrando et explicando operam collocarem accuratiorem, quam in vllo alio ſcriptore recte conſumi a me poſſe putem. Attamen in hac ipſa poetici ſermonis conſtitutione poetae ſagacitatis laus non tam in inueniendo, quam in inuento aliorum cum ingenioſa ſagacitate in ſuos vſus transferendo debetur. Alexandrinis enim poetis, Callimacho, Apollonio, Nicandro, Arato, poetici ſermonis indoles et natura vnice eſt accepta referenda; hoc eorum docent ſcripta in ſumma ſimplicitate cultum, nitorem et ornatum admirabilem, et quem ex omnibus aetatibus neminem alium aſſequutum eſſe vidimus, referentia. Videntur ſcilicet poetae doctiſſimi et Ptolemaeorum contubernio expoliti animaduertiſſe, non infeliciter Tragicorum tumorem Homerica ſimplicitate temperari poſſe. Hos Maro auctores habuit, cum tanto maiore iudicii laude, quod Ennius et ceteri, qui praeceſſerant, de orationis elegantia et ornatu caſtigatiore parum laborauerant.

Placet nunc in fine ſubiicere nonnulla et per ſaturam monere, quibus virorum doctorum quorundam opinionibus, quas totam carminis indolem vel characterem tollere videas, tacite aut expreſſe a nobis occurratur; nam in contentionem cum quoquam deſcendere nec ingenii noſtri nec moris eſt.

Primum de conſilio, quod poeta in Aeneide conſcribenda ſecutus ſit, et de fine, quem propoſitum habuerit, multi varia comminiſcuntur. Nihil quidem magis alienum eſſe poteſt ab epico carmine quam allegoria; iugulat enim totam eius vim, rerum et hominum dignitatem attenuat, gratum animi errorem excutit et aeſtum inter legendum refrigerat, voluptatemque omnem intercipit. Certatim tamen viri docti argutiis ſuis Aeneae perſonam nobis eripere et Auguſtum ſubmittere allaborarunt. Etiam ex parata noua in Latio ſede miſeros Troianos

exturbarunt; adumbratum esse a poeta nouum tum Romae constitutum vnius principatum. Simili acumine alii arcana, nescio, quae dominationis Augusteae consilia in Aeneide condenda deprehendere sibi visi sunt. Ita Spencius, elegantis ingenii vir *, πολιτικὸν epos esse Aeneidem sibi persuasum habet, neque aliud quicquam poetam spectasse, quam vt animis libertatis ereptae desiderio aegris fomenta admoueret, et nouum principem approbaret. Nihil tamen Aeneae personam, fortunam, facta et fata habere videas, quod ei consilio respondeat; nullus in Aeneide populus est liber, qui dominum accipiat; nulla monarchiae bona videas expositа aut commendata; verbo nihil occurrit, quo libertatis amore contacti animi adduci aut allici possint, vt a bono principe malint tuto regnari quam cum libertatis vano nomine paucorum potentum dominatione vexari. In Iuliae gentis honorem, quae a Iulo Aeneae filio originem ducere videri volebat, Aeneidis opus si non susceptum, nonnulla tamen passim suauiter memorari, ad Augusti laudes ingeniose alia inseri, ipsa carminis lectione manifestum fit et a veteribus quoque Grammaticis iam monitum est locis pluribus; sed quantam vim ea ad dominationem Augusti commendandam habere potuerint, mihi non satis constare lubenter fateor. Neque, si noua Aeneae sedes in Latio diuinis humanisque iuribus vallata fuerit, quale inde propugnaculum nouo Augusti regno partum sit intelligo; vt adeo, si demonstrari hoc possit, poetae consilium illud in Aeneide condenda propositum fuisse, parum feliciter eum hac in re versatum videri dicerem.

In eandem tamen opinionem iam ante Spencium inciderat Vir doctus inter Francogallos †, qui inprimis simi-

* Polymetis Dialogue III. p. 17 sqq. quem passim sequuntur Wartonus, Holdsworthus et alii.

† Mr. l'Abbé *Vatry, Discours sur la Fable de l'Eneide. Mem. de Litterat. To. XIX. p.* 345.

litudinem

litudinem inter Aeneae et Auguſti perſonam et fortunam diſerte perſequitur. Ingenioſe eum ludere non neges; et multorum doctorum virorum communis eſt opinio, Auguſtum ſub Aeneae perſona eſſe adumbratum; eo ſpectare virtutes Aeneae a poeta tributas; eo referunt multa alia. Videas nonnullos tam egregie ſibi placere in hoc inuento, vt vndique conquirant et venentur ea, quae ad Auguſtum accommodari poſſint. Sic oris dignitas lib. I, 593. *Os humeroſque deoſ.* cum aſſentatione in Auguſtum memorata eſt. Plura huius generis v. c. apud Iortinum Diſſ. VI. p. 248. et alios inuenias. Ignoſcenda haec putem alicui ex media aſſentatorum turba, qui Aeneide lecta vnam vel alteram Aeneae laudem ad Auguſtum traheret, vt Principi palparet. Sed vt poeta tam diſſimiles perſonas, fortunas, virtutes et facta ac res geſtas inter ſe comparare voluerit, mihi quidem ſi Maronis iudicium et elegantiam recte teneo, parum probabile videtur.

Eadem fere via carmen πολιτικὸν conditum a poeta viſum iam olim erat R. Patri *le Boſſu (Tr. du Poeme epique* Lib. I. c. XI.) vt Romanos partim ad amplectendum et probandum praeſentem rerum ſtatum adducere, partim Auguſtum ad moderationem ac clementiam adhortari et a dominationis libidine et impotentia reuocare voluerit. Sed nec huic conſilio vlla ex parte reſpondet Aeneidis ſiue argumentum ſiue tractatio; profugus ex vrbe incenſa Aeneas nouam ſedem quaerit, armis vim illatam propulſat, et ſic porro; quid tandem his ineſt quod ad imperandi artes ac virtutes ſpectet?

At fabulae Virgilianae vniuerſe ineſſe et in ſingulis carminis partibus aut locis ac verſibus occurrere talia, quae principibus pro ſalubribus praeceptis commendari poſſint, nemo neget; quin potius inter vtilitates, quae poetarum carminibus debentur, praecipue hoc commemorandum eſt. Verum non propterea dici poteſt ac debet: in condendo carmine et in fabula deligenda et ordinanda tale praeceptum propoſitum poetae fuiſſe, cuius expli-

candi cauſſa narrationem inſtitueret. Narrare ille voluit ac debuit rem magnam et altam et mirabilem. Quod narratio illa et delectatio, quae inde accipitur, cum vtilitate ad omnes hominum ordines, inprimiſque ad principum animos coniuncta eſt, hoc epicae narrationi per ſe conſentaneum eſt; ipſa enim rei natura ita fert, vt magnorum virorum facta magna et praeclara ſine ſummo ad hó minum animos, mores ac virtutem fructu exponi et narrari nequeant, multo magis ſi cum ſententiarum ſplendore et orationis ornatu inſtituta ſit narratio.

Mores Aeneae ad Auguſti mores eſſe ſiue accommodatos ſeu inde adumbratos, nobis quidem parum probabile videri, iam ſupra innuebamus. Sapientior erat poeta et rei poeticae intelligentior, quam vt talem cogitationem in animum admitteret. Nam praeterquam quod Aeneae characterem non inuenit, ſed ab aliis iam traditum accepit, cicumſpiciendae erant a poeta virtutes Aeneae eiuſmodi, quae in epico argumento vim et ſplendorem haberent, et factorum, quae enarranda erant, cauſſas idoneas ſuppeditarent. Quod ſi ille ſtudium ſuum ponere voluiſſet maxime in hoc, vt Aeneas Auguſto aſſimularetur, quam multa et quam parum conſentanea epicae narrationi, argumento, operis characteri, temporum rationi, illaturus in carmen ſuum fuiſſet poeta!

Diſſimilem tamen omnino Homericorum heroum aiunt eſſe Aeneam; inferiorem quoque Achille et Vlyſſe; ſola pietate inſignem. Quid igitur? ſi Aeneas alter eſſet Achilles? alter Vlyſſes? annon exſcriptum potius et ſeruili imitatione expreſſum eum dicturi ſint? Non ego is ſum, qui coeco aliquo poetae mei amore nihil ab eo peccatum eſſe contendere velim. Iliadis argumentum felicioremet epicae dignitati propiorem materiam habere ſi quis dixerit, me habet aſſentientem; et delector ipſe multo magis Homeri lectione quam Virgilii; Enimuero non omnia carmina epica ex vno et eodem genere procedere poſſunt; poſt Achillis autem iras et Vlyſſis ſapientiam

tiam ſeu vafritiem, quae et priſcae aetati et epico carmini accommodatior erat, quam ſapientia, cum variandum et nouandum eſſet aliquid poetae, quidni Aeneae virtutem, quam cum ceteris heroibus communem habet, fortitudine animi in perferendis calamitatibus et obſequio erga deos temperaret? Ad hoc eum ipſa rerum ac temporum mutata ratio ducebat, et ea, quae de Aeneae erroribus et aduentu in Latium tradita a ſuperioribus poetis erant, reuocabant. Monitis deorum et oraculis omnia ab Aenea ſuſcepta et confecta, Penates et ſacra patria ab eo in nouas ſedes illata, narrauerat antiquitas; (v. Diſquiſ. II.) quid itaque magis rei conſentaneum, quam vt heros inſignis pietate et religione exhiberetur? Neque vero non videre debuit tantus poeta, ad rerum magnitudinem et auguſtam aliquam dignitatem religioſas res, cauſſas et conſilia, eximiam vim habere. Itaque hoc quidem tamquam rerum cardine praeclare eſt vſus, vt praedictionibus variis animos ſpe et exſpectatione teneret ſuſpenſos, religioſamque aliquam et auguſtam ſpeciem rerum euentibus praetenderet *. Achilleum quidem robur et iracundia aliena erant a toto argumento; ſedata et placida et humanitatis ſenſu temperata eſt Aeneae virtus; et licet concedendum ſit, epicam vim maiorem Achilli ineſſe, non tamen omnes epicas perſonas Achillem referre poſſe manifeſtum eſt. Meras pugnas Homericis ſimiles et belluinam fortitudinem vix probaſſet Auguſtei ſeculi elegantius et mollius iudicium. Cum itaque omnino Aeneidis alius ac diuerſus prorſus ſit character quam Iliadis, quis non videt importunum eſſe, in Aeneide requirere ea, quae Iliadi ſint propria; eaſdem animorum inflammationes, aeſtus, tempeſtates? At inſunt Aeneidi alia, quae probes; quidni in his acquieſcas! Sed infinitum eſſet omnia per-

* Multus eſt Seruius paſſim in hoc, vt Aeneam ex Flaminis alicuius vel Pontificis perſona egiſſe doceat v. c. IV. 29. prauo vtique acumine, cuius tamen fundus aliquis eſſe debuit.

ſequi,

ſequi, quae ab iis, qui ſubtiles poetarum iudices videri volunt, dum rerum argumenta, exempla, cauſſas et rationes miſcent, temere laudantur ac reprehenduntur, inprimis quoties Virgilium et Homerum inter ſe comparant. Sed nobis retundendus eſt omnis, quo abripi poſſemus, impetus. Itaque nec Warburtoni, Viri S. R, ſententiam attingemus, (*Divine Legation of Moſes* T. I. B. II. Sect. IV.) qui perfectum legum ferendarum auctoris exemplar in Aenea exhibitum eſſe a poeta voluit; inprimis cum alio loco (ad Lib. VI, Exc. X.) paucis ea de re monitum ſit.

Aeneidis argumentum ſeptem annis abſolui, parum accurate traditum videtur. Aeneae errores ſeptem annos explere veriſſimum eſt. v. Exc. II. ad lib. III. Sed ipſa carminis narratio non niſi cum ſeptimi anni aeſtate exordium habet (v. ibid. p. 353) eodemque anno abſoluitur. Pari errore Odyſſeae argumentum octo, nouem vel decem annis comprehendi creditum eſt, cum tamen illud intra triginta ſex vel ſeptem dies ad exitum perduci manifeſtum ſit ei, qui animum aduerterit.

Multo minorem eſſe characterum, hoc eſt, virorum factis ac virtutibus inſignium, numerum ac varietatem in Aeneide quam in Iliade conqueruntur paſſim multi; nec ſine poetae reprehenſione verſus memorant ex Aen. I. 220. ſqq. *fortemque Gyam fortemque Cloanthum*; inique admodum et vt ſibi ipſi, quid velint, parum conſtare videantur. Nam locus quidem laudatus nullos heroes recitat, quorum perſonae vim aliquam habere debeant epicam; ſed veniunt illi viri in cenſum et turbam eorum, qui tantum nomine laudandi et epitheto ſuauitatis cauſſa ornandi ſunt: quales apud Homerum innumeri illi pugnantes vel caeſi ἐσθλοὶ, ἀμύμονες, κρατεροὶ, αἰχμηταὶ, et ſic porro. Excuſant Voltarius et Addiſonus poetam, ſed tam argute, vt ſummorum virorum ſubtilitatem mireris. Alter, cum Homerus, inquit, ceſſantem a pugna Achillem exhiberet, alios interea fortia facta edentes exhibere debuit, quod in

Aeneide

Aeneide ſecus ſit. Alter ad Virgilii elegantiam hoc refert, quod, cum Auguſtum vellet adumbratum, neminem ei virtute parem adiunxerit. Enimuero cum argumenti indoles et natura totius tractationis menſura et regula ſit, plures vtique factorum et rerum geſtarum ſocii et participes eſſe nequeunt, quam quos res ipſa poſtulat; et, ſi paucos alios, qui virtute emineant, in carmen ſuum induxit poeta, neque adeo Homerica ingeniorum et morum diuerſitate delectat: at ſapientiam viri miremur ſaltem in hoc, quod tanto magis inter omnes vnus Aeneas inſignis virtute eminet, nec eius ſplendori quiſquam alius niſi Turnus forte, officit. Quae res tanto difficilior erat, cum is nec Achillea aliqua corporis animique virtute omnes mortales antecellat, nec, quorſum immanis efferati animi iracundia aut acceptus Patrocli funere dolor erupturus ſit, ſollicitos nos teneat.

De verſu Virgilii epico eiuſque ad aurem ſuauitate ac grauitate nonnulla diſputare iuuaret, niſi maiorem ſubtilitatem ea res haberet, quam vt legentum animos et oculos tenere poſſit. Illud vnum monebimus, in errorem inducere iuuenilem animum videri eos, qui nimii in eo ſunt, vt ad rerum ſonos et naturas accommodatos et formatos velint eſſe verſus. Equidem non diffiteor ſenſum me animi refragantem habere, quotieſcunque perſuadere mihi volo, magnum aliquem poetam aeſtu tantarum rerum abreptum et magnorum phantaſmatum vi inflammatum in ſono curſus equeſtris vel tubae vel aliarum rerum reddendo laborare; Attenuat ea res et deprimit ingenium poetae et artis poeticae dignitatem. Sunt tamen, ais, tales verſus in optimo quoque poeta. Recte; ſunt vtique multi; etſi plures alios ad hoc luſus genus accommodare ſolet eorum ingenium, qui talibus rebus indulgent. Sed mihi ad poetices indolem propius eſſe videtur ſtatuere, ipſam orationis naturam ita eſſe comparatam, vt multarum rerum ſonos exprimat; inflammatum autem phantaſmatum ſpecie obiecta animum, cum rerum ſpecies ſibi obuerſantes

vt

vt oratione viuide exprimat, laborat, neceſſario in iſta vocabula incidere, vel orationis proprietate ducente. Ita graues et celeres, lenes ac duros ſonos vel non id agens et curans ad rerum naturam accommodabit et orator quiſque bonus et multo magis poeta.

DISQVISITIO II.

DE RERVM IN AENEIDE TRACTATARVM INVENTIONE.

QUALE in inueniendis rebus omnino Virgilii ingenium fuerit, non tam ſecundum illud in excogitandis nouis rerum generibus, nec audax ad ſuſcipienda vel tentanda intentata ab aliis et intacta, aut ea, quorum ſucceſſus eſſet dubius et incertus; ſed, quae nec minor laus eſt, natum et factum ad inuenta priorum rudia et inchoata perficienda et polienda ornandaque; quam admirabilis porro ac felix fabulae, quam ſibi carminis argumentum fecit, natura ſit et quantum in hoc dilectu iudicium emineat: ſuperiore diſquiſitione expoſitum eſt. Reſtat, quod illo loco polliciti ſumus, vt paucis declaremus, vnde poeta fabulam ſuam eiuſque tam copioſe inſtruendae et ornandae materiam acceperit, vt inde clarius appareat, quae et quanta inuenti laus poetae ingenio ea in re debeatur, et quam limatum et ſubtile eius fuerit iudicium in deligendo ſibi argumento eiuſmodi, quod ingentes rerum et ornamentorum haberet copias iam ab aliis paratas et ſubminiſtratas, vt doctrina tantum et iudicii ſagacitate opus eſſet ad dilectum faciendum.

Solent fere Interpretes, quantum intelligo, quique alii hac de re agunt, ita ſtatuere, vt poetam famam aliquam obſcuram de Aeneae in Italiam aduentu ſequutum eſſe dicant. Enimuero ex iis, quae a Dionyſio Halic. lib. I. a Strabone lib. XIII. a Plutarcho in Romulo, a Feſto in *Roma*, Sext. Aurelio Victore de O. G. R. et a Seruio

paſſim ad Virgilium memorantur, omninoque ex accuratiore hiſtoriae cognitione manifeſtum ſit, fuiſſe hanc de Aeneae erroribus, deductaque Troianorum in Latium colonia, narrationem inter illuſtriores et a multis Graecis Romaniſque ſcriptoribus poetiſque expoſitas ornataſque hiſtorias. Poterant hoc docere ſaltem ea, quae, etſi diuerſo conſilio, congeſſit Ryckius in Diſſ. de primis Italiae colonis et Aeneae aduentu. (ad calcem Holſtenii Notar. ad Stephan Byzant.)

Omnino quidem de Aeneae in Italiam aduentu fabulae, (ſi fabulam dicimus, non ficta ſtatim ac commenticia res ponitur, ſed fabula, μῦθος, omnem veterem hiſtoriam deſignat, antequam litteris conſignari et ſermone pedeſtri exponi coepiſſet) huius igitur fabulae fundus habetur Homeri ille locus notiſſimus Il. Υ, 307. 8. * vbi Neptunus diis auctor eſt, vt Aeneam cum Achille congreſſum imparem pugna educant, ne eius morte Dardani poſteritas deficiat, quem tamen Iupiter prae ceteris liberis diligat omnibus; at Priamum cum progenie Ioui nunc eſſe inuiſum; itaque Aeneam eiuſque poſteros Troianis eſſe imperaturos:

Νῦν δὴ δὴ Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει,
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων, τοί κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

Regnum his verſibus Aeneae poſteriſque eius promitti manifeſtum eſt; ſed quo in loco illud fuerit, varia apud veteres fama fuit; quandoquidem de Aeneae erroribus ac ſedibus tam diuerſe traditum erat †, cum alii eum in Thraciae littore, in Arcadia alii, alii in Sicilia, alii in

* Tranſlatus ille ac repetitus in H. in Vener. 197. 8. et a Virgilio praeclare in oraculum Delphis Aeneae datum conuerſus: *Antiquam exquirite matrem. Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris Et nati natorum et qui naſcentur ab illis.* III. 96. 8. Et hinc verſus illi pulcherrimi lib. IX. 446—9. expreſſi.

† V. ad Aen. III. Exc. I.

Italia,

Italia, quae fama tandem prae ceteris credita ac celebrata eſt, conſediſſe et vitam finiiſſe narraſſent; fuerant quoque qui in ipſa Troade regnum illud conſtitutum eſſe vellent. Non nobis iam id quaeritur, quae harum narrationum ceteris veriſimilior ſit; verum noſtra eo ſpectat diſputatio, vt ex hac ipſa narrationis varietate manifeſtum fiat id, quod volumus, non obſcurum aliquem in veteri hiſtoria aut inter poetas virum fuiſſe Aeneam, nec eius fata et res a Virgilio demum inuentas eſſe et excogitatas. Illa enim ipſa narrationis diuerſitas auctorum, qui de Aenea tradiderant, et poetarum, qui idem argumentum tractauerant, diuerſitatem et copiam arguit. Vt enim poeta quiſque in materiam ab aliis ante ſe tractatam incidit, ita, vt ſuo conſilio vel totam fabulam vel inde partem accommodet, refingere nonnulla et mutare, addere vel detrahere ſolet. Hiſtorici autem Graeci dum ſuae ciuitatis ſeu populi origines repetebant, popularem famam ſequebantur. Solenne enim hoc omnibus Graeciae ciuitatibus, vt ſtirpis vel vrbis conditorem haberi vellent clarum aliquem ex vltima antiquitate heroem. Cum vero multae paſſim per Graeciam ſparſae eſſent Troianorum coloniae, quid mirum, eas omnes originem ſuam ad Aeneam referre maluiſſe? Vnde diuerſitas illa famae et narrationis neceſſario oriri debuit. Non itaque, vt hoc obiter moneamus, antiquis fabulis omnino fidem detrahit narrationis diuerſitas; manet enim ſemper fundus aliquis non magis veritate ſua deſtitutus quam quae ab auctoribus grauiſſimis traduntur; et praeclare hactenus Theſſalus Hippocratis f. in Περισβιντ. Οὐ μῦθος τὰ Τρωϊκὰ ἀλλ' ἔργα· adeoque vanam diſputationem inſtituiſſe videri poſſunt Cluuerius et Bochartus, qui ex iſta opinionum diuerſitate probare voluerunt, Aeneam nunquam ad Italiam acceſſiſſe. Acriter ſatis eorum impetum retudit Ryckius in diſſ. laudata, ſed argumentis promiſcue effuſis et iudicio parum ſubtili. Nec vero vltra famam ſi non certam ac conſtantem, potiorem tamen ac celebriorem, quaeſtio illa de Italia ab Aenea adita expe-

diri et firmari poteſt; eſt tamen talis fama in omni antiquitate pro fide ac probabili ratione, in qua acquieſcere et quam ſequi neceſſe eſt.

Iam poetae ne iſta quidem potior rerum fides ac probabilitas ſectanda, ſi tamen ſatis tenere animos vult, ea ratio ſequenda eſt, quae celebritate et claritate ad populariuum animos maximam vim habere poteſt. Etſi itaque inter Graecos ſcriptores magnus erat ea de re diſſenſus, cum tamen Romani ſcriptores de Troianorum in Italiam aduentu Albaeque Longae originibus ab Aenea eiuſque progenie repetitis vno ore traderent, (v. inprimis Sext. Aurel. Vict. de O. G. R.) iure ſuo Maro fabulam hanc inter Romanos celebratam praeferre ceteris potuit ac debuit.

Antequam ad alia progrediamur, de loco Homerico ſupra memorato pauca adhuc monebimus. Produnt Homeri verba ſatis aperte regnum aliquod, quod Aeneas eiuſque poſteri obtinuerint. Homerus itaque, qui propior aetate ad Troiana tempora vixit, famam aliquam, vt ſolet, illo tempore ſuperſtitem ea de re ſequutus eſt; niſi forte ipſe in itineribus ſuis in poſteros Aeneae incidit. Fuiſſe regnum illud in ea ipſa Troade, in qua Priamus regnauerat, ea eſt verborum ſententia, quae legentibus locum prima occurrit; atque ita veteres locum ſunt interpretati (v. Strab. XIII. p. 608. C.) fueruntque adeo, qui, cum Aeneam in aliis terris regnum condidiſſe mallent, interpolatione facta πάντεσσιν pro Τρώεσσιν, in ſuas partes poetam traherent. Alii diuerſum ab Anchiſae Veneriſque filio Aeneam fuiſſe ſtatuebant; erant quoque, qui de patre male memoratum dicerent, quod ad Aſcanium eſſet reuocandum; alii denique Aeneam rebus in Italia conſtitutis Troiam eſſe reuerſum ex eodem illo loco ſibi perſuaſerant. Quam celebrata inter veteres et nobilis debuit eſſe narratio, quae cum tanta opinionum varietate in diuerſas partes tractaretur!

Strabo quidem vulgari narrationi de Aeneae erroribus et Italiae aditu omnino repugnare locum Homericum exiſtimabat;

iſtimabat; in hoc enim innui, Aeneam in Troia manſiſſe, in regnum ſucceſſiſſe idque poſteris ſuis reliquiſſe. Potuit tamen Troianis imperari ab Aenea etiam aliis in locis, etiam in Italia; et vel hoc poſito, ſententia ſua Homerico loco conſtat; quod iam Dionyſ. Halic. acutus ſcriptor, vidit, lib. I. c. 53. Quod tam obſcure oraculum illud Neptuni extulit Homerus, etſi ad naturam et morem vaticiniorum accommodate illud factum eſt, ratio tamen eius rei reddi poteſt etiam haec ipſa, quod in terris longinquis regnum illud Aeneae conſtitutum erat; vnde non niſi obſcura et incerta fama inter Graecos de eo eſſe poterat. Quam parum enim frequentatum Graecis et notum mare Tyrrhenum et Adriaticum Homeri aetate fuerit, vel ex Odyſſeae fabulis intelligas, quae intra illa maria continentur, neque ſatis probabiliter a poeta narrari potuiſſent, niſi eius popularibus parum adhuc nota adeoque fabulis idonea plaga illa fuiſſet.

Vt tamen Troia euerſa diſceſſuque Achiuorum facto diſperſos fuga Troianos iterum in ea loca conueniſſe et regni aliquam ſpeciem reſtituiſſe credamus, plura fidem faciunt, et eo plures poetarum narrationes alludunt. Secundum eos, quos Dictys lib. V. extr. ſequitur, regnum Troianum Antenori ab Achiuis ex pacto conceſſum mox fuit ab Aenea tentatum, ſed fruſtra. Demetrius autem Scepſius, etſi eum ciuibus ſuis gratificari voluiſſe ſuſpicari licet, Scepſios ſuos poſt Troiae excidium a Scamandrio, Hectoris f. et ab Aſcanio Aeneae, regnatos eſſe tradiderat, v. Strabo, l. c. p. 607. ſed accurate eam rem vt perſequamur a conſilio alienum eſt. (Confer tamen ad lib. II. Exc. XVII. p. 256.) Videntur autem paullo poſt in novo hoc regno turbae factae inter viros principes ex regia ſtirpe oriundos, et hinc noua diſcidia, noui diſceſſus et in alia loca profectiones ſequutae. Hoc quidem modo diuerſiſſimae iſtae ſcriptorum rationes componi et conciliari inter ſe poſſunt omnes.

Sed, vt diximus, nobis non tam id agendum eſt, vt diuerſitatem

diuerſitatem narrationis in conſenſum redigamus, quam vt copiam rerum narratarum, quae poetae pro materia carminis eſſet, ex hac ipſa varietate declaremus. Sunt autem multa, quae etſi ab aliis alia ratione tradantur et ornentur, fundum tamen communem priſcae alicuius et a maioribus acceptae narrationis aperte prodant; ſunt alia, in quibus omnes fere conueniunt, vt Calliſtratus, Satyrus et Arctinus, hic quidem antiquiſſimus, in hoc, quod Aeneas Penates cum Palladio abſtulerit. (vide ib. c. 68. 69. adde Lycophr. 1261 ſqq. Xenoph. de Venat. non longe a pr.) quod patrem et filium ſecum duxerit. (v. partim ibid. partim Auct. de Orig. G. Rom. c. 9. et 11. et inprimis egregius ex Sophoclis Laocoonte locus ap. Dionyſ. I, 48. Νῦν δ' ἐν πύλαισιν Αἰνείας ὁ τῆς θεοῦ Πάρις', ἐκ' ὤμων πατρὶς' ἔχων κιφανίου Νώτου καταράζοντα βύσσινον φάρος. conf. inf. Exc. ad II, 721.) A Strabone XIII. p. 607. inter πολυθρύλλητα memoratur et hoc, et alia, de quibus ſigillatim ſuis locis videbimus, inprimiſque quod in Latium diſceſſerit Aeneas, et ſecundum oraculum eo loco conſederit, vbi menſam comederant. Vulgarem hanc inter Italos fuiſſe fabulam, vt et alteram illam de ſue grauida, copioſe docet Dionyſ. Halic. I, 55, 56. Conon Narrat. 46. et ex Lutatio, Catone et Caeſare Auctor de Orig. G. R. c. 11. 12. e quo omnino patet (adde Ryck. l. c.) ex ſcriptoribus Romanis antiquis non facile vllum fuiſſe, qui Aeneae fata et aduentum in Italiam non expoſuerit. Item Varro de RR. II, 4. Adde Lycophr. 1250 ſqq. (vbi male πύργους τριάκοντα iungunt, iam inde a Scholiaſte; ſed per πύργους exponi puta χώρας, et τριάκοντ' ἐξαριθμήσας γονὰς ad ſuem ſpectare.) Inter cetera tamen omnium maxime notabile videtur illud, quod Graeci ſcriptores dudum ante Auguſti tempora originem Romanorum a Troianis Aeneaque duxerunt, et imperium orbis terrarum ex Homericis de Aenea verſibus ad eos tranſtulerunt, v. Conon Narrat. 46. et inprimis Lycophron v. 1226 ſqq. Apponerem loca, niſi breuitati ſtuderem; erit etiam non-

nulla ex his perſequendi commodior locus, quando de ſingulis agetur. Eſt enim nobis hoc inprimis propoſitum, vt veſtigia, etiam obſcura, veteris hiſtoriae ſcrutemur, quibus inſtitiſſe vbique poeta videri poteſt. Nec enim ille facile ſine auctore loquitur. Simul adoleſcentes exemplum mature habere cupimus, nam praeceptis haec res non facile expediri poteſt, quo conſilio, qua ratione, ac quo ſtudio in narrationibus mythicis verſandum ſit. Nihil enim aliud agere velle, quam cognoſcere ac quaerere ac in vnum locum congerere, quid hic vel ille et ſexcenti alii eadem in re tradiderint, cenſuerint, ſomniauerint, hoc eſt, opera et otio abuti. Contra vtilitatis illi ſtudio et honeſtatis ineſt plurimum, ſi modo veteres hiſtorias populorumque origines, modo priſcorum hominum mores ac vitam vel ſermonem vel religiones, modo poetarum inuenta inde illuſtres, addiſcaſque quae illi, quos nobis fortuna ſeruauit, ex antiquioribus poetis ante oculos habuerint, quomodo illa variauerint, ornauerint, quid in quaque re, in quoque conſilio, quod ſequerentur, ſpectauerint; vtque ab ingenuis poetarum fabulis inepta illa grammaticorum, monachorum et interpretum commenta diligenter diſcernas. Sed nunc vniuerſe nonnulla, quae ad fabulam Aeneidis ſpectant, ſummatim exponere conſilium erat.

Quod per praedictionum ambages totus Aeneidis decurſus praecipitatur, inter ingenioſiſſimi poetae inuenta iam alio loco numeratum eſt. Eſt tamen etiam hoc commentum tale, vt rem non excogitaſſe, ſed commode oblatam ſapienter in vſus ſuos conuertiſſe dicendus ſit. Miro enim omnium ſcriptorum conſenſu tota de Aenea narratio per vaticinia, oracula, ſomnia, auguria et omina exigitur, ſiue hoc poetarum, a quibus ab initio fuit tractata, ſiue antiquorum hominum, a quibus poſteri eam acceperunt, ingeniis tribuendum eſt. Troiani ſane a Phrygia, auguriorum omninoque vaticinandi ac diuinandi artium quaſi matre ac ſede, digreſſi multas huius generis fabulas in Graeciam et Italiam apportare debuerunt. Fuiſſe adeo,

qui disciplinam auguralem e Phrygia in Italiam allatam traderent, e Seruio ad lib. III. 359 discas; nisi Tyrrhenos iam ante eas artes tenuisse credendum est. Etsi omnino gens prisco tempore fuit nulla, quae non significari futura, et a quibusdam intelligi praedicique posse censeret (Cic. de Diuin. I. pr.) Inprimis vero in deducendis coloniis summa oraculorum vaticiniorumque auctoritas erat; quod satis vel ex vno Herodoto constat. (Cf. Cic. l. c. c. l. f.) Ad sedes itaque Troianis in Italia constituendas oraculis et vaticiniis nihil videri debuit accommodatius. Poeta certe egregie hanc veterem superstitionem seu religionem est amplexus, maiorumque fama et historiarum fide in Troianis suis eo vsus est, vt per fatorum decreta ac deorum interuentum omnia ab eo narrata procederent. Callide autem ab obscuris et incertis ad certiora magisque definita progressus discendi cupiditatem subinde nouis stimulis incendit. Primum lib. II, 281 sqq. Hectoris vmbra Aeneae per somnum suadet fugam, *nouamque in alia terra, vltra mare*, quod Troadem alluit, *coloniam* promittit. Mox auspicium, primum flammae in Iuli capite, II, 681, tum exorti subito meteori v. 692 receptum ad Idae munita loca et *spem posteritatis ex Iulo* ostendunt; nec non Creusa *Hesperiam* sedem futuram interpretatur v. 781 sqq. (vbi Excurs. videndus.) In Delo Phoebi oraculum alia de ea terra declarat, *quod inde Troiani originem ducant, et quod ibi magnum imperium constituturi sint Aeneae posteri* III, 94 sqq. quae cum in Creta considere vellent, Penates per somnum Aeneae oblati de Italia manifestius exponunt, v. 163 sqq. post quae illa recte ab Aenea dici potuerunt lib. I, 380. sqq. *Italiam quaero patriam* etc. Vnum aliquid adiiciunt Harpyiae de comesis post epulas mensis, tamquam futurae sedis ac coloniae signo, III, 254 sqq. Tandem Helenus in Epiro omnes casus iam manifeste ac clare exponit III, 374 sqq. etiam de sue XXX. porcellos enixa, alia a Sibylla exspectanda esse monet. In Sicilia per somnum Anchisae anima descen-

ſum ad inferos, V, 730 ſqq. et apud Cumas Sibylla acceſſum ad Lauinium, bellum et Euandri ſocietatem praedicit VI. 83 ſqq. Adde his ipſum poſteritatis recenſum apud inferos, et VI, 891. 92. *Exin* (Anchiſes) *bella viro memorat quae deinde gerenda Laurentiſque docet populos urbemque Latini Et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.* Omnia haec ſecundum aliquam auctoritatem apponi, partim in ſingulis locis videbimus, partim ex ſequentibus patebit.

Omnino praedictio aliqua ab initio iactata fuit, qua euerſo Ilio Anchiſae Aeneaeque maior rerum ordo, maiora fata promitterentur. Eo ipſi Homerici verſus ducunt ſupra memorati, ex Il. υ, 307. 8. Tum in Sophoclis Laocoonte Anchiſen, *mandatorum a Venere acceptorum memorem*, de fuga cogitare filiumque, vt in Idam ſe reciperet, hortari intelligas ex fragmento apud Dionyſ. I, 48. quod forte noſter reſpexit, dum Venus Aeneam hortatur lib. II, 619. *Heu fuge, nate dea* etc. Etiam praedictionem illam, ſedis condendae locum fatalem illum fore, vbi fame compulſi menſas comediſſent, iam pridem Anchiſae a Venere factam, e Caeſare lib. I. et Lutatio lib. II. monet Victor O. G. R. 11. *Tum Anchiſa coniiciente, illam eſſe miſeriarum erroriſque finem, quippe meminerat, Venerem ſibi aliquando praedixiſſe* etc. et c. 9. ex Alexandro Epheſio lib. I. de bello Marſico: —*Idam petit, ibique nauibus fabricatis — oraculi admonitu Italiam petit*; et Dionyſ. I, 55.—ne in vlteriores Europae partes claſſis Troiana nauigaret, οἵτε χρησμοὶ ἐγένοντο αἴτιοι, τέλος λαβόντες ἐν τούτοις τοῖς χωρίοις, καὶ τὸ δαιμόνιον πολλαχῶς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ βούλησιν ἐνδεικνύμενον· Narrat inde portenta in appulſu ad Laurentum facta, latices fontis repente e terra proſilientes, et menſas abſumtas.

Fuiſſe etiam ſomnium aliquod Aeneae celebratum a multis, ex Cic. de Diu. I, 21 apparet: *Sint haec, vt dixi, ſomnia fabularum, hiſque adiungatur etiam* Aeneae ſomnium: *quod in Numerii Fabii Pictoris Graecis annalibus eiuſmodi*

modi eſt, vt omnia, quae ab Aenea geſta ſunt, quaeque illi accederunt, *ea fuerint, quae ei ſecundum quietem viſa ſunt.* Narratum igitur erat apud Num. Fabium, qui dum graece ſcripſit, graecos auctores ſequi potuit, ſomnium, quo fata Aeneae exponerentur per quietem ex ordine, qua deinde euentus comprobauit.

Porro multos paſſim Penatum monitus, quos Aeneas acceperat, fuiſſe memoratos, ex Seruii loco diſcere licet ad III, 148 Penates — *quos quidam dicunt, ideo inductos a poeta monere per ſomnum: monitu nam eorum per quietem iuſſum cum Latino foedus feciſſe; eorum etiam monitu Latinum Aeneae ſe coniunxiſſe*; (haec eadem ap. Dionyſ. I, 57 occurrunt) *eoſdem tradit* (Varro) *viſos aliquotiens in ſomnis, quid fieri vellent, imperaſſe, eaque noſtros publice curaſſe maiores.* Etiam dubitationem poſt appulſum ad Laurentem agrum de loco nouae vrbis capiendo ſecundum nonnullos oblati per quietem Aeneae dii patrii diremerant ap. Dionyſ. I, 56. deſcripta et haec e Catone in origine gentis Romanae, quem eo toto loco ſequitur; nam totidem verbis ex illo libro leguntur iſta ap. Auct. de O. G. R. c. 12. extr.

Latinus Fauni oraculo monitus fuerat, vt generum ſibi ſumeret extraneum aliquem et cum eo regnum communicaret. Sic Virg. Aen. VII, 254 ſqq. Paria ex Catone (non ex Q. Lutatio) prodit Victor de O. G. R. 13.— *vtpote qui* (Latinus) *in hoc conſilium auctoritate numinum cogebatur; namque extis ac ſomniis ſaepe admonitus erat tutiorem ſe aduerſus hoſtes fore, ſi copias ſuas cum aduenis coniunxiſſet.*

Similiter etiam in ceteris, quae ab Aenea in Italia geſta ſunt, nihil aliud poetam egiſſe, quam vt antiquas hiſtorias ſuis conſiliis accommodaret, ex iiſdem auctoribus clarum eſt, et infra quoque ſuo loco ſigillatim monebitur. Quam auctoritatem in excidio Troiano ſequutus ſit, pluribus Excurſibus ad lib. II. declarabitur.

Satis, puto, ex iis, quae adhuc dicta ſunt, intelligitur,

materiam carminis poetae mira fortuna oblatam fuiſſe, non ab eo excogitatam et inuentam. Tractationem autem et ornationem etſi non magis poeta a ſe petiit, Homeri tamen veſtigiis inſiſtendo eam laudem ſibi parauit, vt elegantiore iudicio, maiore cultu et exquiſitiore ornatu omnia perſequeretur.

Etiam hanc argumenti, quod poeta tractandum ſibi ſumſerat, felicitatem aliquam habendam eſſe ſupra diximus, quod cum per deorum miniſteria res eſſet exſequenda, offerrent ſe Iunonis et Veneris numina, quae poetae cauſſae tam praeclare ſeruiunt, potentiſſima illa et ipſa fabula iam dudum conſecrata; nam quod inſigni Veneris cura habitus eſt Aeneas, id iam ex Homero familiare ſibi habet lector, et Iunonis odium in Troianos, non minus ex Homero notum eſt. Iam eximio aliquo fortunae beneficio res ita ferebat, vt alterius deae numen Carthaginienſibus et mox Turno accommodari poſſet, altera autem dea non modo tamquam Romanorum tutela conſtanti religione coleretur (cf. Lucret. I. pr.) verum etiam Iuliae gentis prima ſtirps et origo haberetur.

In Iunonis autem odio tractando et ad poeticam vim temperando poetae prodeſſe potuere Ἡρακλεῖαι, carmina, quae olim exſtabant de Hercule, quale v. c. Steſichori fuit. Iunonis enim odiis plurima in his videntur fuiſſe expedita; qua in re iam tot in locis Homerus praeiuerat, v. c. Il. σ, 119. ξ, 256 ſqq. ο, 252 ſqq.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF *VIRGIL's* ÆNEID.

The ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, *after a ſeven years voyage, ſet ſail for* Italy, *but are overtaken by a dreadful ſtorm, which* Æolus *raiſes at* Juno's *requeſt. The tempeſt ſinks one ſhip, and ſcatters the reſt:* Neptune *drives off the winds, and calms the ſeas.* Æneas *with his own, and ſix more ſhips, arrives ſafe at an* African *port.* Venus *complains to* Jupiter *of her ſon's misfortunes.* Jupiter *comforts her, and ſends* Mercury *to procure him a kind reception among the* Carthaginians. Æneas, *going out to diſcover the country, meets his mother in the ſhape of a huntreſs, who conveys him in a cloud to* Carthage; *where he ſees his friends whom he thought loſt, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen.* Dido, *by a device of* Venus, *begins to have a paſſion for him, and, after ſome diſcourſe with him, deſires the hiſtory of his adventures ſince the ſiege of* Troy; *which is the ſubject of the two following books.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER I.

ARMA, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus Lavinia venit
Litora, multum ille et terris jactatus et alto

" It is allowed at preſent, ſays the Rambler, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general ſubject is propoſed, muſt always be void of glitter and embelliſhment. The firſt lines of Paradiſe Loſt, ſays Mr. Addiſon, are perhaps as plain, ſimple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himſelf to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace. This obſervation ſeems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without much conſideration, either of the precept or example. Had Horace been conſulted, he would have been found to have directed what ſhould be compriſed in the propoſition, not how it ſhould be expreſſed; and to have commended Homer in oppoſition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the expanſion of his plan, for diſplaying events which he had not promiſed, not for producing unexpected elegancies of ſtile.

——— *Speciosa dehinc miracula promit,*
Antiphaten Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.

If the exordial lines of Homer be compared with the reſt of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainneſs or ſimplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ανδρα μοι ἐννεπε, Μουσα, πολυτροπον, ὃς μαλα πολλα
Πλαγχθη, ἐπει Τροιης ἱερον πτολιεθρον ἐπερσε·

Πολλων

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

FIRST BOOK.

ARMS, and the Man I ſing, the firſt who bore
His courſe to Latium from the Trojan ſhore;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean toſt,
Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coaſt:

Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδεν αςεα και νοον εγνω·
Πολλα δ' ὀγ' εν ποντῳ παθεν αλγεα ὀν κατα θυμον,
Αρνυμενος ην τε ψυχην και νοςον ἑταιρων·
Αλλ' ουδ' ὡς ἑταρους ερρυσατο ἱεμενος περ·
Αυτων γαρ σφετερῃσιν ατασθαλιῃσιν ολοντο·
Νηπιοι, ὁι κατα βους ὑπεριονος ηελιοιο·
Ησθιον· αυταρ ὁ τοισιν αφειλετο νοςιμον ἡμαρ.
Των αμοθεν γε, θεα θυγατερ Διος, ειπε και ἡμιν.

The firſt verſes of the Iliad are eminently ſplendid, and the propoſition of the Æneid cloſes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil. The intent of the introduction is to raiſe expectation and ſuſpend it; ſomething therefore muſt be diſcovered and ſomething concealed: the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, may properly recommend himſelf by the grace of his language. He that reveals too much or promiſes too little, he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or who immediately ſatiates it, equally defeats his own purpoſe; and ſince it is neceſſary to the pleaſure of the reader, that few events ſhould be anticipated, by what can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expreſſion?" No. 158.

Vi ſuperûm, ſaevae memorem Junonis ob iram:
Multa quoque et bello paſſus, dum conderet urbem,
Inferretque deos Latio. genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.
Muſa, mihi cauſſas memora, quo numine laeſo,
Quidve dolens regina deûm, tot volvere caſus
Inſignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Inpulerit. tantaene animis caeleſtibus irae?
Urbs antiqua fuit (Tyrii tenuere coloni)
Carthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
Oſtia, dives opum, ſtudiiſque aſperrima belli:
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Poſthabita coluiſſe Samo. hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hoc regnum dea gentibus eſſe,
Si qua fata ſinant, jam tum tenditque fovetque.
Progeniem ſed enim Trojano a ſanguine duci
Audierat, Tyrias olim quae everteret arces.
Hinc populum late regem, belloque ſuperbum,
Venturum excidio Libyae: ſic volvere Parcas.
Id metuens, veteriſque memor Saturnia belli,
Prima quod ad Trojam pro caris geſſerat Argis.
Nec dum etiam cauſae irarum ſaevique labores
Exciderant animo. manet alta mente repoſtum
Judicium Paridis, ſpretaeque injuria formae;
Et genus inviſum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.

5. *By the gods.*] In the original,

Vi ſuperûm, ſaevae memorem Junonis ob iram.

The ſenſe goes on, juſt as well, without this verſe, as with it. Since Virgil has ſaid here that it was by Juno's means; it is odd enough, that he ſhould aſk his Muſe, by whoſe means it was, ver. 8. *infra*. The tranſlator has avoided this ſeeming impropriety.

Doom'd by the Gods a length of wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;
Ere the brave hero rais'd, in theſe abodes,
His deſtin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.
Hence the fam'd Latian line, and ſenates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome.
  Say, Muſe, what cauſes could ſo far incenſe
Celeſtial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
That mov'd heav'n's aweful empreſs to impoſe
On ſuch a pious prince a weight of woes,
Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppreſt?
Can rage ſo fierce inflame an heavenly breaſt?
  Againſt th' Italian coaſt, of ancient fame
A city roſe, and Carthage was the name;
A Tyrian colony; from Tiber far;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war.
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her love.
Here ſtood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here ſhe deſign'd, would deſtiny give way,
Ev'n then the ſeat of univerſal ſway.
But of a race ſhe heard, that ſhould deſtroy
The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
Who proud in arms, triumphant by their ſwords,
Should riſe in time, the world's victorious lords;
By fate deſign'd her Carthage to ſubdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raiſe a new.
This fear'd the goddeſs; and in mind ſhe bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath reſign'd,
But every cauſe hung heavy on her mind;
Her form diſdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
Deep in her breaſt, and kindle all her ſoul;
Th' immortal honours of the raviſh'd boy,
And laſt, the whole deteſted race of Troy.

His accenſa ſuper, jactatos aequore toto
Troas, reliquias Danaûm atque inmitis Achilli,
Arcebat longe Latio: multoſque per annos
Errabant acti fatis maria omnia circum.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.
Vix e conſpectu Siculae telluris in altum
Vela dabant laeti, et ſpumas ſalis aere ruebant;
Cum Juno, aeternum ſervans ſub pectore volnus,
Haec ſecum: Mene incepto deſiſtere victam?
Nec poſſe Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?

40. *With all theſe motives fir'd*, &c.] Obſerve (ſays Catrou) the delicate art of Virgil in this paſſage. In the enumeration of the cauſes of thoſe quarrels and diſguſts that animate Juno againſt the Trojans, not one of them falls perſonally upon Æneas. He is the object of this goddeſs's hatred only as he is a Trojan. By this conduct the poet excites the compaſſion of his readers in favour of Æneas.

48. *When haughty Juno.*] Virgil, we ſee, introduces machinery in the very beginning of his poem; the reaſon of which, and the uſe of machinery in general, was never better explained than lately, by Mr. Spence in his Polymetis; whoſe obſervations I ſhall give at length, becauſe they will ſerve to illuſtrate a great number of paſſages in the Æneid.

"The greateſt of the ancient poets ſeem to have held, that every thing in the moral as well as the natural world, was carried on by the influence and direction of the Supreme Being. It was Jupiter that actuated every thing, and in ſome ſenſe might be ſaid to do every thing that was done. This univerſal principle of action they conſidered, for their own eaſe, as divided into ſo many ſeveral perſonages, as they had occaſion for cauſes. Hence every part of the creation was filled by them with deities; and no action was performed without the aſſiſtance of ſome god or other, for every power ſuperior to man they called by that name.

"This way of thinking (or at leaſt this way of talking) was received by many of their philoſophers as well as poets, though it was particularly ſerviceable to the latter, and therefore appears ſo frequently in their works. Petronius Arbiter tells us, that a good epic poet ſhould always lay hold of this advantage; and ſhould carry on his whole action, by the help of what we call machinery: and when Horace ſpeaks againſt gods being introduced too freely, in a paſſage that is ſo often quoted, and ſometimes not quite to the purpoſe, he ſpeaks only of the introducing them too freely on the ſtage: for in epic poems, the very beſt of the ancient poets, and the greateſt patterns for writing that ever were, introduce them perpetually and without reſerve.

With all theſe motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relics of the Grecian war:
Fate urg'd their courſe; and long they wander'd o'er
The ſpacious ocean toſt from ſhore to ſhore.
So vaſt the work to build the mighty frame,
And raiſe the glories of the Roman name!
  Scarce from Sicilian ſhores the ſhouting train
Spread their broad ſails, and plough'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno thus her rage expreſt;
Th' eternal wound ſtill rankling in her breaſt.
  Then muſt I ſtop? are all my labours vain?
And muſt this Trojan prince in Latium reign?

reſerve. Homer, who was ſo highly admired by Horace, ſcarce does any thing without them; and Virgil, who was both admired and loved ſo much by him (and whoſe Æneid was even publiſhed ten years before Horace died) follows Homer more cloſely in this, than in any other point I know of. But the example of Virgil is, I think, ſufficient for me at preſent; who has employed machinery ſo much and ſo freely in his Æneid, that almoſt the whole of the ſtory is carried on by the intervention of the gods. If we juſt run over the firſt book in this light, we ſhall ſee, that if Æneas meets with a ſtorm, juſt after his firſt ſetting out, it is Æolus that raiſes it at the requeſt of Juno, and by the operation of the ſeveral genius's that preſide over the winds: if the ſea grows calm again, it is by the appearance of the deity who preſides over that element; who countermands thoſe winds and ſends them back to their caves. If Æneas lands on the coaſt of Africa, and is to be kindly received at Carthage, it is Mercury that is ſent by Jupiter to ſoften the minds of the Carthaginians and their queen toward him. And if he eſcapes all the attacks and dangers in paſſing through an unknown country, and an inhoſpitable people, till he comes to their capital; it is Venus who ſhrouds him in a cloud, and protects him from all danger. In fine, if the queen falls in love with him when he is arrived there; though ſhe be repreſented as not old, and he as very handſome: yet muſt Cupid do no leſs, than undergo a transformation; to lie on her breaſt and inſinuate that ſoft paſſion there.

"This ſort of management which is uſed ſo much by Virgil in the entrance of his poem, runs through it quite to the end; and appears as fully in Æneas's combat with Turnus in the laſt book, as it did in his arrival at Carthage in the firſt. Every ſtep and progreſſion in the ſtory, is full of machinery; or, according to Petronius's general rule, is carried on by the interpoſition and adminiſtration of the gods." Polymetis, *Dialogue* xx. p. 317.

Quippe vetor fatis. Pallaſne exurere claſſem
Argivôm, atque ipſos potuit ſubmergere ponto,
Unius ob noxam et furias Ajacis Oïlei?
Ipſa, Jovis rapidum jaculata e nubibus ignem,
Disjecitque rates, evertitque aequora ventis:
Illum exſpirantem transfixo pectore flammas
Turbine corripuit, ſcopuloque infixit acuto.
Aſt ego, quae divôm incedo regina, Joviſque
Et ſoror et conjux, una cum gente tot annos
Bella gero. et quiſquam numen Junonis adoret
Praeterea, aut ſupplex aris inponat honorem?
Talia flammato ſecum dea corde volutans,
Nimborum in patriam, loca foeta furentibus auſtris,
Aeoliam venit. hic vaſto rex Aeolus antro
Luctantis ventos tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum clauſtra fremunt. celſa ſedet Aeolus arce
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos, et temperat iras.
Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi ſecum, verrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens ſpeluncis abdidit atris,
Hoc metuens: molemque et montis inſuper altos
Inpoſuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
Et premere, et laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.

56. *Of Ajax.*] Virgil might here have an eye to ſome celebrated picture of this Ajax. *Apollodori eſt Ajax fulmine incenſus, qui Pergami ſpectatur hodie.* Plin. l. xxxv. c. 9. p. 429. Edit. Elzevir.

Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ſhips,
And whelm the ſcatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd thro' the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Daſh'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempeſt flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmoſt depths to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blaſted wretch expires
Flames from his breaſt, and fires ſucceeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a ſudden ſhock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who move ſupreme in heaven's abodes,
Jove's ſiſter-wife, and empreſs of the gods,
With this one nation muſt a war maintain
For years on years; and wage that war in vain!
And now what ſuppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?
Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now ſhe flies
To dark Æolia, from the diſtant ſkies,
Impregnated with ſtorms; whoſe tyrant binds
The bluſt'ring tempeſts, and reluctant winds.
Their rage imperial Æolus reſtrains
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains.
The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
Roar round the cave, and ſtruggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to aſſuage,
He ſhakes his ſceptre, and controuls their rage;
Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heaven.
But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves th' aërial captives pent;
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he ſpread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king, commiſſion'd to reſtrain
And curb the tempeſt, or to looſe the rein.

Ad quem tum Juno ſupplex his vocibus uſa eſt:
Aeole, (namque tibi divôm pater atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento)
Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,
Ilium in Italiam portans, victoſque Penates:
Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſaſque obrue puppes;
Aut age diverſos: et disjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem praeſtanti corpore Nymphae:
Quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deïopea,
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:
Omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.
Aeolus haec contra: Tuus, ô regina, quid optes
Explorare labor: mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu ſceptra Jovemque
Concilias: tu das epulis adcumbere divôm,
Nimborumque facis tempeſtatumque potentem.
Haec ubi dicta, cavom converſa cuſpide montem
Inpulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt, ac terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totumque a ſedibus imis
Una Euruſque Notuſque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, et vaſtos volvont ad litora fluctus.
Inſequitur clamorque virûm ſtridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubito nubes caelumque diemque

109. *So ſpoke th' obſequious god.*] He that would be a real poet, ſays Boſſu, muſt leave it to hiſtorians to ſay that a fleet was ſhatter'd by a ſtorm, and caſt upon a ſtrange coaſt: and muſt ſay with Virgil, that Juno went to Æolus, and that this god, upon her requeſt, unlooſed the winds againſt Æneas. Let him leave it to an hiſtorian to write, that a young prince behaved himſelf on all occaſions with great prudence, wiſdom, and diſcretion: but let him ſay with Homer, that Minerva led him by the hand in all his enterprizes.

115. *Eaſt, Weſt, &c.*] This ſtorm of Virgil's probably contributed towards ſetting almoſt all the Roman poets after him a ſtorm-painting. In Agam. Sc. iii. we have a puerile imitation of it. Lucan has another, carried to exceſs: Ovid, according to his manner, has ſeveral; and Val. Flaccus one,

Argon.

Whom thus the queen addreſs'd: Since mighty Jove,
The king of men, and ſire of gods above,
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raiſe
Storms at thy ſovereign will, or ſmooth the ſeas;
A race, I long have labour'd to deſtroy,
Waſt to Heſperia the remains of Troy.
Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuſcan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquiſh'd gods.
Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,
Diſperſe, or plunge their veſſels in the main.
Twice ſev'n bright nymphs of beauteous ſhape are mine;
For thy reward the faireſt I'll reſign,
The charming Deiopeia ſhall be thine;
She, on thy bed, long bleſſings ſhall confer,
And make thee father of a race like her.
'Tis yours, great queen, replies the Pow'r, to lay
The taſk, and mine to liſten and obey.
By you, I ſit a gueſt with gods above,
And ſhare the graces and the ſmiles of Jove:
By you, theſe realms, this ſcepter I maintain,
And wear theſe honours of the ſtormy reign.
So ſpoke th' obſequious god; and, while he ſpoke,
Whirl'd his vaſt ſpear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent;
Earth, in their courſe, with giddy whirls they ſweep,
Ruſh to the ſeas, and bare the boſom of the deep:
Eaſt, Weſt, and South, all black with tempeſts, roar,
And roll vaſt billows to the trembling ſhore.
The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn; while ſudden clouds ariſe,
And raviſh from their ſight the ſplendors of the ſkies.

Argon. i. 641. which was certainly taken from this; unleſs both that and this were originally copied from Appollonius Rhodius, B. 2. Juvenal ſeems to ridicule their overcharging their pieces; where ſpeaking of a real ſtorm, he ſays 'twas as bad as a poetical one. Sat. xxii. 24. SPENCE.

Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether:
Praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
Extemplo Aeneae solvontur frigore membra.
Ingemit, et, duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas,
Talia voce refert: O terque quaterque beati,
Quîs ante ora patrum Trojae sub moenibus altis
Contigit oppetere! ô Danaûm fortissime gentis
Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra?
Saevos ubi Aeacidae telo jacet Hector, ubi ingens
Sarpedon: ubi tot Simoïs conrepta sub undis
Scuta virûm galeasque et fortia corpora volvit.

(92.) Naturae veritatem sequutus poëta, exemplo Homeri Od. ι, vnde locus expressus, v. 297. καὶ τότ' Ὀδυσσῆος λύτο γύνατα καὶ φίλον ἦτορ (cf. Achillis exemplum, qui mortem a Xanthi eluvie instantem similiter exhorrescit Il. φ. 272.) Aeneam suum metu vacare non sinit. Antiquam sepulturae religionem huc aduocare, qua, cum inhumati iacerent, qui mari absorpti essent, tanto grauior naufragii horror esse debebat, nimis argutum arbitror. Priscis heroibus nec metuere nec flere indecorum est.

There is a remarkable passage in a letter of Pope to the duke of Buckingham, which this subject puts me in mind of. "I can tell your grace, no less a hero than my lord Peterborow, when a person complimented him for never being afraid, made this answer; "Sir, shew me a danger that I think an imminent and real one, and I promise you I'll be as much afraid as any of you."

128. *Oh! 'twas a glorious fate.*] Pope observes, that Virgil has borrowed this thought from a passage in the twenty-first Iliad; where Achilles is in the very same circumstances as Æneas, in danger of being drowned. He adds, nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroic character of Achilles; glory is his prevailing passion: he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. Lucan, in the fifth book of his Pharsalia, representing Cæsar under the same situation, has, I think, carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a noble thirst of glory, in his hero: when after he has repined in the same manner with Achilles and Æneas, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired.

——*Licet*

Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires;
The heav'ns flaſh thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders ſhake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.
In horror fix'd the Trojan hero ſtands.
He groans, and ſpreads to heav'n his lifted hands.
Thrice happy thoſe! whoſe fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, ſo bravely, in their parents' ſight!
Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That braveſt hero of the Grecian band,
Pour'd out this ſoul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' ſpear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war;
Where Simois' ſtreams, incumber'd with the ſlain,
Roll'd ſhields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

——Licet ingentis abruperit actus
Feſtinata dies Fatis, ſat magna peregi,
Arctoas domui gentes; inimica ſubegi
Arma manu; vidit Magnum mihi Roma ſecundum.

And wiſhes that his obſcure fate might be concealed, only that all the world might ſtill fear and expect him. This laſt circumſtance is exceedingly great.

——Lacerum retinete cadaver
Fluctibus in mediis; deſint mihi buſta, rogúſque,
Dum metuar ſemper, terrâque expectter ab omni.

I am glad of any opportunity of doing juſtice to this neglected author; who, though by no means a chaſte and correct writer, abounds in ſome of the moſt noble and exalted ſentiments, that can any where be found.

137. *Roll'd ſhields, and helms.*] The reader could not but be attentive, the very firſt time the hero of the poem ſpoke. His ſpeech ends with remarkable ſpirit. And the numbers in the two laſt lines have a noble and majeſtic flow. *Scuta virûm, &c.*

Talia jactanti ſtridens aquilone procella
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctumque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi: tum prora avertit, et undis
Dat latus. inſequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons.
Hi ſummo in fluctu pendent: his unda dehiſcens
Terram inter fluctus aperit. furit aeſtus arenis.
Tris notus abreptas in ſaxa latentia torquet:
Saxa vocant Itali, mediis quae in fluctibus, aras.
Dorſum inmane mari ſummo. tris Eurus ab alto
In brevia et Syrtis urguet, miſerabile viſu;
Inliditque vadis, atque aggere cingit arenae.
Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten,
Ipſius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit. excutitur, pronuſque magiſter
Volvitur in caput. aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.
Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto;
Arma virûm, tabulaeque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
Jam validam Ilionei navem, jam fortis Achatae,
Et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes,
Vicit hiems. laxis laterum conpagibus omnes
Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimiſque fatiſcunt.
Interea magno miſceri murmure pontum,
Emiſſamque hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, et imis

Thus while he mourns, the Northern blaſt prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying ſails;
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her ſide
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering ſurges ſpread,
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.
Theſe ride on waves ſublime; thoſe ſee the ground
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound.
Three ſhatter'd gallies the ſtrong Southern blaſt
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, caſt;
Th' Italians call them altars, as they ſtood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw
From the main ſea, and (terrible to view)
He daſh'd, and left the veſſels, on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of ſurrounding ſand.
Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to ſtern the ſhatter'd galley flew
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ſhip,
Stunn'd by the ſtroke, ſhot headlong down the deep:
The veſſel, by the ſurge toſt round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyſs emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treaſures, float along the main.
And now thy ſhip, Ilioneus, gives way,
Nor thine, Achates, can reſiſt the ſea;
Nor old Alethes his ſtrong galley ſaves;
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
The ſtorm diſſolves their well-compacted ſides,
Which drink at many a leak the hoſtile tides.
Mean time th' imperial monarch of the main
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign,
And ſaw the furious tempeſt wide around
Work up the waters from the vaſt profound.

Stagna refuſa vadis: graviter commotus, et alto
Proſpiciens, ſumma placidum caput extulit unda.
Disjectam Aeneae toto videt aequore claſſem:
Fluctibus oppreſſos Troas, caelique ruina.
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis et irae.
Eurum ad ſe Zephyrumque vocat. dehinc talia fatur.
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia veſtri?
Jam caelum terramque meo ſine numine, venti,
Miſcere; et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego. ſed motos praeſtat conponere fluctus.
Poſt mihi non ſimili poena conmiſſa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite veſtro:
Non illi imperium pelagi ſaevomque tridentem,
Sed mihi ſorte datum. tenet ille inmania ſaxa,
Veſtras, Eure, domos. illa ſe jactet in aula
Aeolus, et clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.
Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat:
Conlectaſque fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit.
Cymothoë ſimul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt navis ſcopulo. levat ipſe tridenti;
Et vaſtas aperit Syrtis, et temperat aequor:

174. *Lifts his high head.*] In the original there is a ſeeming contradiction: in the two lines that deſcribe the riſing of Neptune,

——gravitèr *commotus* et alto
Proſpiciens, ſummâ *placidum* caput extulit undâ.

Where the words *graviter commotus* et *placidum* caput ſeem to claſh. But may not the effect which he came to produce be implied in *placidum?* or is not *placidum* a *general* epithet appropriated to Neptune, on any occaſion?

194. *He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chac'd, &c.*] "In the works of the ancients, nature and machinery generally go hand in hand, and ſerve chiefly to manifeſt one another. Thus, for inſtance, in the ſtorm, in the very beginning of the Æneid; theſe imaginary beings are introduced in every part of it: but it is only ſuch beings, as are proper for the part in which they are introduced; and they appear there only to carry on the true order of the natural effects. The goddeſs of the upper air deſires the god of the winds, to let looſe thoſe turbulent ſubjects of his; they are let looſe; the ſea is immediately all in a tumult; and the god of the ſea appears, to make it all calm again. There

Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
Lifts his high head above the ſtormy flood,
Majeſtic and ſerene: he rolls his eyes,
And ſcatter'd wide the Trojan navy ſpies,
Oppreſs'd by waves below, by thunders from the ſkies.
Full well he knew his ſiſter's endleſs hate,
Her wiles and arts to ſink the Trojan ſtate.
To Eurus, and the Weſtern blaſt, he cry'd,
Does your high birth inſpire this boundleſs pride,
Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,
To raiſe, at will, ſuch mountains on the ſea?
Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main?
Whom I—but firſt I'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a ſecond time,
Know, that ſome heavier vengeance waits the crime.
Hence; fly with ſpeed; from me, your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your darkſome dungeons, keep,
Nor dare uſurp the trident of the deep.
There, in that gloomy court, diſplay his pow'r,
And hear his tempeſts round their caverns roar.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking chac'd the clouds away,
Huſh'd the loud billows, and reſtor'd the day.
Cymothoë guards the veſſels in the ſhock,
And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.
With his huge trident, the majeſtic god
Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;

There ſeems to me, not to be any more difference in this, and the natural account of the thing, than if you ſhould ſay, that all the parts of matter tend towards each other; and I ſhould ſay, that ſome ſpiritual power always impels them towards each other. The effects are juſt the ſame; only in one caſe we look upon them as acting; and in the other as acted upon." Spence's Polymetis, Dial. xx.

Theſe judicious reflections applied in a proper manner to other fables and machines, may ſerve as a key to all the ancient mythology; and ſhew moſt of their ſtories, idle as they ſeem on the firſt view, to be full of good ſenſe and ſound philoſophy at the bottom.

Atque rotis ſummas levibus perlabitur undas.
Ac, veluti magno in populo cum ſaepe coorta eſt
Seditio, ſaevitque animis ignobile volgus;
Jamque faces, jam ſaxa volant; furor arma miniſtrat:
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent; adrectiſque auribus adſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor; aequora poſtquam
Proſpiciens genitor, caeloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo.
Defeſſi Aeneadae, quae proxima, litora curſu
Contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.
Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus. inſula portum
Efficit objectu laterum; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vaſtae rupes, geminique minantur
In caelum ſcopuli: quorum ſub vertice late
Aequora tuta ſilent. tum ſilvis ſcaena coruſcis
Deſuper horrentique atrum nemus inminet umbra.
Fronte ſub adverſa ſcopulis pendentibus antrum:
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo;

217. This is a moſt beautiful and pictureſque deſcription. Pouſſin never painted a more ſolemn ſcene. Catrou is of opinion, that the poet had in view the port of Ancona. Lucretius has painted ſomething like this: and the lines are very poetical.

——Noctivagi ſylveſtria templa tenebant
Nympharum, quibus exibant humore fluenta
Lubrica, proluvie largâ lavere humida ſaxa,
Humida ſaxa ſuper viridi ſtillantia muſco;
Et partim plano ſcatere atque erumpere campo.

Lib. iv. 945.

225. *Secret grotto.*] "There is a place in the kingdom of Tunis (under the promontory of Mercury, now called Cape Bon) a few miles eaſt of Carthage, that exactly anſwers the deſcription of this grotto. This hollow goes in twenty or thirty fathoms, under the hills; and thoſe who took out the ſtone from it (for it ſeems to have been a quarry) left a ſort of

Then mounted on his radiant car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the tides.
As when ſedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble ſtorms and thirſts for blood:
Of ſtones and brands, a mingled tempeſt flies,
With all the ſudden arms that rage ſupplies:
If ſome grave ſire appears, amid the ſtrife,
In morals ſtrict, and innocence of life,
All ſtand attentive; while the ſage controuls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their ſouls.
So did the roaring deeps their rage compoſe,
When the great father of the floods aroſe.
Rapt by his ſteeds he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and ſkims the wat'ry way.
The Trojans, weary'd with the ſtorm, explore
The neareſt land, and reach the Libyan ſhore.
Far in a deep receſs, her jutting ſides
An iſle projects, to break the rolling tides,
And forms a port, where, curling from the ſea,
The waves ſteal back, and wind into a bay.
On either ſide, ſublime in air, ariſe
Two tow'ring rocks, whoſe ſummits brave the ſkies;
Low at their feet the ſleeping ocean lies;
Crown'd with a gloomy ſhade of waving woods,
Their aweful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
Oppos'd to theſe, a ſecret grotto ſtands,
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;

pillars at proper diſtances, to ſupport the weight at top from falling in. The arches which theſe pillars help to form, lie open to the ſea; there are little ſtreams perpetually draining from the rocks; and ſeats of ſtone formed within, probably for the uſe of thoſe who worked in that quarry. There is a cliff on each ſide; and the brow of the mountain is overſhadowed with trees." Mr. SPENCE, from Dr. SHAW; who has given a farther account of them in his travels. Pag. 157.

Nympharum domus. hic feſſas non vincula navis
Ulla tenent: unco non adligat anchora morſu.
Huc ſeptem Aeneas conlectis navibus omni
Ex numero ſubit: ac magno telluris amore
Egreſſi optata potiuntur Troës arena,
Et ſale tabentis artus in litore ponunt.
Ac primum ſilici ſcintillam excudit Achates,
Suſcepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum cererem conruptam undis, cerealiaque arma
Expediunt feſſi rerum; frugeſque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis et frangere ſaxo.
Aeneas ſcopulum interea conſcendit, et omnem
Proſpectum late pelago petit; Anthea ſi qua
Jactatum vento videat Phrygiaſque biremis,
Aut Capyn, aut celſis in puppibus arma Caïci.
Navem in conſpectu nullam. tris litore cervos
Proſpicit errantis: hos tota armenta ſequuntur
A tergo, et longum per vallis paſcitur agmen.
Conſtitit hic, arcumque manu celeriſque ſagittas
Conripuit; fidus quae tela gerebat Achates:

(174.) Reprehendit hic et in ſeqq. inprimis 210 ſqq. poëtam Homius Elements of Criticiſm T. III. p. 232. 229. quo eadem orationis grauitate res humiles narrat, qua grandes et ſublimes. Voluit ſane Virgilius hoc ipſo verborum ornatu nobilitatem obſcuris rebus addere. Aliter Homerus, qui orationem rebus accommodat; et praeceptum ſane primum in tale re eſt, leues res leuiter eſſe attingendas, vt obiter tantum lectoris animum praeſtringant. Sed habet poëta quiſque ſeculi ſui Genium, cui in nonnullis eſt litandum; et verborum ornamenta alia ſplendoris et ſublimitatis ſunt, alia elegantiae et ſuauitatis, quae recte rebus etiam humilibus accommodari poſſunt.

236. *Achates ſtrikes the flint.*] 'Tis remarkable that M. Segrais has omitted this circumſtance in his tranſlation. He tells us, that to adapt his work to the French manners, he dared not give Achates, the great favourite of the hero, ſo mean an office as that of lighting a fire. The Latin tongue and the ancients, (continues he,) are able to give a gracefulneſs to this kind of paintings, and to make ſuch low circumſtances agreeable; but they would be highly diſguſting to our age. What can give one

Where poliſh'd ſeats appear of living ſtone,
And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
The floating veſſel harraſs'd with the winds.
The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
Sev'n ſhatter'd ſhips, the relicts of his fleet.
With fierce deſire to gain the friendly ſtrand,
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,
And, drench'd in brine, lie ſtretch'd along the ſand.
Achates ſtrikes the flint, and from the ſtroke
The lurking ſeeds of fire in ſparkles broke;
The catching flame on leaves and ſtubble preys,
Then gathers ſtrength, and mounts into a blaze.
Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine,
And grind their corn, infected with the brine.
Æneas mounts a rock, and thence ſurveys
The wide and wat'ry proſpect of the ſeas;
Now hopes the ſhatter'd Phrygian ſhips to find,
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind;
And now, Caïcus' glitt'ring arms to ſpy,
Wide o'er the vaſt horizon darts his eye.
The chief could view no veſſel on the main;
But three tall ſtags ſtalk'd proudly o'er the plain;
Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd;
Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.
The Prince, who ſpy'd 'em on the ſhore below,
Stop'd ſhort—then ſnatch'd the feather'd ſhafts and bow,

one a ſtronger idea of the falſe delicacy of the French nation, and of the incapacity of their language to deſcribe ſeveral little circumſtances, which ought to have a place in an epic poem?

242. *Æneas mounts a rock.*] Nothing can more entertain the imagination than the hero's mounting this hill to examine on what kind of coaſt they were landed, and his ſeeing no object but the herd of deer grazing wildly. This amuſing proſpect, and the deſcription of that beautiful, retired, and ſafe harbour, in ver. 220. make a fine contraſt to the preceding tumult and dreadful images of the ſtorm.

Ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis
Cornibus arboreis, sternit; tum volgus: et omnem
Miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam.
Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
Corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.
Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnis.
Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes
Litore Trinacrio, dederatque abeuntibus hospes,
Dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:
O socii, (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)
O passi graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis
Accestis scopulos: vos et Cyclopia saxa
Experti. revocate animos, moestumque timorem
Mittite. forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium: sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt. illic fas regna resurgere Trojae.
Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.
Talia voce refert: curisque ingentibus aeger
Spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
Illi se praedae adcingunt, dapibusque futuris:
Tergora deripiunt costis, et viscera nudant.
Pars in frusta secant, verubusque trementia figunt:
Litore ahena locant alii, flammasque ministrant.

283. *To dress the banquet.*] Virgil dared not enter into so very minute a description of this feast, as the simplicity of manners in Homer's time both allowed and indeed required. And who has therefore been so unjustly censured by Lord Roscommon, a disciple of the French critics, for such sort of *minute* and *natural* descriptions.

——— Who has look'd
On holy garbage tho' by Homer cook'd?

Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;
And firſt he laid the lordly leaders dead;
Next all th' ignoble vulgar he purſu'd,
And with his ſhafts diſpers'd 'em thro' the wood;
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, ſtretch'd beneath his feet,
Lay ſev'n huge ſtags, the number of his fleet.
Back to the port the victor bends his way,
And with his friends divides the copious prey.
The generous wine to crown the genial feaſt,
Which kind Aceſtes gave his parting gueſt,
Next to his ſad aſſociates he imparts;
And with theſe words revives their drooping hearts.
  Friends! we have known more toils, than now we [know,
By long experience exercis'd in woe;
And ſoon to theſe diſaſters ſhall be giv'n
A certain period by relenting Heav'n.
Think, how you ſaw the dire Cyclopean ſhore,
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monſters, roar.
Diſmiſs your fears; on theſe misfortunes paſt
Your minds with pleaſure may reflect at laſt.
Thro' ſuch varieties of woes, we tend
To promis'd Latium, where our toils ſhall end:
Where the kind fates ſhall peaceful ſeats ordain,
And Troy, in all her glories, riſe again.
With manly patience bear your preſent ſtate,
And with firm courage wait a better fate.
  So ſpoke the chief, and hid his inward ſmart;
Hope ſmooth'd his looks, but anguiſh rack'd his heart.
The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
To dreſs the banquet, and to ſhare the prey.
Some from the body ſtrip the ſmoking hide,
Some cut in morſels, and the parts divide;
Theſe bid, with buſy care, the flames aſpire;
Thoſe roaſt the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.
Thus, while their ſtrength and ſpirits they reſtore,
The brazen cauldrons ſmoke along the ſhore.

Tum victu revocant vires: fuſique per herbam
Inplentur veteris bacchi pinguiſque ferinae.
Poſtquam exemta fames epulis, menſaeque remotae,
Amiſſos longo ſocios ſermone requirunt;
Spemque metumque inter dubii: ſeu vivere credant,
Sive extrema pati, nec jam exaudire vocatos.
Praecipue pius Aeneas, nunc acris Oronti,
Nunc Amyci caſum gemit, et crudelia ſecum
Fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.
Et jam finis erat: cum Juppiter aethere ſummo
Deſpiciens mare velivolum terraſque jacentis,
Litoraque, et latos populos, ſic vertice caeli
Conſtitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis,
Atque illum talis jactantem pectore curas
Triſtior, et lacrimis oculos ſuffuſa nitentis,
Adloquitur Venus: O qui res hominumque deorumque
Aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres,

297. *Gyas and Cloanthus.*] Virgil hath been greatly cenſured for a want of variety in his characters, and becauſe he hath not fill'd his poem with ſo many heroes as Homer hath done. Ajax, Diomed, Idomeneus, &c. are all ſhining characters, and are all diverſified and diſtinguiſhed from one another. Whereas the faithful Achates, the brave Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus [*fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*] the ſame over and over again, are of no material uſe in the poem, and ſerve only to fill now and then the gap of a verſe or two. Mr. Voltaire's anſwer to this cenſure is as follows:

"I am apt to think, ſays he, that ſuch an objection turns a great deal to the advantage of the Æneid: Virgil ſung the *actions* of Æneas, and Homer the *idleneſs* of Achilles. The Greek poet lay under the neceſſity of ſupplying the abſence of his firſt hero, with ſome other warriors; but what was judicious in Homer, would have been prepoſterous in Virgil: he knew too much of his art, to drown his principal character in the crowd of many other heroes, indifferent to the main action.

"Thus he found the way to center our concern in Æneas; he intereſts us for him by never loſing ſight of him, while Homer preſenting us with the ſhifting ſcene of ſo many ſhining characters, intereſts us for none." Addiſon's opinion on this ſubject is likewiſe worthy the attention of the reader; and perhaps more juſt than the reaſoning of Voltaire.

Virgil,

Stretch'd on the graſs, their bodies they recline,
Enjoy the rich repaſt, and quaff the gen'rous wine.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they paſs'd away
In long and melancholy talk the day;
Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their friends diſtreſs'd, or dead.
Apart the pious chief, who ſuffer'd moſt,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus loſt:
For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.
Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove ſurveys
The nations, ſhores, and navigable ſeas;
There, as he ſate, inthron'd above the ſkies,
Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;
Her ſtarry eyes were dim'd with ſtreaming tears;
Who to the ſire her humble ſuit addreſs'd,
The ſchemes of fate revolving in his breaſt.
Oh thou! whoſe ſacred, and eternal ſway,
Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and gods obey;

Virgil, ſays he, is very barren in this part of his poem, [the diverſity of characters] and has but little varied the manners of the principal perſons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety; Achates calls himſelf his friend, but takes no occaſion of ſhewing himſelf ſo: Mneſtheus, Sergeſtus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character. Virgil was ſo very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Auguſtus ſo great, or ſo artfully concealed, if he had ſcattered his praiſes more promiſcuouſly, and made his court to others in the ſame poem. Had he entertained any ſuch deſign, Agrippa muſt in juſtice have challenged the ſecond place; and if Agrippa's repreſentative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If therefore Virgil has ſhadowed any great perſon beſides Auguſtus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the diſputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in ſome few other places.

304. *Queen of love.*] The whole paſſage, ſays Macrobius, is borrowed from Naevius. Bell. Punic. Lib. 1.

Quid meus Aeneas in te conmittere tantum,
Quid Troës potuere? quibus tot funera paſſis,
Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis?
Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
Hinc fore ductores, revocato ſanguine Teucri,
Qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent
Pollicitus. quae te, genitor, ſententia vertit?
Hoc equidem occaſum Trojae triſtiſque ruinas
Solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens.
Nunc eadem fortuna viros tot caſibus actos
Inſequitur. quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?
Antenor potuit, mediis elabſus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare ſinus, atque intuma tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem ſuperare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vaſto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva ſonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, ſedeſque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa. nunc placida conpoſtus pace quieſcit.
Nos tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem,
Navibus (infandum) amiſſis, unius ob iram
Prodimur, atque Italis longe disjungimur oris.
Hic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis?
Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque deorum,
Voltu, quo caelum tempeſtateſque ſerenat,
Oſcula libavit gnatae. dehinc talia fatur.
Parce metu, Cytherea. manent inmota tuorum
Fata tibi. cernes urbem, promiſſa Lavini

326. *Where, thro' nine.*] The river Timavus burſts out all at once, from the bottom of a mountain, and divides itſelf into nine different ſtreams before it runs into the Adriatic ſea. 'Tis ſo large itſelf that Virgil here calls it a ſea, *mare proruptum & pelago ſonanti.* As it is at the head of the gulph of Venice, the Italians now call it *la madre del mare*; as if they thought all that ſea was ſupplied from it.

HOLDSWORTH.

What have my poor exhauſted Trojans done?
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy ſon?
Still, for the ſake of Italy, deny'd
All other regions, all the world beſide?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
Of Roman chiefs ſhould ſpring from Teucer's line;
The world in future ages to command,
And in the empire graſp the ſea and land.
Oh! ſov'reign father, ſay! what cauſe could move
The fix'd unalterable word of Jove?
Which ſooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom;
And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
But ſee! their fortune ſtill purſues her blow;
When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?
In ſafety, bold Antenor broke his way
Thro' hoſts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay,
Where, thro' nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
Wide as a ſea, and deluges the ſhores;
The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars;
Yet with his colonies, ſecure he came,
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name.
Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours ceaſe;
And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
But we, your progeny, ordain'd to riſe,
And ſhare th' eternal honours of the ſkies,
To glut the rage of one, our veſſels loſt,
Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coaſt.
Are theſe the palms that virtue muſt obtain,
And is our empire thus reſtor'd again?
The ſire of men and gods, ſuperior, ſmil'd
On the ſad queen, and gently kiſs'd his child.
Then, with thoſe looks that clear the clouded ſkies,
And calm the raging tempeſt, he replies.
Daughter, diſmiſs your fears; by doom divine
Fix'd are the fates of your immortal line.

Moenia; ſublimemque feres ad ſidera caeli
Magnanimum Aenean: neque me ſententia vertit.
Hic (tibi fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet)
Longius evolvens fatorum arcana movebo:
Bellum ingens geret Italia, populoſque feroces
Contundet; moreſque viris et moenia ponet:
Tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aeſtas,
Ternaque tranſierint Rutulis hiberna ſubactis.
At puer Aſcanius, quoi nunc cognomen Iülo
Additur (Ilus erat, dum res ſtetit Ilia regno)
Triginta magnos volvendis menſibus orbis
Imperio explebit, regnumque ab ſede Lavini
Transferet, ac longam multa vi muniet Albam.
Hinc jam tercentum totos regnabitur annos
Gente ſub Hectorea; donec regina ſacerdos
Marte grauis geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus
Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet
Moenia, Romanoſque ſuo de nomine dicet.
His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono:
Imperium ſine fine dedi. quin aſpera Juno,
Quae mare nunc terraſque metu caelumque fatigat,
Conſilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit
Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.
Sic placitum. veniet luſtris labentibus aetas,
Cum domus Aſſaraci Phthiam claraſque Mycenas

Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls ſhall ſee,
And here we ratify our firſt decree.
Your ſon, the brave Æneas, ſoon ſhall riſe,
Himſelf a god; and mount the ſtarry ſkies.
To ſoothe your care, theſe ſecrets I relate
From the dark volumes of eternal Fate:
The chief fair Italy ſhall reach, and there
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,
New cities raiſe, the ſavage nations awe,
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.
The fierce Rutulians vanquiſh'd by his ſword,
Three years ſhall Latium own him ſovereign lord.
Your dear Aſcanius then, the royal boy,
(Now called Iülus, ſince the fall of Troy)
While thirty rolling years their orbs compleat,
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's ſeat
Transfer the kingdom, and, of mighty length
Raiſe tow'ring Alba, glorying in her ſtrength.
There, ſhall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
And fill the throne three hundred winters more.
Ilia, the royal prieſteſs, next ſhall bear
Two lovely infants to the god of war.
Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldeſt ſon,
Imperial Romulus, ſhall mount the throne;
From his own name, the people Romans call,
And from his father Mars, his riſing wall.
No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,
To the vaſt empire of the godlike race.
Ev'n haughty Juno ſhall the nation love,
Who now alarms earth, ſeas, and heav'n above;
And join her friendly counſels to my own,
With endleſs fame the ſons of Rome to crown,
The world's majeſtic lords, the nation of the gown.
This word be fate——an hour ſhall wing its way,
When Troy in duſt ſhall proud Mycenae lay.

Servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis.
Naſcetur pulchra Trojanus origine Caeſar,
(Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet aſtris)
Julius, a magno demiſſum nomen Iülo.
Hunc tu olim caelo, ſpoliis Orientis onuſtum,
Accipies ſecura. vocabitur hic quoque votis.
Aſpera tum poſitis miteſcent ſaecula bellis.
Cana Fides, et Veſta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt: dirae ferro et conpagibus artis
Claudentur belli portae. Furor inpius intus
Saeva ſedens ſuper arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.
Haec ait: et Maia genitum demittit ab alto;
Ut terrae, utque novae pateant Carthaginis arces

382. *Then Caeſar, call'd by great Iülus' name.*] Livy, after having informed us that Aſcanius was the ſon of Æneas, adds this of him farther, "*Quam, Iülum eundem Julia Gens auctorem nominis ſui nuncupat.*" B. 1. C. 3. The reader will find ſome of the firſt chapters of this hiſtorian, where he treats of the Aborigines of Italy, and other matters antecedent to the foundation of Rome, no diſagreeable or uſeleſs comment on ſeveral paſſages of the Æneis.

389. *The age grow mild.*] Here it might have been expected that the poet ſhould have enlarged upon Auguſtus; whom it was his great buſineſs to praiſe. So an ordinary poet would have done. But Virgil is ſo far from it, that he does not here ſay one word about him; hints at his reign, but ſays nothing of his perſon; nay immediately breaks off when he comes to that period. This is ſurprizing, and leaves the mind in ſuſpence. Virgil very well knew the force of Horace's rule,

Plcraque differat, et praeſens in tempus omittat.

He had two more proper places for that ſubject, and for them he reſerved it. TRAPP.

394. *Within the fane dire Fury.*] "As the ancients enjoyed no ſmall privilege above us, in knowing the perſons hinted at in ſeveral of their authors; ſo they received a great advantage, in ſeeing often the pictures and images that are frequently deſcribed in many of their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the ſpectators ſtood aſtoniſhed at ſo aweful and majeſtic a figure, he ſurprized them more by telling them it was a copy: and to make his words true, ſhew'd them the original in that magnificent deſcription of Jupiter, towards the latter

In Greece, Aſſaracus, his ſons ſhall reign,
And vanquiſh'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
Then Caeſar, call'd by great Iülus name,
(Whoſe empire ocean bounds, the ſtars his fame)
Sprung from the noble Trojan line, ſhall riſe
Charg'd with his Eaſtern ſpoils, and mount the ſkies.
Him, ſhall you ſee, advanc'd to theſe abodes;
Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.
From that bleſt hour all violence ſhall ceaſe,
The age grow mild; and ſoften into peace.
With righteous Rhemus ſhall Quirinus reign,
Old faith, and Veſta, ſhall return again;
With many a ſolid hinge, and brazen bar,
Shall Janus cloſe the horrid gates of war.
Within the fane dire Fury ſhall be bound,
With a huge heap of ſhatter'd arms around;
Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
The fiend ſhall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.
The Thund'rer ſaid, and down th' aërial way
Sent with his high commands the ſon of May;
That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs,
And grant her gueſts the freedom of her ſhores;

latter end of the firſt Iliad: the comparing both together, probably diſcovered ſecret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances. Thus in Virgil's firſt Aeneid where we ſee the repreſentation of Rage bound up, and chain'd in the temple of Janus:

——— *Furor impius intus*
Saeva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus aheniſ
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento:

tho' we are much pleaſed with ſo wonderful a deſcription, how muſt the pleaſure double on thoſe who could compare the poet and the ſtatuary together; and ſee which had put moſt horror and diſtraction in his figure! But we, who live in theſe lower ages of the world, are ſuch entire ſtrangers to this kind of diverſion, that we often miſtake the deſcription of a picture for an allegory, and don't ſo much as know when it is hinted at." ADDISON's *Diſſertation*, &c.

Hoſpitio Teucris: fati ne neſcia Dido
Finibus arceret. volat ille per aethera magnum
Remigio alarum: ac Libyae citus adſtitit oris.
Et jam juſſa facit: ponuntque ferocia Poeni
Corda, volente deo. in primis regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum, mentemque benignam.
At pius Aeneas per noctem plurima volvens,
Ut primum lux alma data eſt, exire; locoſque
Explorare novos, quas vento acceſſerit oras:
Qui teneant (nam inculta videt) homineſne feraene,
Quaerere conſtituit, ſociiſque exacta referre.
Claſſem in convexo nemorum, ſub rupe cavata,
Arboribus clauſam circum atque horrentibus umbris
Occulit. ipſe uno graditur comitatus Achate;
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
Quoi mater media ſeſe tulit obvia ſilva,
Virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma
Spartanae: vel qualis equos Thrëiſſa fatigat
Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Eurum.
Namque humeris de more habilem ſuſpenderat arcum
Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis;
Nuda genu, nodoque ſinus collecta fluentis.

420. *As thro' the wilds the chief.*] This is a moſt entertaining and delightful ſcene. A great prince thrown by a tempeſt upon a ſtrange coaſt, doubtful of its inhabitants, nay doubtful whether it has any inhabitants or not, is wandering in a wood; meets a perſon whom he knows not, but who appears to be a beautiful virgin. He ſuppoſes her a nymph, or a goddeſs, in that lovely romantic dreſs,

Namque humeris, &c.

She tells him a moſt ſurpriſing ſtory relating to the place in which ſhe finds him, gives him advice and comfort; afterwards appears to be indeed a goddeſs, and not only ſo, but his own mother, and then leaves him in ſuſpence and anxiety. The ſolitude of the receſs, the unexpectedneſs of the meeting, the ſurpriſing adventure, all conſpire to fill the ſoul with ideas of pleaſing melancholy, and impatient expectation of the event.

Left Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
Should ſhut her ports, and drive them to the ſea.
Swift on the ſteerage of his wings he flies,
And ſhoots the vaſt expanſion of the ſkies.
Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation ſtorms
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.
All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay,
But roſe impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coaſt, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beaſts poſſeſs'd the ſhore,
(For wide around the gloomy waſte extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends.
Beneath a ſhelving rock his fleet diſpos'd,
With waving woods and aweful ſhades inclos'd,
Two glitt'ring ſpears he ſhook with martial pride,
And forth he march'd; Achates at his ſide.
As thro' the wilds the chief his courſe purſu'd,
He meets his goddeſs-mother in the wood;
In ſhow, an huntreſs ſhe appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;
Or ſwift Harpalyce of Thrace, whoſe ſpeed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid ſteed.
Bare was her knee; and with an eaſy pride
Her poliſh'd bow hung graceful at her ſide.
Cloſe, in a knot, her flowing robes ſhe drew;
Looſe to the winds her wanton treſſes flew.

426. *Bare was her knee.*] This attitude is very graceful: Virgil had in his eye a paſſage of Homer, where he makes Minerva appear to Ulyſſes; but he has undoubtedly here excelled the Greek poet. Virgil took particular pleaſure we may ſuppoſe in deſcribing his huntreſs; as well as Æneas's killing the deer. Such objects ſuited his rural taſte.

Ac prior, Heus, inquit, juvenes, monſtrate mearum
Vidiſtis ſi quam hic errantem forte ſororum,
Succinctam pharetra et maculoſae tegmine lyncis,
Aut ſpumantis apri curſum clamore prementem.
Sic Venus; et Veneris contra ſic filius orſus:
Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque viſa ſororum,
O (quam te memorem?) virgo. namque haud tibi voltus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat. ô dea, certe;
An Phoebi ſoror, an Nympharum ſanguinis una?
Sis felix, noſtrumque leves quaecumque laborem:
Et quo ſub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Jactemur, doceas. ignari hominumque locorumque
Erramus, vento huc vaſtis et fluctibus acti.
Multa tibi ante aras noſtra cadet hoſtia dextra.
Tum Venus: Haud equidem tali me dignor honore:
Virginibus Tyriis mos eſt geſtare pharetram,
Purpureoque alte ſuras vincire cothurno.
Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem:
Sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.
Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta,
Germanum fugiens. longa eſt injuria, longae
Ambages. ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum.
Huic conjux Sichaeus erat, ditiſſimus agri
Phoenicum, et magno miſerae dilectus amore:
Quoi pater intactam dederat, primiſque jugarat
Ominibus. ſed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, ſcelere ante alios inmanior omnis.

(321.) Quo ſermone ac lingua hic in Africae oris, Venus et mox Dido et ſic alii in Sicilia et Italia, cum Aenea vti potuerint, vt, quae dicerent, ab hoc intelligi poſſent, aliena a poëſi epica eſt quaeſtio, ne dicam inepta. Omnem enim eius vim, illecebras et gratam fraudem interciperet talis ſubtilitas. Conuentum eſt inter poëtam et lectorem tacite in hoc, vt communi ſermone inter ſe vti putentur Troiani et Achivi et ſic porro. Semel monuiſſe ſatis eſt.

(341—344.) In proſa eſſet: longa eſſet narratio; ſed rem ſummatim exponam. Etiam in talibus poëticam vim agnoſce.

Ho! gentle youths, ſhe cry'd, have you beheld
One of my ſiſters wand'ring o'er the field,
Girt with a ſpeckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her ſide?
Or have you ſeen her with an eager pace
Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace?
None of your charming ſiſterhood (he ſaid)
Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.
Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddeſs, ſay?
A goddeſs, ſure, or ſiſter of the day,
You draw your birth from ſome immortal line,
Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine,
Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
Alike the natives and the lands unknown;
By the wild waves, and ſwelling ſurges toſt,
We wander ſtrangers on a foreign coaſt.
Then will we ſtill invoke your ſacred name,
And with fat victims ſhall your altars flame.
No goddeſs' aweful name, ſhe ſaid, I bear;
For know, the Tyrian maids, by cuſtom, here
The purple buſkin, and a quiver wear.
Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aſpire;
The Punic realms; a colony from Tyre.
See! wide around, waſte Libya's bounds appear,
Whoſe ſwarthy ſons are terrible in war.
From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main,
From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign:
The tale is intricate, perplex'd and long;
Hear then, in ſhort, the ſtory of her wrong.
Sichæus was her lord, beyond the reſt
Of the Phœnician race, with riches bleſt;
Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.

Quos inter medius venit furor. ille Sichaeum
Inpius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,
Clam ferro incautum ſuperat, ſecurus amorum
Germanae : factumque diu celavit, et aegram,
Multa malus ſimulans, vana ſpe luſit amantem.
Ipſa ſed in ſomnis inhumati venit imago
Conjugis, ora modis adtollens pallida miris :
Crudelis aras, trajectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit ; caecumque domûs ſcelus omne retexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere ſuadet,
Auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit
Theſauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His conmota fugam Dido ſocioſque parabat.
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat : navis, quae forte paratae,
Conripiunt, onerantque auro. portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago. dux femina facti.
Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes
Moenia, ſurgentemque novae Carthaginis arcem :
Mercatique ſolum, facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.
Sed vos qui tandem, quibus adveniſtis ab oris,
Quove tenetis iter ? quaerenti talibus ille
Suſpirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem :
O dea, ſi prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annalis noſtrorum audire laborum ;
Ante diem clauſo conponat Veſper Olympo.

Ev'n at the ſacred altar in a ſtrife
By ſtealth the tyrant ſhed his brother's life;
Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
Stern, and regardleſs of his ſiſter's love.
Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime.
But her unbury'd lord, before her ſight,
Roſe in a frightful viſion of the night:
Around her bed he ſtalks; grim! ghaſtly! pale!
And, ſtaring wide, unfolds the horrid tale
Of the dire altars, daſh'd with blood around;
Then bares his breaſt, and points to every wound;
Warns her to fly the land without delay;
And to ſupport her thro' the tedious way,
Shews where, in maſſy piles, his bury'd treaſure lay.
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends,
Obeys the ſummons, and convenes her friends:
They meet, they join, and in her cauſe engage,
All, who deteſt, or dread the tyrant's rage.
Some ſhips, already rigg'd, they ſeiz'd, and ſtow'd
Their ſides with gold; then launch'd into the flood.
They ſail; the bold exploit a woman guides:
Pygmalion's wealth is wafted o'er the tides.
They came, where now you ſee new Carthage riſe,
And yon proud citadel invade the ſkies.
The wand'ring exiles bought a ſpace of ground
Which one bull-hide incloſ'd and compaſs'd round;
Hence Byrſa nam'd: but now, ye ſtrangers, ſay,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?
Deep, from his ſoul, he draws a length of ſighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies.
Should I, O goddeſs, from their ſource relate,
Or you attend, the annals of our fate,
The golden ſun would ſink, and ev'ning cloſe,
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.

Nos Troja antiqua, veſtras ſi forte per auris
Trojae nomen iit, diverſa per aequora vectos,
Forte ſua Libycis tempeſtas adpulit oris.
Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoſte Penates
Claſſe veho mecum, fama ſuper aethera notus.
Italiam quaero patriam; et genus ab Jove ſummo.
Bis denis Phrygium conſcendi navibus aequor,
Matre dea monſtrante viam, data fata ſecutus:
Vix ſeptem convolſae undis euroque ſuperſunt.
Ipſe ignotus, egens, Libyae deſerta peragro,
Europa atque Aſia pulſus. Nec plura querentem
Paſſa Venus medio ſic interfata dolore eſt:
Quiſquis es, haud (credo) inviſus caeleſtibus auras
Vitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer.
Namque tibi reduces ſocios claſſemque relatam
Nuntio, et in tutum verſis aquilonibus actam:
Ni fruſtra augurium vani docuere parentes.
Aſpice bis ſenos laetantis agmine cycnos,
Aetheria quos labſa plaga Jovis ales aperto
Turbârat caelo: nunc terras ordine longo
Aut capere, aut captas jam deſpectare videntur.
Ut reduces illi ludunt ſtridentibus alis,
Et coetu cinxere polum, cantuſque dedere;
Haud aliter puppeſque tuae pubeſque tuorum
Aut portum tenet aut pleno ſubit oſtia velo.
Perge modo, et qua te ducit via, dirige greſſum.

504. *The good Æneas am I.*] Modern critics may perhaps be diſguſted at Æneas's praiſing himſelf; but the ancients entertained different notions concerning ſelf-commendation. Homer's Ulyſſes calls himſelf the wiſeſt of the Grecians, as his Achilles does not ſcruple to repreſent himſelf the beſt and moſt valiant of them; and that too in a council of all the princes: Virgil has given us his approbation of both the one and the other, in making Æneas talk frequently of his own piety and valour. Socrates in Plato, is always brought in to his advantage; he himſelf quotes the oracle, which pronounced him to be the wiſeſt of men. Xenophon repreſents Cyrus, upon his death-

By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came,
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
Thro' various ſeas; when lo! a tempeſt roars,
And raging drives us on the Libyan ſhores.
The good ÆNEAS am I call'd; my fame,
And brave exploits, have reach'd the ſtarry frame:
From Grecian flames I bear my reſcu'd gods,
Safe in my veſſels, o'er the ſtormy floods.
In ſearch of ancient Italy I rove,
And draw my lineage from almighty Jove.
A goddeſs-mother and the fates, my guides,
With twenty ſhips I plough'd the Phrygian tides,
Scarce ſev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
Rent by the waves, and ſhatter'd by the wind.
Myſelf, from Europe and from Aſia caſt,
A helpleſs ſtranger rove the Libyan waſte.
No more could Venus hear her ſon bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in theſe abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haſte, to yon' proud palace bend
Your courſe, and on the gracious queen attend.
Your friends are ſafe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my ſkill in augury is vain!
See thoſe twelve ſwans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately ſhooting from th' etherial ſky,
Th' imperial bird of Jove diſpers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, ſome ſettling on the ground.
As theſe returning clap their ſounding wings,
Ride round the ſkies, and ſport in airy rings;
So have your friends and ſhips poſſeſs'd the ſtrand,
Or with full-bellying ſails approach the land.
Haſte to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, purſue your way.

death-bed, as taking notice of the greateſt beauty of his own character, his humanity; in a piece which every one knows

Dixit, et avertens roſea cervice refulſit,
Ambroſiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera inceſſu patuit dea. ille, ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem eſt voce ſecutus:
Quid gnatum toties crudelis tu quoque falſis
Ludis imaginibus? cur dextrae jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?
Talibus incuſat, greſſumque ad moenia tendit.
At Venus obſcuro gradientis aëre ſepſit;
Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſet,
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poſcere cauſſas.
Ipſa Paphon ſublimis abit, ſedeſque reviſit
Laeta ſuas: ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
Ture calent arae, ſertiſque recentibus halant.
Conripuere viam interea, qua ſemita monſtrat.
Jamque adſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Inminet, adverſaſque adſpectat deſuper arces.
Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam:
Miratur portas, ſtrepitumque, ac ſtrata viarum.

was deſigned for the character of a perfect prince. Cæſar and the great Jewiſh writer of his own life frequently commend themſelves: the greateſt critic, as well as the greateſt among the Romans, who ſo often reckons modeſty among the things which are moſt neceſſary toward rendering a man great in his profeſſion; how open and frequent is he in praiſing himſelf, and ſetting his own merit in a true light? But what puts this beyond diſpute (and ſhews at the ſame time, That a juſt commendation of one's ſelf may be very conſiſtent with the greateſt modeſty) it is to be found in the ſacred writings, in which Moſes ſays of himſelf, that he was the meekeſt man upon earth. SPENCE on Pope's Odyſſey, Part i. 52.

See Segrais' ſentiments on this ſubject, Vol. 2. B. 10. Note, ver. 1175.

534. *She ſaid, and turning round.*] As Phidias is ſaid to have conceived his ſublime idea of majeſty from Homer's deſcription of Jupiter, why may we not imagine Raphael Urbin borrowed his idea of that grace, for which he is ſo famous, from Virgil's Venus? Addiſon has obſerved, that our poet is never better pleaſed

She ſaid, and turning round, her neck ſhe ſhow'd,
That with celeſtial charms divinely glow'd.
Her waving locks immortal odours ſhed,
And breath'd ambroſial ſcents around her head.
Her ſweeping robe trail'd pompous as ſhe trod,
And her majeſtic port confeſs'd the god.
Soon as he knows her thro' the coy diſguiſe,
He thus purſues his mother as ſhe flies.
Muſt never, never more our hands be join'd?
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?
Why muſt thoſe borrow'd ſhapes delude your ſon?
And why, ah! why thoſe accents not your own?
He ſaid; then ſought the town; but Venus ſhrowds
And wraps their perſons in a veil of clouds;
That none may interpoſe to cauſe delay,
Nor fondly curious aſk them of their way.
Thro' air ſublime the queen of love retreats
To Paphos' ſtately tow'rs, and bliſsful ſeats;
Where to her name an hundred altars riſe,
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the ſkies.
Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
Whence all the riſing town in proſpect lay,
And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow
Hung bending o'er, and ſhaded all below.
Where late the cottage ſtood, with glad ſurprize
The prince beholds the ſtately palace riſe;
On the pav'd ſtreets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,
And all the crowd and tumult of the town.

pleaſed than when he is deſcribing what is beautiful; and I think we may apply to him that moſt elegant and polite compliment of Tibullus to his miſtreſs,

Illum quidquid agit, quoquo veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.
TIBULL. iv. 11.

It muſt be obſerved that by the word *inceſſu* is meant the particular motion of the gods, a kind of *gliding* not *ſtepping*.

Inſtant ardentes Tyrii: pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, et manibus ſubvolvere ſaxa:
Pars optare locum tecto, et concludere ſulco.
Jura, magiſtratuſque legunt, ſanctumque ſenatum.
Hic portus alii effodiunt: hic alta theatris
Fundamenta locant alii; inmaniſque columnas
Rupibus excidunt, ſcaenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes aeſtate nova per florea rura
Exercet ſub ſole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt foetus, aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant, et dulci diſtendunt nectare cellas:
Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
Ignavom fucos pecus a praeſepibus arcent.
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia melſa.

563. *Theſe roll.*] Obſerve the buildings which Virgil hath ſelected, to make a particular mention of. 1. A temple for public worſhip. 2. A ſenate houſe to diſpenſe juſtice. 3. Walls and a citadel for defence. 4. Houſes of particular inhabitants. 5. A theatre for public ſpectacles. Pauſanias adds, to compleat the perfection of a great city, an academy for youth, and a reſervoir of water for the uſe of the public. CATROU.

574. This ſimile is borrowed from one of Homer's on the ſame ſubject; and Scaliger, according to his uſual method, very much prefers it to that of the Greek poet, and in particular extols the harmony and ſweetneſs of the verſification above that of Homer; "againſt which cenſure" (ſays Pope) "we need only appeal to the ears of the reader."

Ηυτε σθενεα εισι μελισσαων αδινασων,
Πετρης εκ γλαφυρης αιει νεον ερχομενασων,
Βοτρυδον δε πετονται επ' ανθεσιν ειαρινοισιν,
Αι μεν τ' ενθα αλις πεποτηαται, αι δε τε ενθα.

But Scaliger was unlucky in his choice of this particular compariſon. There is a very fine one in the ſixth Æneid, ver. 707. that better agrees with Homer's: and nothing is more evident, than that the deſign of theſe two is very different. Homer intended to deſcribe the multitude of Greeks pouring out of the ſhips; Virgil, the diligence and labour of the builders of Carthage. And Macrobius, who obſerves this difference, Sat. l. v. c. 11. ſhould alſo have found, that therefore the ſimiles ought not to be compared together. The beauty of Homer's

The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan
Theſe roll, or heave ſome huge unwieldy ſtone;
Thoſe bid the lofty citadel aſcend;
Some in vaſt length th' embattled walls extend;
Others for future dwellings chooſe the ground,
Mark out the ſpot, and draw the furrow round.
Some, uſeful laws propoſe, and ſome the choice
Of ſacred ſenates, and elect by voice.
Theſe ſink a ſpacious mole beneath the ſea,
Thoſe a huge theatre's foundation lay;
Hew maſſy columns from the mountain's ſide,
Of future ſcenes an ornamental pride.
Thus to their toils, in early ſummer, run
The cluſt'ring bees, and labour in the ſun;
Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,
Or work the liquid ſweets, and thicken to a maſs.
The buſy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,
And hoards, in curious cells, the golden ſtore;
A choſen troop before the gate attends,
To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;
Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.

Homer's is not inferior to Virgil's, if we conſider with what exactneſs it anſwers to its end." Thus far Mr. Pope, Notes, Iliad 2. I will take this opportunity of aſſuring the reader, that in theſe notes, I ſhall be very cautious of leſſening the character of Homer and advancing Virgil's, by any invidious compariſons, as ſome of Virgil's tranſlators and commentators have done, for no other reaſon but becauſe I am at preſent engaged in publiſhing the latter of theſe writers. It will be both uſeleſs and impoſſible in the courſe of theſe notes to point out all Virgil's imitations of Homer. This is already done with incomparable judgment, in Dr. Clarke's edition of the Iliad.

O fortunati, quorum jam moenia ſurgunt!
Aeneas ait, et faſtigia ſuſpicit urbis.
Infert ſe ſeptus nebula (mirabile dictu)
Per medios, miſcetque viris; neque cernitur ulli.
Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetiſſimus umbrae,
Quo primum jactati undis et turbine Poeni
Effodere loco ſignum, quod regia Juno
Monſtrarat, caput acris equi. ſic nam fore bello
Egregiam ac facilem victu per ſaecula gentem.
Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
Condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae:
Aerea quoi gradibus ſurgebant limina, nexaeque
Aere trabes: foribus cardo ſtridebat ahenis.
Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem
Leniit. hic primum Aeneas ſperare ſalutem
Auſus, et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
Namque, ſub ingenti luſtrat dum ſingula templo
Reginam opperiens, dum quae fortuna ſit urbi,
Artificumque manus inter ſe operumque laborem
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque jam fama totum volgata per orbem;
Atriden, Priamumque, et ſaevom ambobus Achillen.

585. *Bleſt, bleſt are you,* &c.] There is ſomething very natural and affecting in this exclamation of Æneas: it likewiſe artfully fixes our thoughts on the grand ſubject of this poem, viz. the founding a colony.

598. *Braſs were the ſteps,* &c.] This was not uncommon in the temples of the ancients. The doors to the Rotonda at Rome are covered with braſs and turn on braſs-hinges. The portico was covered with the ſame formerly; and it reſted on braſs beams, faſtened on with braſs nails, or pins of the ſame metal. There is one of theſe very nails, which I have ſeen in the great duke's gallery, ſo large that it weighs above forty-ſeven pounds. SPENCE.

608. *Amid the ſtory'd walls.*] The Trojan war was with great propriety repreſented in a temple dedicated to Juno; for that goddeſs excited the war, and was the cauſe of the deſtruction

The prince ſurveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
Bleſt, bleſt are you, whoſe walls already riſe:
Then, ſtrange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
And paſs'd, unſeen, involv'd in mantling clouds.
Amid the town, a ſtately grove diſplay'd
A cooling ſhelter, and delightful ſhade.
Here, toſt by winds and waves, the Tyrians found
A courſer's head within the ſacred ground;
An omen ſent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful ſoil, and race renown'd in war.
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd
To heav'n's dread empreſs, that with riches blaz'd;
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the coſtly ſhrine,
By her own preſence hallow'd and divine.
Braſs were the ſteps, the beams with braſs were ſtrong,
The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.
Here, a ſtrange ſcene before his eyes appears,
To raiſe his courage, and diſpel his fears;
Here firſt, he hopes his fortunes to redreſs:
And finds a glimmering proſpect of ſucceſs.
While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
O'er the proud ſhrine and pompous temple gaz'd;
While he the town admires, and wond'ring ſtands
At the rich labours of the artiſts' hands;
Amid the ſtory'd walls, he ſaw appear,
In ſpeaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around,
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.
There Priam ſtood, and Agamemnon here,
And Peleus' wrathful ſon, to both ſevere.

deſtruction of the city. 'Tis obſervable that Vitruvius, in his architecture, mentions the Trojan war as one of the fineſt ſubjects painting could afford, for the ornament of a palace or magnificent building. CATROU.

Virgil in a few verſes ſelects the moſt ſtriking and beautiful pictures of the Iliad; he has ſhewn his art in ſelecting thoſe that are moſt proper for painting, as well as poetic deſcription.

Conſtitit, et lacrimans, Qui jam locus, inquit, Achate,
Quae regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris ?
En Priamus. ſunt hic etiam ſua praemia laudi:
Sunt lacrimae rerum : et mentem mortalia tangunt,
Solve metus. feret haec aliquam tibi fama ſalutem.
Sic ait, atque animum pictura paſcit inani
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine voltum.
Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus :
Hac Phryges ; inſtaret curru criſtatus Achilles.
Nec procul hinc Rheſi niveis tentoria velis
Agnoſcit lacrimans : primo quae prodita ſomno
Tydides multa vaſtabat caede cruentus :
Ardentiſque avertit equos in caſtra, prius quam
Pabula guſtaſſent Trojae, Xanthumque bibiſſent.
Parte alia fugiens amiſſis Troïlus armis,
Infelix puer, atque inpar congreſſus Achilli,
Fertur equis, curruque haeret reſupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen. huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur
Per terram, et verſa pulvis inſcribitur haſta,
Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
Crinibus Iliades paſſis, peplumque ferebant
Suppliciter triſtes, et tunſae pectora palmis.

628. *By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful ſpear.*] The art of Virgil is extremely delicate in this paſſage; every epithet he uſes is pictureſque ; and ſtrongly deſcriptive of the manner in which each particular perſon was painted; Virgil's deſcription of itſelf would be a ſufficient direction for any painter to work after. Let us particularly review each expreſſion.

Criſtatus Achilles. *Niveis* velis. Tydides *cruentus*. Pulvis *inſcribitur* haſta. Crinibus *paſſis*. — Diva *ſolo fixos* oculos *averſa* tenebat. *Tendentemque manus* Priamum. *Nigri* Memnonis *arma*. *Lunatis* peltis. *Exertae* mammae. *Aurea* cingula.

635. *Ere the fierce ſteeds.*] The original ſays *ardentes* equos : Mr. Upton conjectures it ſhould be wrote CANDENTES equos, in conformity to Homer who calls theſe very horſes λευκοτεροι χιονος. Iliad. K. ver. 437. No copy however has *candentes* ; but 'tis obſervable that Servius explains the word by *candidos* et veloces.

Struck with the view, oh! friend, the hero cries,
(Tears, as he ſpoke, came ſtarting from his eyes)
Lo! the wide world our miſeries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?
See! where the venerable Priam ſtands!
See virtue honour'd in the Libyan ſands!
For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow;
And Tyrian breaſts are touch'd with human woe.
Now baniſh fear, for ſince the Trojan name
Is known, we find our ſafety in our fame.
Thus while his ſoul the moving picture fed,
A ſhow'r of tears the groaning hero ſhed.
For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
And there the Trojans to their walls purſu'd
By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful ſpear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot thro' the war.
Not far from thence, proud Rhæſus' tents he knows
By their white veils, that match'd the winter ſnows,
Betray'd and ſtretch'd amidſt his ſlaughter'd train,
And, while he ſlept, by fierce Tydides ſlain;
Who drove his courſers from the ſcene of blood,
Ere the fierce ſteeds had taſted Trojan food,
Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.
There Troilus flies diſarm'd (unhappy boy!)
From ſtern Achilles, round the fields of Troy:
Unequal he! to ſuch an arm in war!
Supine, and trailing from his empty car,
Still, tho' in death, he graſps the flowing reins,
His ſtartled courſers whirl him o'er the plains;
The ſpear inverted ſtreaks the duſt around;
His ſnowy neck and treſſes ſweep the ground.
Mean time a penſive ſupplicating train
Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane
In ſad proceſſion with a robe repair,
Beat their white breaſts, and rend their golden hair.

Diva ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat.
Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo;
Ut ſpolia, ut currus, utque ipſum corpus amici,
Tendentemque manus Priamum conſpexit inermis.
Se quoque principibus permixtum agnoſcit Achivis,
Eoaſque acies, et nigri Memnonis arma.
Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis
Pentheſilea furens, mediiſque in millibus ardet,
Aurea ſubnectens exſertae cingula mammae
Bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.
Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,
Dum ſtupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno;
Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Inceſſit, magna juvenum ſtipante caterva.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille ſecutae

652. *Thrice dragg'd.*] Perhaps no poet before Virgil, ever aſſerted, that the dead body of Hector was dragged three times about the walls of Troy. The number of turns remarked by Homer, relate only to the ſepulture of Patroclus; and it is very probable, that Virgil converted the three circuits about the ſepulture of which Homer had expreſsly made mention, into three compaſſes round the walls; I ſay that he changed them in that manner; either thro' defect of memory, or for the ſake of verſe. The liberty taken in this alteration has ſcarce been imitated by any body; you no more find the three circuits round the walls in the authors that lived after Virgil than in thoſe who went before him. BAYLE.

670. *And, fix'd in wonder.*] Segrais obſerves, that an objection has been made to this incident of Æneas's meeting with the pictures of the Trojan war. How could the Trojan hiſtory (ſay ſome) be in ſo ſhort a time ſo particularly known to the Carthaginians? And if it were, had they no exploits of themſelves or anceſtors, to adorn their temples with, but were they forced to fetch them from Greece and Troy? The anſwer is in ſubſtance as follows: Seven years had paſſed ſince the concluſion of that war, according to Virgil's account: nothing in the world had been ever ſo renowned; the gods and religion of theſe nations were the ſame: there might be, nay Virgil hints that there were, other decorations of the temple, beſides this: though none of them was ſo likely to detain the eye of Æneas.

Unmov'd with pray'rs, diſdainfully ſhe frown'd,
And fix'd her eyes, relentleſs on the ground.
Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy:
Then to the mournful ſire, the victor ſold
The breathleſs body of his ſon for gold.
His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he ſhed,
To ſee the ſpoils and chariot of the dead,
And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
And, gaſh'd with wounds, his dear diſfigur'd friend.
Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hoſtile train,
Himſelf he view'd, conſpicuous in the plain:
And ſwarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
His eaſtern hoſts, and arms that flame with gold.
All furious led Pentheſilea there,
With moony ſhields, her Amazons to war;
Around her breaſt her golden belt ſhe threw;
Then thro' the thick-embattled ſquadrons flew;
Amidſt the thouſands ſtood the dire alarms,
And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.
Thus, while the Trojan hero ſtood amaz'd,
And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd,
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
Aſcends the dome, majeſtically ſlow.
As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,
A thouſand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,

671. *Fair Dido.*] A modern poet would have minutely and particularly deſcribed, the ſhape, the eyes, the hair, the cheeks, &c. of this beautiful queen. But Virgil, by a ſingle epithet *(pulcherrima Dido)* like a maſterly painter, with one ſtroke of his pencil, gives one a fuller idea of her beauty, than all the florid expreſſions which Taſſo has beſtowed on his Armida. See the ſixteenth book of *Godfrey of Bulloign.*

673. *As on Eurotas' banks.*] "The height of Diana's ſtature is frequently marked out by the poets; and that generally by comparing her with her nymphs: I wiſh we could now enjoy the ſight of that famous picture of this goddeſs, by Apelles, in which this was ſo finely expreſſed. Pliny ſays that Apelles formed his idea of it from a celebrated paſſage in Homer; (Odyſſey

Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque deas ſupereminet omnis:
Latonae tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.
Talis erat Dido: talem ſe laeta ferebat
Per medios, inſtans operi regniſque futuris.
Tum foribus divae, media teſtudine templi,
Septa armis, ſolioque alte ſubnixa reſedit.
Jura dabat legeſque viris: operumque laborem
Partibus aequabat juſtis, aut ſorte trahebat:
Cum ſubito Aeneas concurſu accedere magno
Anthea Sergeſtumque videt fortemque Cloanthum
Teucrorumque alios: ater quos aequore turbo
Diſpulerat, penituſque alias avexerat oras.
Obſtupuit ſimul ipſe, ſimul perculſus Achates
Laetitiaque metuque, avidi conjungere dextras
Ardebant: ſed res animos incognita turbat.
Diſſimulant; et nube cava ſpeculantur amicti,
Quae fortuna viris; claſſem quo litore linquant;
Quid veniant. cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,
Orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.
Poſtquam introgreſſi, et coram data copia fandi;
Maximus Ilioneus placido ſic pectore coepit:
O regina, novam quoi condere Juppiter urbem,
Juſtitiaque dedit gentis frenare ſuperbas;
Troës te miſeri, ventis maria omnia vecti,

(Odyſſey 108.) and that he even ſurpaſſed his original. Virgil has imitated the very ſame deſcription in his Æneid. What a pleaſure might it have been to have compared the copies of two ſuch ſcholars as Apelles and Virgil, with the work of ſo great a maſter as Homer? at leaſt how much more pleaſing, than to fall a diſputing (as ſeveral of the critics have done) whether Homer or Virgil have given the fineſt ſtrokes on this occaſion? This Diana both in the picture, and in the deſcriptions, was the *Diana Venatrix*; though ſhe was not repreſented either by Virgil, or Apelles, or Homer, as hunting with her nymphs; but as employed with them in that ſort of dances, which of old were regarded as very ſolemn acts of devotion."

Polymetis, Dialogue viii. p. 102.

A reader that is curious in ſuch kind of criticiſms, may find in the ninth book of Gellius's *Noctes Atticae*, that Valerius Probus

While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,
She tow'rs majeſtic, as ſhe leads the dance;
She moves in pomp ſuperior to the reſt,
And ſecret tranſports touch Latona's breaſt.
So paſs'd the graceful queen amidſt her train,
To ſpeed her labours and her future reign.
Then with her guards ſurrounded, in the gate,
Beneath the ſpacious dome, ſublime ſhe ſate.
She ſhares their labours, or by lots ſhe draws;
And to the crowd adminiſters the laws.
When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus ſpies,
Antheus, and great Sergeſtus, with ſurprize,
Approach the throne, attended by a throng
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
Whom the wild whiſtling winds and tempeſts bore,
And widely ſcatter'd on a diſtant ſhore.
Loſt in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he ſtands,
And with Achates longs to join their hands:
But doubtful of th' event, he firſt attends,
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
Anxious, and eager till he knew their ſtate,
And where their veſſels lay, and what their fate.
With cries, the royal favour to implore,
They came, a train ſelected, from the ſhore:
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common ſuit, addreſt the throne.
  Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, theſe lofty tow'rs
And this proud town to raiſe on Libyan ſhores,
With high commands, a ſavage race to awe,
And to the barb'rous natives give the law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race,
Toſt round the ſeas, implore your royal grace;

Probus was of opinion, that Virgil had failed more in this imitation of Homer, than he had in any other. Scaliger affirms quite the contrary with his uſual dogmatical bitterneſs. See the fifth book of his Poetics, Chap. 3. paſſim.

682. *Beneath.*] The antient architects called the dome or cupola of a building, TESTUDO.

Oramus: prohibe infandos a navibus ignis:
Parce pio generi, et propius res aſpice noſtras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas.
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
Eſt locus, Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebae:
Oenotri coluere viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe ducis de nomine gentem.
Huc curſus fuit.
Cum ſubito adſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion
In vada caeca tulit, penituſque procacibus auſtris,
Perque undas, ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit. huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris. [morem
Quod genus hoc hominum, quaeve hunc tam barbara
Permittit patria? hoſpitio prohibemur arenae.
Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;
At ſperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.
Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo juſtior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris;
Non metus officio ne te certaſſe priorem
Poeniteat. ſunt et Siculis regionibus urbes,
Armaque, Trojanoque a ſanguine clarus Aceſtes.

Oh! check your ſubjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! ſave a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguiſh with a melting eye.
We come not, mighty queen, an hoſtile band,
With ſword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your ſpoils triumphant to the ſhore:
No——to ſuch thoughts the vanquiſh'd durſt not ſoar.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But ſince Italia, from the leader's name;
To that bleſt ſhore we ſteer'd our deſtin'd way,
When ſudden, dire Orion rous'd the ſea;
All charg'd with tempeſts roſe the baleful ſtar,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With ſweeping whirlwinds caſt our veſſels wide,
Daſh'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
The few ſad relics of our navy bore
Their courſe to this unhoſpitable ſhore.
What are the cuſtoms of this barbarous place?
What more than ſavage this inhuman race?
In arms they riſe, and drive us from the ſtrand,
From the laſt verge, and limits of the land.
Know, if divine and human laws you ſlight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his right.
Æneas was our king, of high renown;
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own.
If ſtill he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and ſubjects, ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compaſſion in the cauſe of Troy.
Beſides, on high the Trojan enſigns ſoar,
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's ſhore;
Where great Aceſtes, of the Dardan ſtrain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.

Oramus: prohibe infandos a navibus ignis:
Parce pio generi, et propius res aſpice noſtras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas.
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
Eſt locus, Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebae:
Oenotri coluere viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe ducis de nomine gentem.
Huc curſus fuit.
Cum ſubito adſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion
In vada caeca tulit, penituſque procacibus auſtris,
Perque undas, ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit. huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris. [morem
Quod genus hoc hominum, quaeve hunc tam barbara
Permittit patria? hoſpitio prohibemur arenae.
Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;
At ſperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.
Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo juſtior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris;
Non metus officio ne te certaſſe priorem
Poeniteat. ſunt et Siculis regionibus urbes,
Armaque, Trojanoque a ſanguine clarus Aceſtes.

Oh! check your ſubjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! ſave a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguiſh with a melting eye.
We come not, mighty queen, an hoſtile band,
With ſword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your ſpoils triumphant to the ſhore:
No——to ſuch thoughts the vanquiſh'd durſt not ſoar.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But ſince Italia, from the leader's name;
To that bleſt ſhore we ſteer'd our deſtin'd way,
When ſudden, dire Orion rous'd the ſea;
All charg'd with tempeſts roſe the baleful ſtar,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With ſweeping whirlwinds caſt our veſſels wide,
Daſh'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
The few ſad relics of our navy bore
Their courſe to this unhoſpitable ſhore.
What are the cuſtoms of this barbarous place?
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Where great Aceſtes, of the Dardan ſtrain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.

Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,
Et ſilvis aptare trabes, et ſtringere remos.
Si datur Italiam, ſociis et rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus.
Sin abſumta ſalus, et te, pater optime Teucrûm,
Pontus habet Libyae, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iuli;
At freta Sicaniae ſaltem, ſedeſque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Aceſten.
Talibus Ilioneus. cuncti ſimul ore fremebant
Dardanidae.
Tum breviter Dido, voltum demiſſa, profatur:
Solvite corde metum, Teucri: ſecludite curas.
Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, et late finis cuſtode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadûm, quis Trojae neſciat urbem,
Virtuteſque viroſque, et tanti incendia belli?
Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Poeni:
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.
Seu vos Heſperiam magnam, Saturniaque arva,
Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Aceſten;
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque juvabo.
Voltis et his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt. ſubducite naves.
Tros Tyriuſque mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.
Atque utinam rex ipſe noto compulſus eodem
Adforet Aeneas! equidem per litora certos

(561.) *Vultu demiſſo* et *breuiter* fatur Dido. Adde haec ad 496 ſqq. et obſerua, qua arte poëta deſcriptionem faciat; et vide quid adhuc deſit, vt Didonem vnice ſtudio tuo dignam habeas. Iam in ipſa oratione pudor cum dignitate, prudentia cum ſumma humanitate maxime eluceſcunt.

754. *He ſpoke.*] This harangue of Ilioneus is one of the fineſt pieces of eloquence in the whole Æneid: it accordingly produced the deſired effects in its hearers. Virgil, who conſtantly keeps up to the characters of each perſon he introduces in his poem, always employs this Ilioneus, being a fine ſpeaker, in embaſſies. Segrais informs us, that he omitted tranſlating the words

Nec ſpes jam reſtat Iüli, ver. 556.

becauſe

Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To fell, and bring our veſſels on your ſhores;
That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.
But if theſe hopes are vaniſh'd quite away,
If loſt, and ſwallow'd in the Libyan ſea,
You lie, great guardian of the Trojan ſtate,
And young Iülus ſhares his father's fate;
Oh! let us ſeek Sicilia's ſhores again,
And fly from hence to good Aceſtes' reign.
He ſpoke; a loud aſſent ran murmuring thro' the train.
Thus then, in ſhort, the gracious queen replies,
While on the ground ſhe fixt her modeſt eyes:
Trojans, be bold; againſt my will, my fate,
A throne unſettled, and an infant ſtate,
Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
And guard with theſe ſeverities my ſhores.
Lives there a ſtranger to the Trojan name,
Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame?
We know the war that ſet the world on fire;
Nor are ſo void of ſenſe the ſons of Tyre;
For here his beams indulgent Phoebus ſheds,
And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.
Seek you, my friends, the bleſt Saturnian plains,
Or fair Trinacria, where Aceſtes reigns?
With aids ſupply'd, and furniſh'd from my ſtores,
Safe will I ſend you from the Libyan ſhores.
Or would you ſtay to raiſe this growing town:
Fix here your ſeat; and Carthage is your own.
Haſte, draw your ſhips to ſhore; to me the ſame,
Your Troy and Tyre ſhall differ but in name.
And oh! that great Æneas had been toſt,
By the ſame ſtorm, on the ſame friendly coaſt!

becauſe it did not appear to him that Dido was obliged to know who this Iülus was. Perhaps this may be one of thoſe little oversights which Virgil would have corrected, had he lived to make this poem as perfect as the Georgics.

Dimittam, et Libyae luſtrare extrema jubebo;
Si quibus ejectus ſilvis, aut urbibus errat.
His animum adrecti dictis, et fortis Achates,
Et pater Aeneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant. prior Aenean compellat Achates:
Gnate dea, quae nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
Omnia tuta vides: claſſem, ſocioſque receptos.
Unus abeſt, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
Submerſum: dictis reſpondent cetera matris.
Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfuſa repente
Scindit ſe nubes, et in aethera purgat apertum.
Reſtitit Aeneas, claraque in luce refulſit,
Os humeroſque deo ſimilis: namque ipſa decoram
Caeſariem gnato genetrix, lumenque juventae
Purpureum, et laetos oculis adflarat honores.
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro.
Tum ſic reginam adloquitur, cunctiſque repente
Inproviſus ait: Coram, quem quaeritis, adſum
Troïus Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.
O ſola infandos Trojae miſerata labores,
Quae nos, reliquias Danaûm, terraeque marique
Omnibus exhauſtos jam caſibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo, ſocias. grates perſolvere dignas
Non opis eſt noſtrae, Dido: nec quidquid ubique eſt
Gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae ſparſa per orbem.
Di tibi, ſi qua pios reſpectant numina, ſi quid

791. *Radiant in open view Æneas ſtood.*] This diſcovery is extremely beautiful. It equally ſurprizes and delights the reader. I ſhall ſcarce ever forget the pleaſure I felt upon firſt reading it. One may affirm that Ariſtotle, who appears ſo fond of ſurprizes and diſcoveries in his Poetics, would have been charmed with it.

797. *Like Parian marble.*] This compariſon contains a beauty which we are by no means ſo ſenſible of as a Roman reader might be; for the ancient ſtatues both of marble and ivory were poliſhed to ſuch an extreme degree, that there was even ſomething luminous and ſhining on their ſurfaces, and which dazzled the eyes of their beholders. The *vultus nimium lubricat aſpici*, of Horace, might probably allude to this appearance in ſtatues. SPENCE.

But I will ſend, my borders to explore,
And trace the windings of the mazy ſhore.
Perchance, already thrown on theſe abodes,
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods.
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero ſtood;
And long'd to break, tranſported, from the cloud.
Oh! goddeſs-born! cry'd brave Achates, ſay,
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
All ſafe you ſee; your friends and fleet reſtor'd;
One (whom we ſaw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
Lo! with the reſt your mother's words agree,
All but Orontes 'ſcap'd the raging ſea.
  Swift as he ſpoke, the vapours break away,
Diſſolve in æther, and refine to day.
Radiant in open view, Æneas ſtood,
In form and looks, majeſtic as a god.
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth, his features ſhine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
The Queen of love the glance divine ſupplies,
And breathes immortal ſpirit in his eyes.
Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,
Or ſilver's milder gleam in burniſh'd gold,
Or poliſh'd iv'ry, ſhone the godlike man:
All ſtood ſurpriz'd; and thus the prince began.
  Æneas, whom you ſeek, you here ſurvey;
Eſcap'd the tempeſt of the Libyan ſea,
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
The woes, and cauſe, of wretched Troy your own;
And ſhelter in your walls, with pious care,
Her ſons, the relics of the Grecian war;
Who all the forms of miſery have bore,
Storms on the ſea, and dangers on the ſhore;
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the globe, and ſcatter'd round the world,
But the good gods, with bleſſings, ſhall repay
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;

Uſquam juſtitiae eſt, et mens ſibi conſcia recti,
Praemia digna ferant. quae te tam laeta tulerunt
Saecula? qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Luſtrabunt convexa, polus dum ſidera paſcet;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt:
Quae me cumque vocant terrae. ſic fatus, amictum
Ilionea petit dextra, laevaque Sereſtum:
Poſt alios, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.
Obſtupuit primo aſpectu Sidonia Dido;
Caſu deinde viri tanto. et ſic ore locuta eſt:
Quis te, gnate dea, per tanta pericula caſus
Inſequitur? quae vis inmanibus adplicat oris?
Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchiſae
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoëntis ad undam?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,
Finibus expulſum patriis, nova regna petentem,
Auxilio Beli. genitor tum Belus opimam
Vaſtabat Cyprum, et victor ditione tenebat.
Tempore jam ex illo caſus mihi cognitus urbis
Trojanae, nomenque tuum, regeſque Pelaſgi.
Ipſe hoſtis Teucros inſigni laude ferebat,
Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab ſtirpe volebat.

821. *Whatever realm.*] Dido having offered Æneas and his Trojans a ſettlement at Carthage, he does not bluntly and plainly refuſe her generous propoſal; but he gives her to underſtand gently and obliquely that he was deſtined to ſettle in another land. So that from the hero's very firſt ſpeech ſhe might conceive but little hopes of detaining him at Carthage.

829. *Dido gaz'd him o'er.*] Here was the beginning of that violent paſſion Dido afterwards felt for Æneas.

835. *And now I call to mind.*] It is a very artful ſtroke in the poet to make Dido know ſomething of Æneas's family and actions, which renders this hoſpitable reception, from a ſtranger, more natural; and inclined her to a favourable opinion of him at firſt ſight. The ſentiment with which ſhe concludes her ſpeech, *non ignara mali, &c.* is founded on the trueſt knowledge of human nature; for the paſſion of pity is ever moſt ſtrongly

(If pious acts, if juſtice they regard;)
And your clear conſcience ſtands its own reward:
How bleſt this age that has ſuch virtue ſeen?
How bleſt the parents of ſo great a queen?
While to the ſea the rivers roll, and ſhades
With aweful pomp ſurround the mountain heads;
While æther ſhines, with golden planets grac'd,
So long your honour, name, and praiſe ſhall laſt:
Whatever realm my fortune has aſſign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind:
This ſaid, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:
His left Sergeſtus graſp'd with vaſt delight,
To great Ilioneus he gave the right:
Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.
Charm'd with his preſence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his perſon more.
What fate, O goddeſs-born, ſhe ſaid, has toſt
So brave a hero on this barbarous coaſt?
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchiſes and the queen of love
By Simois' ſtreams? and now I call to mind,
When Teucer left his native ſhores behind;
The baniſh'd prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
Then the rich Cyprian iſle, my warlike ſire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with ſword and fire:
From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name:
He on your valour, tho' a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.

ſtrongly felt by thoſe who have been unfortunate. It is in this ſtrain that Theſeus addreſſes OEdipus, in the OEdipus Colon. of Sophocles, ver. 588, &c.

Uſquam juſtitiae eſt, et mens ſibi conſcia recti,
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Quare agite ô tectis, juvenes, ſuccedite noſtris.
Me quoque per multos ſimilis fortuna labores
Jactatam hac demum voluit conſiſtere terra.
Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
Sic memorat. ſimul Aenean in regia ducit
Tecta : ſimul divôm templis indicit honorem.
Nec minus interea ſociis ad litora mittit
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga ſuum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos :
Munera, laetitiamque dei.
At domus interior regali ſplendida luxu
Inſtruitur, mediiſque parant convivia tectis.
Arte laboratae veſtes, oſtroque ſuperbo :
Ingens argentum menſis, caelataque in auro
Fortia facta patrum, ſeries longiſſima rerum,
Per tot ducta viros antiquae ab origine gentis.
Aeneas (neque enim patrius conſiſtere mentem
Paſſus amor) rapidum ad navis praemittit Achaten,
Aſcanio ferat haec, ipſumque ad moenia ducat.

(630.) Nobiliſſimus verſus; grauiſſima ſententia; cuius, cum v. 628. 629. vi percepta, ſi adoleſcentem non voluptate geſtire videas, nae illum a poëtae lectione ſtatim abigas, ſuadeo. Turbas Burm. poſt Seruium facit. ſenſus: ipſa ἐκ ἀπειρόκακος, ipſa tot aduerſa experta, animum habeo pronum ad ſuccurrendum aliis, qui et ipſi fortuna aduerſa iactantur. *diſco*, teneo, noui.

851. *She ſpoke.*] Boſſu has many excellent remarks on what the critics call the intrigue of the epic poem, or in other words, the obſtacles that are flung in the hero's way to retard him from proſecuting his main deſign. The conduct of Virgil, ſays he, in the intrigues he forms, has the ſimplicity of Homer in it. The tempeſts are made uſe of in the firſt part of the Æneid juſt as in the Odyſſey. In this very part of the Æneid, Virgil ſuits himſelf to the humour and character of his hero, juſt as Homer ſuits himſelf to the humour of Achilles. For as he is paſſionate, warm, and eaſily provoked, Agamemnon provokes him and urges him by the moſt ſenſible affronts. Æneas was of a ſoft and mild diſpoſition; therefore with the utmoſt propriety the poet makes uſe of good and benevolent offices, banquets and entertainments, and the moſt melting, and moſt endearing paſſions, to engage him to ſtay at Carthage.

Come to my palace then, my royal gueſt,
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feaſt.
My wand'rings and my fate reſembling yours,
At length I ſettled on theſe Libyan ſhores;
And, touch'd with miſeries myſelf have known,
I view, with pity, woes ſo like my own.
She ſpoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
Ordains a feaſt, and offerings to the gods.
Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes ſhe ſends,
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:
A hundred briſtly boars, and monſtrous ſwine;
With Bacchus' gifts, a ſtore of generous wine.
The inner rooms in regal pomp diſplay'd,
The ſplendid feaſts in ample halls are made;
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
That glow refulgent with the purple dye.
The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the riſing gold.
No more the prince his eager love ſuppreſt,
All the fond parent ſtruggled in his breaſt.
He ſends Achates to inform his ſon,
And guide the young Aſcanius to the town;

855. *A hundred boars.*] A feaſt ſuited to the ſimplicity of ancient times.

864. *Eager love.*] Tenderneſs being the characteriſtic of Æneas, the poet takes all opportunities of diſplaying it.

866. *He ſends Achates.*] The character of Achates ſuggeſts to us an obſervation we may often make, on the intimacies of great men, who frequently chuſe their companions, rather for the qualities of the heart than thoſe of the head; and prefer fidelity in an eaſy, inoffenſive, complying temper, to thoſe endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is repreſented as the firſt favourite, either gives his advice, or ſtrikes a blow, thro' the whole Æneid. Spectator, N° 385.

Oramus: prohibe infandos a navibus ignis:
Parce pio generi, et propius res aſpice noſtras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penates
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas.
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
Eſt locus, Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt,
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebae:
Oenotri coluere viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe ducis de nomine gentem.
Huc curſus fuit.
Cum ſubito adſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion
In vada caeca tulit, penituſque procacibus auſtris,
Perque undas, ſuperante ſalo, perque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit. huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris. [morem
Quod genus hoc hominum, quaeve hunc tam barbara
Permittit patria? hoſpitio prohibemur arenae.
Bella cient, primaque vetant conſiſtere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;
At ſperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.
Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo juſtior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris;
Non metus officio ne te certaſſe priorem
Poeniteat. ſunt et Siculis regionibus urbes,
Armaque, Trojanoque a ſanguine clarus Aceſtes.

Oh! check your ſubjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! ſave a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguiſh with a melting eye.
We come not, mighty queen, an hoſtile band,
With ſword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your ſpoils triumphant to the ſhore:
No——to ſuch thoughts the vanquiſh'd durſt not ſoar.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But ſince Italia, from the leader's name;
To that bleſt ſhore we ſteer'd our deſtin'd way,
When ſudden, dire Orion rous'd the ſea;
All charg'd with tempeſts roſe the baleful ſtar,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With ſweeping whirlwinds caſt our veſſels wide,
Daſh'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
The few ſad relics of our navy bore
Their courſe to this unhoſpitable ſhore.
What are the cuſtoms of this barbarous place?
What more than ſavage this inhuman race?
In arms they riſe, and drive us from the ſtrand,
From the laſt verge, and limits of the land.
Know, if divine and human laws you ſlight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his right.
Æneas was our king, of high renown;
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own.
If ſtill he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and ſubjects, ſhall deſpair;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compaſſion in the cauſe of Troy.
Beſides, on high the Trojan enſigns ſoar,
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's ſhore;
Where great Aceſtes, of the Dardan ſtrain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.

Nota tibi: et noſtro doluiſti ſaepe dolore.
Nunc Phoeniſſa tenet Dido, blandiſque moratur
Vocibus: et vereor, quo ſe Junonia vertant
Hoſpitia. haud tanto ceſſabit cardine rerum.
Quocirca capere ante dolis, et cingere flamma
Reginam meditor; ne quo ſe numine mutet:
Sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore.
Qua facere id poſſis, noſtram nunc accipe mentem.
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem
Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura;
Dona ferens pelago, et flammis reſtantia Trojae.
Hunc ego ſopitum ſomno, ſuper alta Cythera,
Aut ſuper Idalium ſacrata ſede recondam:
Ne qua ſcire dolos, mediuſve occurrere poſſit.
Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
Falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus:
Ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetiſſima Dido,
Regalis inter menſas laticemque Lyaeum,
Cum dabit amplexus atque oſcula dulcia figet,
Occultum inſpires ignem, fallaſque veneno.
Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas
Exuit, et greſſu gaudens incedit Iuli.
At Venus Aſcanio placidam per membra quietem
Inrigat, ac fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliae lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus ac dulci adſpirans conplectitur umbra.

934. *There on a flow'ry bed.*] In the original, "Surrounded him with ſweet marjoram;" which would not ſound gracefully in Engliſh. Nothing, ſays Catrou, eſcapes the vaſt learning of Virgil: One may think at firſt ſight that he uſes ſweet marjoram in this paſſage, indifferently for any other odoriferous herb. 'Tis no ſuch thing. It is becauſe the marjoram of Cyprus had a power to drive away ſcorpions, which were ſo much to be feared during ſleep. Pliny confirms this — *Amaracum, in Cypro laudatiſſimum & odoratiſſimum, ſcorpionibus adverſatur.* Nat. Hiſt. B. 21. C. 22.

Is but to mention what too well you know,
Who ſigh'd my ſighs, and wept a mother's woe.
Him, in her town, the Tyrian queen detains,
With ſoft ſeducements, from the Latian plains.
But much I fear that hoſpitable place,
Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race:
And leſt this fair occaſion ſhe improve,
Know, I deſign to fire the queen with love;
A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;
A love as ſtrong, and violent as mine.
But how the proud Phœnician to ſurprize
With ſuch a paſſion, hear what I adviſe.
The royal youth, Aſcanius, from the port,
Haſtes, by his father's ſummons, to the court;
With coſtly preſents charg'd he takes his way,
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and ſtormy ſea;
But to prevent ſuſpicion, will I ſteep
His temples in the dews of balmy ſleep,
Then to Cythera's ſacred ſeats remove,
Or ſoftly lay him in th' Idalian grove.
This one revolving night, thyſelf a boy,
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
And when the queen, tranſported with thy charms,
Amidſt the feaſt, ſhall ſtrain thee in her arms,
The gentle poiſon by degrees inſpire
Thro' all her breaſt; then fan the riſing fire,
And kindle all her ſoul. The mother ſaid,
With joy the god her ſoft commands obey'd.
Aſide his quiver, and his wings he flung,
And, like the boy Iülus, tript along.
Mean time the goddeſs on Aſcanius throws
A balmy ſlumber and a ſweet repoſe;
Lull'd in her lap to reſt, the queen of love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.
There on a flow'ry bed her charge ſhe laid,
And, breathing round him, roſe the fragrant ſhade.

Jamque ibat dicto parens, ac dona Cupido
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Cum venit, aulaeis jam se regina superbis
Aurea conposuit sponda, mediamque locavit.
Jam pater Aeneas, et jam Trojana juventus
Conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro.
Dant manibus famuli lymphas, cereremque canistris
Expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
Quinquaginta intus famulae: quibus ordine longo
Cura penum struere, et flammis adolere penates.
Centum aliae, totidemque pares aetate ministri,
Qui dapibus mensas onerent, et pocula ponant.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
Convenere, toris jussi discumbere pictis.
Mirantur dona Aeneae; mirantur Iulum,
Flagrantesque dei voltus, simulataque verba,
Pallamque, et pictum croceo velamen acantho.
Praecipue infelix pesti devota futurae
Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitque tuendo
Phoenissa, et puero pariter donisque movetur.
Ille, ubi conplexu Aeneae colloque pependit,
Et magnum falsi inplevit genitoris amorem;
Reginam petit. haec oculis, haec pectore toto
Haeret: et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido
Insidat quantus miserae deus. at memor ille
Matris Acidaliae, paullatim abolere Sichaeum
Incipit, et vivo tentat praevertere amore
Jam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

939. *The queen majestic.*] In the arrangement of the guests Dido takes place of Æneas (se *mediam* locavit) for the middle was the most honourable place among the Africans. Sallust has expressly marked this; *Ne medius ex tribus*, says he, *quod apud Numidas honori ducitur, Jugurtha foret.* Farther, the queen's couch was of gold, that of Æneas and the Trojans of purple only. Dido being a woman did not give the upper place to her guest. A good poet should observe even these trifling decorums. CATROU.

Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
He came, and found on coſtly carpets ſpread
The queen majeſtic midſt her golden bed.
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie
On pompous couches ſtain'd with Tyrian dye:
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the cryſtal ſpring.
They waſh; the menial train their tables ſpread;
And heap in glitt'ring caniſters the bread.
To dreſs the feaſt, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incenſe to the pow'rs divine;
A hundred boys and virgins ſtood around,
The banquet marſhall'd, and the goblet crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.
The gueſts the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;
The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold:
But chief the queen, the boy and preſents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.
Inſatiate in her joy, ſhe fate amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as ſhe gaz'd.
Firſt, his diſſembled father he careſt,
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breaſt;
Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and ſent her ſoul at ev'ry view:
Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms;
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms,
How great a god ſhe fondled in her arms.
But he, now mindful of his mother, ſtole
By ſlow degrees Sichaeus from her ſoul;
Her ſoul, rekindling, in her huſband's ſtead,
Admits the prince; the living for the dead.

970. *The living for the dead.*] *Vivo* amore (in the original,) that

Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſaeque remotae;
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, et vina coronant.
Fit ſtrepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant
Atria: dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
Incenſi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.
Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque popoſcit,
Inplevitque mero, pateram: quam Belus, et omnes
A Belo ſoliti. tum facta ſilentia tectis:
Juppiter, (hoſpitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur)
Hunc laetum Tyriiſque diem Trojaque profectis
Eſſe velis, noſtroſque hujus meminiſſe minores.
Adſit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Juno.
Et vos ô coetum Tyrii celebrate faventes.
Dixit, et in menſam laticum libavit honorem,
Primaque libato ſummo tenus adtigit ore.
Tum Bitiae dedit increpitans. ille inpiger hauſit
Spumantem pateram, et pleno ſe proluit auro.
Poſt alii proceres. cithara crinitus Iopas

that is with the love of a living man inſtead of a dead one as Sichaeus was; not amore *vehementi*, as ſome would have it. Prævertere, i. e. with reſpect to any deſign of Juno's.

TRAPP.

978.] In the original, A Belo ſoliti, *ſunt implere* is underſtood.

993. *Then ſip'd the wine.*] Virgil often deſcribes the incidents in his poem in alluſion to the Roman cuſtoms. The ladies of Rome never drank wine but at religious ceremonies, the laws of that city puniſhed with death, thoſe who drank it any other time. Thus Dido does not drink it here but as at a ceremony, and does no more than touch her lips with it.

CATROU.

995. *Swill'd the whole.*] Bitias is perhaps the only character of the comic and ridiculous kind to be found in the whole Æneid; and how judiciouſly is he placed at this feſtival ſcene!

999. *With curling treſſes grac'd.*] I cannot but fancy ſome celebrated maſter complimented under the name of Iopas the philoſophical muſician at Dido's banquet; for methinks the epithet, Crinitus, is ſo wholly foreign to the purpoſe, that it perfectly points at ſome particular perſon; who perhaps (to purſue a wandering gueſs) was one of the Grecian performers then in

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raiſe their ſouls
With ſparkling wine they crown the maſſy bowls.
Thro' the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome reſounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps diſplay,
From golden roofs, an artificial day.
Now Dido crowns the bowl of ſtate with wine,
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the ſhining goblet hold,
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with ſculptur'd gold.
When ſilence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods addreſt her fervent pray'r.
Almighty Jove! who plead'ſt the ſtranger's cauſe;
Great guardian god of hoſpitable laws!
Oh! grant this day to circle ſtill with joy,
Thro' late poſterity, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a gueſt;
And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feaſt.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And ſhew your gueſts benevolence and love.
She ſaid, and on the board, in open view,
The firſt libation to the gods ſhe threw:
Then ſip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand:
He roſe, obedient to the queen's command;
At once the thirſty Trojan ſwill'd the whole,
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.
Then thro' the peers, with ſparkling nectar crown'd,
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.
With curling treſſes grac'd, and rich attire,
Iopas ſtands, and ſweeps the golden lyre;

in Rome; for beſides that they were the beſt muſicians and philoſophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the ſame (καρηκομοωντες) that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Thus far Addiſon: but Mr. Spence hath given a better interpretation to this paſſage.

"As the Romans muſt have been ſo familiarly acquainted with

Perſonat aurata, docuit quae maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam, ſoliſque labores;
Unde hominum genus, et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes;
Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyadas, geminoſque Triones.
Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tinguere ſoles
Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obſtet.
Ingeminant plauſu Tyrii, Troeſque ſequuntur.
Nec non et vario noctem ſermone trahebat
Infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem;
Multa ſuper Priamo rogitans, ſuper Hectore multa:
Nunc, quibus Aurorae veniſſet filius armis:
Nunc, quales Diomedis equi; nunc, quantus Achilles.
Immo age, et a prima, dic, hoſpes, origine nobis
Inſidias, inquit, Danaûm, caſuſque tuorum,

with the dreſs of the Feſtal Apollo, his long robe which he always wore then, and his full-dreſſed hair; Virgil's applying the epithet Crinitus (the known epithet of Apollo) to Iopas on this occaſion, might imply to them, that he was dreſſed out like the Feſtal Apollo; in a long magnificent robe, and with his hair all flowing down his back; this by the way, is a ſtrong inſtance of the uſe of being acquainted with the ancient Roman Cuſtoms, and with the appearances their gods uſed to make, on ſuch and ſuch occaſions, towards underſtanding their poets. Had the author of a piece publiſhed a few years ago, under a name that would make every body fond of reading it, been aware of this, methinks he never could have called Crinitus here, an epithet ſo wholly foreign to the purpoſe."

POLYMETIS, page 193.

1001. *Atlas.*] 'Tis with great propriety Atlas is here mentioned; he was a philoſopher of Africa, and king of Mauritania. From his ſkill in Aſtrology he was ſaid to ſupport the ſkies.

1001. *The truths which ancient Atlas taught.*] An entertaining and ſprightly Frenchman makes the following remark. The banquet which Alcinous gives to Ulyſſes in the Odyſſey, is well contrived, very proper and gallant; nevertheleſs men only are preſent at it: The banquet which Dido gives to Æneas is not conducted with propriety: in the firſt, were ſung the gallantries and adventures of the gods, and other matters agreeable and gay: in the laſt, were ſung the courſe of the ſtars, the cauſes of eclipſes, and other philoſophical matters. Carry the banquet of Alcinous to the court of Carthage, and that

The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he ſings,
And nature's ſecrets, on the ſounding ſtrings.
Why Cynthia changes; why the ſun retires,
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
From what originals, and cauſes, came
Mankind and beaſts, the rain, and riſing flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his ſtormy ſtar;
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car;
Why ſuns in ſummer the ſlow nights detain,
And ruſh ſo ſwift in winter to the main.
With ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong divine,
And in the loud applauſe the Trojans join.
The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
This moment longs of Hector to enquire,
The next of Priam, his unhappy ſire;
What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious ſon;
How high, above his hoſts, Achilles ſhone;
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
How his fierce courſers ſwept the ranks of war.
Nay, but at large, my godlike gueſt, relate
The Grecian wiles, ſhe ſaid, and Ilion's fate;
How far your courſe around the globe extends,
And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:

that of Dido to the iſland of the Pheacians, and all will be in its proper order.

Melanges de Vigneul Marville, Tom. iii.

117. *What arms adorn'd.*] 'Tis worth obſerving how natural and proper for a woman theſe queſtions of Dido are. *Quibus armis! Quantus Achilles! Quales Diomedis equi!* Theſe are ſuch ſtrokes of nature as eſcape common readers, but are infinitely beautiful. Our Shakeſpear abounds in them beyond any other author whatever.

1021. *Nay, but at large, my godlike gueſt, relate.*] The ſudden change of perſons from the poet to the queen; the natural ſliding in of that *immo age* &c. and ſtealing the *inquit*, into the ſecond line, as it were out of the way, and in a place where we can ſcarce obſerve it; the paſſing from thoſe ſcatter'd particular queſtions, to the general requeſt in form and ſolemnity, preparatory to the noble narrative which follows upon it; the art of the poet being like that of muſicians, who ſport themſelves.

Erroreſque tuos. nam te jam ſeptima portat
Omnibus errantem et terris et fluctibus aeſtas.

ſelves with little warbling eſſays and flouriſhes while they are preparing to begin a grand and full concert; and laſtly the concluding the book with that requeſt, and ſo leaving the mind of

For, ſince you wander'd every ſhore and ſea,
Have ſev'n revolving ſummers roll'd away.

of the reader in the moſt earneſt expectation; are all of them circumſtances marvellouſly beautiful; and the more they are conſidered, the more beautiful they will appear.

TRAPP.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas *relates how the city of* Troy *was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by the treachery of* Sinon, *and the ſtratagem of a wooden horſe. He declares the fixt reſolution he had taken not to ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at laſt, having been before adviſed by* Hector's *ghoſt, and now by the appearance of his mother* Venus, *he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſhold gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER II.

CONticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant:
Inde toro pater Aeneas ſic orſus ab alto:
Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem;
Trojanas ut opes, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai: quaeque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. quis talia fando

The deſtruction of an ancient, populous city, with all thoſe ſcenes of devaſtation, ſorrow, and miſery that muſt attend it, is one of the moſt ſtriking objects in the world. Virgil accordingly choſe it, as the propereſt ſubject imaginable to move the paſſions of pity and terror, and ſurely he hath ſucceeded to his wiſh. One cannot but think, that he was particularly pleaſed with this ſubject, as it happened to be left untouched by Homer. Our poet however hath borrowed many fine hints and affecting circumſtances from two tragedies of Euripides, the Troades, and the Hecuba. Virgil, in general, ſeemeth to have been a great reader and lover of the works of this noble tragedian. And indeed theſe two writers ſeem to have nearly reſembled each other in their genius and manner: Both were remarkable for brevity, and an elegant ſimplicity of ſtyle; both were of a tender temper, and particularly ſkilled in moving the paſſions.

I muſt not neglect to obſerve, that Virgil recited this ſecond book to the emperor Auguſtus, in order to give his great patron a taſte of the reſt of his Æneid. The verſification of this

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

ALL gaz'd in ſilence, with an eager look;
Then from the golden couch the hero ſpoke.
Ah mighty queen! you urge me to diſcloſe,
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;
How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;
Thoſe direful ſcenes I ſaw on Phrygia's ſhore,
Thoſe wars in which ſo large a part I bore,

book is extremely beautiful, and it is in general perhaps the moſt correct piece of the whole poem.

Ver. 1. *All gaz'd.*] An ingenious critic hath lately made ſome juſt obſervations on this ſecond book: Let us conceive an objector to put the following query: "Suppoſing the author of the Æneis to have related, in the natural order, the deſtruction of Troy; would not the ſubject have been, to all intents and purpoſes, as much one, as it is, under its preſent form; in which that event is told, in the ſecond book, by way of epiſode?" I anſwer, by no means. The reaſon is taken from the nature of the work, and from the ſtate and expectations of the reader.

"1. The nature of an epic or narrative poem is this, that it lays the author under an obligation of ſhewing any event, which he formally undertakes in his own perſon, at full length, and with all its material circumſtances. Every figure muſt be drawn in full proportion, and exhibited in ſtrong, glowing

Myrmidonúm, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulixi
Temperet a lacrimis! et jam nox humida caelo
Praecipitat, ſuadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos.
Sed, ſi tantus amor caſus cognoſcere noſtros,
Et breviter Trojae ſupremum audire laborem;
Quamquam animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit;
Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Inſtar montis equum divina Palladis arte
Aedificant, ſectaque intexunt abiete coſtas.

colours. Now had the ſubject of the ſecond book of the Æneis been related, in this extent, it muſt not only have taken up one, but many books. By this faithful and animated drawing, and from the time it muſt neceſſarily have to play upon the imagination, the event would have grown into ſuch importance, that the remainder could only have paſſed for a kind of appendix to it.

" 2. The ſame concluſion is drawn from conſidering the ſtate of the reader. For hurried away by an inſtinctive impatience, he purſues the propoſed event with eagerneſs and rapidity. So circumſtantial a detail, as was ſuppoſed, of an intermediate action not neceſſarily connected with it, breaks the courſe of his expectations, and throws back the point of view to an immoderate diſtance. In the mean time the action, thus interpoſed and preſented to his thoughts, acquires by degrees, and at length ingroſſes his whole attention. It becomes the important theme of the piece; or, at leaſt, what follows ſets out with the diſadvantage of appearing to him, as a new and diſtinct ſubject.

" But now being related by way of epiſode, that is, as a ſuccinct, ſummary narration, not made by the poet himſelf, but coming from the mouth of a perſon, neceſſarily engaged in the progreſs of the action, it ſerves for a ſhort time to interrupt, and, by that interruption, to ſharpen the eager expectation of the reader. It holds the attention, for a while from the point of view; yet not long enough to deſtroy that impatient curioſity, which looks forward to it. And thus it contributes to the ſame end, as a piece of miniature, properly introduced into a large picture. It amuſes the eye with ſomething relative to the painter's deſign, yet not ſo, as to withhold its principal obſervation from falling on the greater ſubject. The parallel will not hold very exactly, becauſe the painter is, of neceſſity, confined to the ſame inſtant of time; but it may ſerve for an illuſtration of my meaning. Suppoſe the

The fierceſt Argive would with tears bewail,
And ſtern Ulyſſes tremble at the tale:
And lo! the night precipitates away;
The ſtars, grown dim before the dawning day,
Call to repoſe; but ſince you long to know,
And curious liſten to the ſtory'd woe;
Tho' my ſhock'd ſoul recoils, my tongue ſhall tell,
But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.
The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
Repell'd by fate, and harraſs'd by the war;)
By Pallas' aid, of ſeaſon'd fir compoſe
A ſteed, that tow'ring like a mountain roſe:

the painter to take, for his ſubject, that part of Æneas's ſtory, where, with his Penates, his father, and his ſon, he is preparing to ſet ſail for Italy. To draw Troy in flames, as a conſtituent part of this picture, would be manifeſtly abſurd. It would be painting two ſubjects, inſtead of one. And perhaps *Troja incenſa* might ſeize the attention before

Aſcanium Anchiſenque patrem Teucroſque Penates.

But a diſtant perſpective of burning Troy, might be thrown into a corner of the piece, that is epiſodically, with good advantage; where inſtead of diſtracting the attention, and breaking the unity of the ſubject, it would concenter, as it were, with the great deſign, and have an effect in augmenting the diſtreſs of it." HURD's Notes on Horace's art of poetry.

11. *And lo! the night precipitates away.*] Notwithſtanding theſe words contain a good reaſon to excuſe Æneas from the taſk deſired of him; yet I much miſtake, if that was the only reaſon why the poet inſerted them: the idea of the night-ſcene adds very much to the ſolemnity and awefulneſs of the relation. Indeed the whole diſpoſition of the ſcene and the concomitant circumſtances is admirable in every reſpect. A great prince, driven by a ſtorm to a ſtrange coaſt, entertained by a great queen, in a numerous aſſembly of princes and nobility and guards, and attendants ſuppoſed to be liſtening at a diſtance, after a magnificent banquet, in the large hall of a ſtately palace, hung round with tapers and flambeaus, in the dead of night, relates to her, at her requeſt, ſuch a ſurpriſing hiſtory of wars, diſtreſſes, and travels, as was never before heard of. TRAPP.

20. *A ſteed, that tow'ring, &c.*] Servius obſerves, that when Virgil ſpeaks of the building this horſe, he makes uſe of the terms which belong to the ſhipwright's trade. Pauſa-

Votum pro reditu ſimulant. ea fama vagatur.
Huc delecta virûm ſortiti corpora furtim
Includunt caeco lateri, penituſque cavernas
Ingentis uterumque armato milite conplent.
Eſt in conſpectu Tenedos, notiſſima fama
Inſula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant;
Nunc tantum ſinus, et ſtatio male fida carinis:
Huc ſe provecti deſerto in litore condunt.
Nos abiiſſe rati, et vento petiiſſe Mycenas.
Ergo omnis longo ſolvit ſe Teucria luctu:
Panduntur portae. juvat ire, et Dorica caſtra,
Deſertoſque videre locos, lituſque relictum.
Hic Dolopum manus, hic ſaevus tendebat Achilles:

nias ſays, that every one muſt either allow that this horſe was an engine made to batter the walls of Troy, or that the Trojans were moſt ſtrangely infatuated. Tubero and Hyginus, according to Servius on this paſſage, were likewiſe of opinion, that it was ſuch an engine as the ram or the teſtudo, invented for the purpoſe mentioned by Pauſanias, which Propertius (ſays Mr. Merric) ſeems to allude to when he ſays,

Aut quis equo pulſas abiegno noſceret arces?

But that it was expreſsly the ſame as the battering ram is aſſerted only by the authority of Pliny, whoſe words are as follows: *Equum, qui nunc Aries appellatur, in muralibus machinis, Epeum ad Trojam inveniſſe dicunt.* Lib. vii. c. 56. But no hiſtorical authority can be produced that is reconcileable with Pliny's aſſertion.

Though the original of this ſtory of the Trojan horſe be thus uncertain, yet it can ſcarce be imagined that the fiction could have been raiſed ſo early, and ſpread ſo univerſally, without ſome foundation in hiſtory. Several therefore have been inclined to believe the account which is given of it by Palaephatus, whoſe teſtimony carries with it the greater weight on account of his antiquity, as he is thought to have lived before Homer. It is reported, ſays this author, that the Greeks took Troy, by encloſing themſelves in a wooden horſe. But the truth of the ſtory is, that they built a horſe of ſo large a ſize, that it could not be drawn within the city walls. In the mean while the chief of them lay concealed in a hollow place near the city, which is to this day called Αχαιων λοχος, the Grecian ambuſcade. Sinon upon this deſerted to the Trojans, and perſuaded them to admit the horſe within the city, aſſuring

This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A ſafe return, and meaſure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her braveſt heroes in the monſter's ſides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,
And half a hoſt lay ambuſh'd in the womb.
An iſle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name;
Once bleſt with wealth, while Priam held the ſway,
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay:
Thither their unſuſpected courſe they bore,
And hid their hoſts within the winding ſhore.
We deem'd them ſail'd for Greece; tranſported Troy
Forgot her woes, and gave a looſe to joy;
Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
Here the Dolopian troops their ſtation held;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;

aſſuring them that the Greeks would not return to moleſt them any more. The Trojans believing him, make a breach in their walls to let in the horſe, thro' which the enemy entered at night, while the inhabitants were feaſting, and ſacked the town. Palaephatus, de Incredibilibus.

It is obſervable, that this relation agrees in many particulars with that which the poets have given us; and as to that remarkable circumſtance of the Grecian ambuſcade, it ſeems to be obſcurely hinted at, in a tradition mentioned by Servius; namely, that the Greeks lay in ambuſh behind a hill called Hippus, and from thence ſurprized the Trojans. Bonifacio, an Italian, joins with Aldus in ſuppoſing, that this hill not only took its name from the Greek word for a horſe, but was likewiſe in the figure of one; the ſame author obſerves, that the Italians to this day make uſe of a rampart which they call Cavalliero.

31. *Thither their unſuſpected courſe they bore.*] Mr. Merric, in his learned Notes on Tryphiodorus, has obſerved, that the Menapii, a people bordering on the Rhine, were ſurprized by the ſame ſtratagem, which the Greeks are here deſcribed making uſe of to circumvent the Trojans. The ſtory is related by Cæſar, in his hiſtory of the Gallic war, Lib. iv. cap. 4.

Claſſibus hic locus : hic acie certare ſolebant.
Pars ſtupet innuptae donum exitiale Minervae,
Et molem mirantur equi : primuſque Thymoetes
Duci intra muros hortatur, et arce locari ;
Sive dolo, ſeu jam Trojae ſic fata ferebant.
At Capys, et quorum melior ſententia menti,
Aut pelago Danaûm inſidias ſuſpectaque dona
Praecipitare jubent, ſubjectiſque urere flammis :
Aut terebrare cavas uteri et tentare latebras.
Scinditur incertum ſtudia in contraria volgus.
Primus ibi ante omnis, magna comitante caterva,
Laocoon ardens ſumma decurrit ab arce :
Et procul, O miſeri, quae tanta inſania, cives ?
Creditis avectos hoſtis ? aut ulla putatis
Dona carere dolis Danaûm ? ſic notus Ulixes ?
Aut hoc incluſi ligno occultantur Achivi,
Aut haec in noſtros fabricata eſt machina muros ;
Inſpectura domos, venturaque deſuper urbi ;
Aut aliquis latet error. equo ne credite, Teucri.
Quicquid id eſt, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.
Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus haſtam
In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvom
Contorſit. ſtetit illa tremens, uteroque recuſſo
Inſonuere cavae gemitumque dedere cavernae.

61. *Deep in*] Modern hiſtory furniſhes us with an example of a ſtratagem that may ſerve to leſſen the improbability of the ambuſh in the Trojan horſe. Thuanus relates, that the Dutch recovered the city of Breda, from their cruel enemies the Spaniards, by the means of ſeventy ſoldiers who had concealed themſelves in a boat, which, to all appearance, was laden with turf; and having paſs'd undiſcover'd, ſurpriz'd the caſtle. One of the ſoldiers being in danger of betraying the ſtratagem by coughing, bravely deſired his next companion to kill him.

Here rang'd the thouſand veſſels ſtood, and there
In conflicts join'd the furious ſons of war.
Some view the gift of Pallas with ſurprize,
The fatal monſter, and its wondrous ſize.
And firſt Thymoetes mov'd the crowd to lead
And lodge within the tower the lofty ſteed;
Or, with deſign, his country to deſtroy,
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
But hoary Capys, and the wiſe, require
To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
Or whelm the mighty monſter in the tides,
Or bore the ribs, and ſearch the cavern'd ſides.
Their own wild will the noiſy crowds obey,
And vote, as partial fancy points the way;
Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
From the high tower ruſh'd furious to the plain;
And ſent his voice from far, with rage inſpir'd——
What madneſs, Trojans, has your boſoms fir'd?
Think you the Greeks are ſail'd before the wind?
Think you theſe preſents ſafe, they leave behind?
And is Ulyſſes baniſh'd from your mind?
Or this prodigious fabric muſt incloſe,
Deep in its darkſom womb, our ambuſh'd foes:
Or 'tis ſome engine, rais'd to batter down
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;
Ah! truſt not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd;
Her gifts are more deſtructive than her ſword.
Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw;
Againſt the ſides the furious javelin flew,
Thro' the wide womb a ſpacious paſſage found,
And ſhook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monſter groans, and ſhakes the diſtant ſhore;
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.

Et, ſi fata deûm, ſi mens non laeva fuiſſet,
Impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras:
Trojaque nunc ſtares, Priamique arx alta maneres.
Ecce, manus juvenem interea poſt terga revinctum
Paſtores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
Dardanidae: qui ſe ignotum venientibus ultro,
Hoc ipſum ut ſtrueret, Trojamque aperiret Achivis,
Obtulerat, fidens animi, atque in utrumque paratus,
Seu verſare dolos, ſeu certae occumbere morti.
Undique viſendi ſtudio Trojana juventus
Circumfuſa ruit, certantque inludere capto.
Accipe nunc Danaûm inſidias, et crimine ab uno
Diſce omnis.
Namque, ut conſpectu in medio turbatus inermis
Conſtitit, atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumſpexit:
Heu, quae me tellus, inquit, quae me aequora poſſunt
Accipere? aut quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Quoi neque apud Danaos uſquam locus: et ſuper ipſi
Dardanidae infenſi poenas cum ſanguine poſcunt.
Quo gemitu converſi animi, conpreſſus et omnis
Impetus. hortamur fari, quo ſanguine cretus,
Quidve ferat, memoret, quae ſit fiducia capto.
[Ille haec, depoſita tandem formidine, fatur.]
Cuncta equidem tibi, Rex, (fuerit quodcumque) fatebor
Vera, inquit: neque me Argolica de gente negabo.
Hoc primum: nec, ſi miſerum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.
Fando aliquod ſi forte tuas pervenit ad auris
Belidae nomen Palamedis, et incluta fama
Gloria: quem falſa ſub proditione Pelaſgi
Inſontem, infando indicio, quia bella vetabat,

102. *Yet Sinon can defy.*] Heſychius ſpeaks of a tragedy of Sophocles by the name of Sinon, and Ariſtotle ſeems to allude to it in his Poetics. Were this performance ſtill extant, we ſhould very probably find Virgil indebted to it for ſeveral particulars in the management of this incident.

Then, had not partial Fate conſpir'd to blind,
With more than madneſs, ev'ry Trojan mind,
The crowd the treach'rous ambuſh had explor'd,
And not a Greek had 'ſcap'd the vengeful ſword;
Old Priam ſtill his empire would enjoy,
And ſtill thy tow'rs had ſtood, majeſtic Troy!
Mean time, before the king, the Dardan ſwains,
With ſhouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
A willing captive to the Trojan hands,
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;
Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
Reſolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
To ſee the captive, and inſult his woe.
Now hear the falſhoods of the Grecian train;
All, all in one; a nation in a man.
For while confounded and diſarm'd he ſtands,
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
Alas! what hoſpitable land, (he cry'd)
Or oh! what ſeas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
Not only baniſh'd from the Grecian ſtate;
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.
His melting tears, and moving ſighs controul
Our riſing rage, and ſoften ev'ry ſoul.
We bid him tell his race, and long to know
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
And laid his well-diſſembled fears aſide.
All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confeſs,
And firſt I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and diſdains a lye.
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
Thro' many a diſtant realm renown'd by fame;
Condemn'd, tho' guiltleſs, when he mov'd for peace,
Condemn'd for treaſon by the voice of Greece,

Demiſere neci: nunc caſſum lumine lugent.
Illi me comitem, et conſanguinitate propinquum,
Pauper in arma pater primis huc miſit ab annis.
Dum ſtabat regno incolumis, regnumque vigebat
Conſiliis; et nos aliquod nomenque decuſque
Geſſimus. invidia poſtquam pellacis Ulixi
(Haud ignota loquor) ſuperis conceſſit ab oris;
Adflictus vitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam,
Et caſum inſontis mecum indignabar amici.
Nec tacui demens: et me, fors ſi qua tuliſſet,
Si patrios umquam remeaſſem victor ad Argos,
Promiſi ultorem, et verbis odia aſpera movi.
Hinc adſcita mihi labes; hinc ſemper Ulixes
Criminibus terrere novis: hinc ſpargere voces
In volgum ambiguas, et quaerere conſcius arma.
Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante miniſtro—
Sed quid ego haec autem nequidquam ingrata revolvo?
Quidve moror? ſi omnis uno ordine habetis Achivos,
Idque audire ſat eſt; jamdudum ſumite poenas.
Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.
Tum vero ardemus ſcitari et quaerere cauſſas,
Ignari ſcelerum tantorum artiſque Pelaſgae.
Proſequitur pavitans, et ficto pectore fatur;

117. *Ulyſſes' arts.*] Some manuſcripts read *fallacis* inſtead of pellacis Ulyſſei; but the latter epithet ſeems the ſtronger of the two, and more applicable to the ſeducing Ulyſſes. Lucretius uſes the ſubſtantive, placidi *pellacia* ponti ſubdola.

130. *At length with Calchas he concerts the ſcheme.*] "Have you not obſerved a larger ſort of break, which is uſed artificially in a poem to incite the attention of the reader? I mean, when the narration is dropt in the moſt engaging parts of it, or juſt before ſome very material incident: this adds a double deſire of hearing: the audience generally make it their requeſt, that the ſpeaker would go on, and inform them of the ſequel. Thus it is in the eleventh Odyſſey. Ulyſſes, in the midſt of his account of the infernal regions, makes a feint of concluding: we are immediately told, that the Phæacians were eager to hear him on; and 'tis obſervable, that the very ſame break, and the very ſame ſentiment after it, is imitated by Virgil.

—— *Donec*

Tho' falſe the charge, the glorious heroe bled,
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
Me, yet a youth, my father ſent to ſhare
With him, my kinſman, in the toils of war.
Long as that heroe ſtood ſecure from fate,
Long as his counſels prop'd the Grecian ſtate,
Ev'n I could boaſt an honourable name,
And claim ſome title to a ſhare of fame;
But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell,)
By dire Ulyſſes' arts and envy fell;
Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
I drag'd my days in darkneſs and deſpair.
And, if kind Heav'n ſhou'd give me back once more
Safe and triumphant to my native ſhore,
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
Mad as I was, and ſpoke my rage aloud.
This mov'd Ulyſſes' hate, and hence aroſe
My paſt misfortunes, and my preſent woes.
Eager he ſought the means, and watch'd the time
To charge me too with ſome pretended crime.
For conſcious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
And with dark hints amus'd the liſt'ning crowd.
At length with Calchas he concerts the ſcheme—
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe,
Strike, ſtrike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
And dire Ulyſſes thank the ſword of Troy.
Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
With fond deſire the cauſes of his woe;
Who thus, ſtill trembling as he ſtood, and pale,
Purſu'd the moving melancholy tale,

Donec Calchante miniſtro——
Tum vero ardemus ſcitari.

"Tis indeed improved in the latter; he has all the uſe of Homer's ſuſpenſe without the tediouſneſs of it."
Eſſay on Pope's Odyſſey, Part. ii. 43.

Saepe fugam Danai Troja cupiere relicta
Moliri, et longo feſſi diſcedere bello.
Feciſſentque utinam! ſaepe illos aſpera ponti
Intercluſit hiems, et terruit auſter euntis.
Praecipue, cum jam hic trabibus contextus acernis
Staret equus, toto ſonuerunt aethere nimbi.
Suſpenſi Eurypylum ſcitatum oracula Phoebi
Mittimus, iſque adytis haec triſtia dicta reportat.
Sanguine placaſtis ventos, et virgine caeſa,
Cum primum Iliacas Danai veniſtis ad oras:
Sanguine quaerendi reditus, animaque litandum
Argolica. volgi quae vox ut venit ad auris,
Obſtupuere animi, geliduſque per ima cucurrit
Oſſa tremor; cui fata parent, quem poſcat Apollo.
Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu
Protrahit in medios: quae ſint ea numina divûm
Flagitat. et mihi jam multi crudele canebant
Artificis ſcelus, et taciti ventura videbant.
Bis quinos ſilet ille dies, tectuſque recuſat
Prodere voce ſua quemquam, aut opponere morti.
Vix tandem magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
Conpoſito rumpit vocem, et me deſtinat arae.
Adſenſere omnes: et, quae ſibi quiſque timebat,
Unius in miſeri exitium converſa tulere.
Jamque dies infanda aderat: mihi ſacra parari,
Et ſalſae fruges, et circum tempora vittae.

150. —— *Ye calm'd the main*
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin ſlain.]

This virgin was Iphigenia the daughter of Agamemnon; whom the oracle declared muſt be ſacrificed, before the Grecian fleet which lay at Aulis, could obtain a favourable wind to carry it to the ſiege of Troy. One of Euripides's fineſt tragedies is on this intereſting ſubject; and it has been imitated, and its principal beauties tranſlated, in one of Racine's on the ſame ſubject.

Oft' had our hoſts determin'd to employ
Their ſails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
Urg'd to a ſhameful flight, from deep deſpair,
And the long labours of a ten years war.
And oh! that they had ſail'd!——as oft' the force
Of ſouthern winds, and tempeſts ſtop'd their courſe.
But ſince this ſteed was rais'd; ſtrait, bellowing loud,
Deep thunders roar'd, and burſt from ev'ry cloud.
We ſent Eurypilus to Phœbus' ſhrine,
Who brought this ſentence from the voice divine;
When firſt ye ſail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin ſlain;
And ere you meaſure back the foamy flood,
Know, you muſt buy a ſafe return with blood.
Theſe aweful words to ev'ry Greek impart
Surprize and dread, and chill the braveſt heart;
To the dire ſtroke each thought himſelf decreed,
Himſelf the victim that for Greece ſhould bleed.
Ulyſſes then, importunate and loud,
Produc'd ſage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
Bade him the ſecret will of Heav'n relate——
And now my friends could propheſy my fate;
And baſe Ulyſſes' wicked arts, they ſaid,
Were levell'd all at my devoted head.
Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd.
So long beſieg'd by Ithacus he ſtood,
And ſeem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
At length he ſpoke, and, as the ſcheme was laid,
Doom'd to the ſlaughter my predeſtin'd head.
All prais'd the ſentence, and were pleas'd to ſee
The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.
And now the dire tremendous day was come,
When all prepar'd to ſolemnize my doom;
The ſalted barley on my front was ſpread,
The ſacred fillets bound my deſtin'd head:

Eripui (fateor) leto me, et vincula rupi:
Limoſoque lacu per noctem obſcurus in ulva
Delitui, dum vela darent, ſi forte dediſſent.
Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam ſpes ulla videndi,
Nec dulcis gnatos, exoptatumque parentem:
Quos illi fors ad poenas ob noſtra repoſcent
Effugia, et culpam hanc miſerorum morte piabunt.
Quod te, per ſuperos, et conſcia numina veri,
Per, ſi qua eſt, quae reſtet adhuc mortalibus uſquam
Intemerata fides, oro, miſerere laborum
Tantorum: miſerere animi non digna ferentis.
His lacrimis vitam damus, et miſereſcimus ultro.
Ipſe viro primus manicas atque arta levari
Vincla jubet Priamus; dictiſque ita fatur amicis:
Quiſquis es, amiſſos hinc jam obliviſcere Graios;
Noſter eris: mihique haec ediſſere vera roganti.
Quo molem hanc inmanis equi ſtatuere? quis auctor?
Quidve petunt? quae religio? aut quae machina belli?
Dixerat. ille dolis inſtructus et arte Pelaſga,
Suſtulit exutas vinclis ad ſidera palmas:
Vos, aeterni ignes, et non violabile veſtrum
Teſtor numen, ait: vos arae, enſeſque nefandi,
Quos fugi, vittaeque, deûm quas hoſtia geſſi;
Fas mihi Graiorum ſacrata reſolvere jura,

181. *My dear, dear children.*] No wonder the Trojans, who were ignorant of Sinon's deſign, were moved at theſe verſes, when 'tis ſtarce poſſible even for us, who know the villainy of them, to read them without tears: At leaſt I ſpeak for one; I have cry'd over them many a time when I was a ſchool-boy, and am not aſhamed to own that I am ſtill exceedingly affected by them; I take it to be one of the moſt moving paſſages I ever met with. Virgil, to ſhew the triumph of his art, will ſoften us with the tendereſt compaſſion by the mouth of one whom we know to be a perjur'd villain. It is not indeed upon the account of him, but of human nature in general: But ſtill the perſon thro' whom it was convey'd would have prejudic'd us againſt it; had not the force of it been irreſiſtible. No hope of ever more ſeeing his beloved native country, children, father! that was diſtreſsful enough; but little in compariſon of what follows: there was danger that thoſe dear lives would be ſacrificed in his abſence, and for his ſake. TRAPP.

I fled th' appointed ſlaughter, I confeſs,
And, till our troops ſhould hoiſt their ſails for Greece,
Swift to a ſlimy lake I took my flight,
Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
And now theſe eyes ſhall view my native ſhore,
My dear, dear children, and my ſire no more;
Whom haply Greece to ſlaughter has decreed,
And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
But thee, O gracious monarch, I implore
By ev'ry god, by ev'ry ſacred pow'r,
Who conſcious of the facts my lips relate,
With truth inſpire me to declare my fate;
By all the ſolemn ſanctions that can bind
In holy ties the faith of human kind;
Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltleſs foe,
O'erwhelm'd and ſunk with ſuch a weight of woe!
His life we gave him, and diſpell'd his fears,
Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;
And, melting firſt, the good old king commands,
To free the captive, and to looſe his hands.
Then with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Mild and benevolent the monarch ſpoke.
Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
But live a ſubject and a ſon of Troy;
With truth and ſtrict ſincerity proceed,
Say, to what end they fram'd this monſtrous ſteed;
Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
Some ſolemn vow? or engine of the war?
Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
His hands unſhackled to the golden ſtars;
You, ye eternal ſplendors! he exclaims,
And you divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal ſwords and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;
All, all, atteſt! that juſtly I releaſe
My ſworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,

Fas odiſſe viros, atque omnia ferre ſub auras,
Si qua tegunt: teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
Tu modo promiſſis maneas, ſervataque ſerves
Troja fidem; ſi vera feram, ſi magna rependam.
Omnis ſpes Danaûm, et coepti fiducia belli
Palladis auxiliis ſemper ſtetit: inpius ex quo
Tydides ſed enim, ſcelerumque inventor Ulixes,
Fatale adgreſſi ſacrato avellere templo
Palladium, caeſis ſummae cuſtodibus arcis,
Conripuere ſacram effigiem, manibuſque cruentis
Virgineas auſi divae contingere vittas:
Ex illo fluere ac retro ſublabſa referri
Spes Danaûm: fractae vires, averſa deae mens.
Nec dubiis ea ſigna dedit Tritonia monſtris.
Vix poſitum caſtris ſimulacrum; arſere coruſcae
Luminibus flammae adrectis, ſalſuſque per artus
Sudor iit: terque ipſa ſolo (mirabile dictu)
Emicuit, parmamque ferens haſtamque trementem.
Extemplo tentanda fuga canit aequora Calchas:
Nec poſſe Argolicis exſcindi Pergama telis,
Omina ni repetant Argis, numenque reducant,
Quod pelago et curvis ſecum avexere carinis.
Et nunc, quod patrias vento petiere Mycenas,
Arma deoſque parant comites, pelagoque remenſo
Improviſi aderunt. ita digerit omina Calchas.
Hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeſo
Effigiem ſtatuere; nefas quae triſte piaret.

240. *With more auſpicious ſigns.*] It is certain that Virgil often attributes to the Greeks the cuſtoms of the Romans. Perhaps indeed they were the ſame in Greece that they afterwards were in Rome. At leaſt it appears to be certain, that the Roman generals always returned to Rome after an unfortunate expedition, and never returned to the ſame enterprize till they had taken new auſpices. Livy aſſures us of this, Hiſt. l. 10. and l. 23. They called this ceremony *Redauſpicari.*

Renounce my country, hate her ſons, and lay
Their inmoſt counſels open to the day.
And thou, O Troy, by Sinon ſnatch'd from fate,
Spare, ſpare the wretch, who ſaves the Phrygian ſtate.
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone,
Since firſt the labours of the war begun.
But from that execrable point of time,
When Ithacus, the firſt in ev'ry crime,
With Tideus' impious ſon, the guards had ſlain,
And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,
Diſtain'd her ſacred wreaths with murderous hands,
Still red and reeking from the ſlaughter'd bands;
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
And their full tide of conqueſt ſunk again;
Their ſtrength decay'd, and many a dreadful ſign
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.
Scarce to the camp the ſacred image came,
When from her eyes ſhe flaſh'd a living flame;
A briny ſweat bedew'd her limbs around,
And thrice ſhe ſprung indignant from the ground;
Thrice was ſhe ſeen with martial rage to wield
Her pond'rous ſpear, and ſhake her blazing ſhield.
With that, ſage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
To fly, and meaſure back the deeps again;
That 'twas not giv'n our armies to deſtroy
The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
Till they ſhould bring from Greece thoſe favouring gods,
Who ſmil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the floods;
With more auſpicious ſigns repaſs the main,
And with new omens take the field again.
Now to their native country they repair,
With gather'd forces to renew the war;
The ſcheme of Calchas! but their vaniſh'd hoſt
Will ſoon return to waſte the Phrygian coaſt.
All Greece, atoning dire Ulyſſes' deed,
To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous ſteed;

Hanc adeo inmenſam Calchas adtollere molem
Roboribus textis, caeloque educere juſſit:
Ne recipi portis, aut duci in moenia poſſit;
Neu populum antiqua ſub religione tueri.
Nam ſi veſtra manus violaſſet dona Minervae,
Tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipſum
Convertant) Priami imperio Phrygibuſque futurum.
Sin manibus veſtris veſtram adſcendiſſet in urbem;
Ultro Aſiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
Venturam, et noſtros ea fata manere nepotes.
Talibus inſidiis perjurique arte Sinonis
Credita res, captique dolis lacrimiſque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Lariſſaeus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.
Hic aliud majus miſeris multoque tremendum
Objicitur magis, atque inprovida pectora turbat.
Laocoon ductus Neptuno ſorte ſacerdos
Sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta,
(Horreſco referens) inmenſis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt:
Pectora quorum inter fluctus adrecta jubaeque
Sanguineae exſuperant undas; pars cetera pontum

But Calchas order'd this enormous ſize,
This monſtrous bulk, that heaves into the ſkies,
Leſt Troy ſhould lead it through her opening gate,
And by this new palladium guard her ſtate.
For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,
Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal ſhed
With all your vengeance on its author's head!)
In one prodigious ruin would deſtroy
Thy empire, Priam, and the ſons of Troy.
But would you join within your walls to lead
This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary ſteed;
Then, with her hoſts, all Aſia ſhall repair,
And pour on Pelops' walls a ſtorm of war;
Then Greece ſhall bleed, and periſh in her turn;
Her future ſons; her nations yet unborn.
  Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
Too fondly we believ'd the ſtudy'd tale;
And thus was Troy, who bravely could ſuſtain
Achilles' fury, when he ſwept the plain,
A thouſand veſſels, and a ten years war,
Won by a ſigh, and vanquiſh'd by a tear.
  Here a more dreadful object roſe to ſight,
And ſhook our ſouls with horror and affright.
Unbleſt Laocoon, whom the lots deſign
Prieſt of the year, at Neptune's holy ſhrine
Slew on the ſands, beſide the rolling flood,
A ſtately ſteer, in honour of the god.
When, horrid to relate! two ſerpents glide
And roll incumbent on the glaſſy tide,
Advancing to the ſhore; their ſpires they raiſe
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.
Beneath their burniſh'd breaſts the waters glow,
Their crimſon creſts inflame the deeps below;
O'er the vaſt flood extended long and wide,
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;

Pone legit, ſinuantque inmenſa volumine terga.
Fit ſonitus, ſpumante ſalo: jamque arva tenebant,
Ardentiſque oculos ſuffecti ſanguine et igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora.
Diffugimus viſu exſangues. illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt: et primum parva duorum
Corpora gnatorum ſerpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, et miſeros morſu depaſcitur artus.
Poſt ipſum auxilio ſubeuntem ac tela ferentem
Conripiunt, ſpiriſque ligant ingentibus: et jam
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo ſquamea circum
Terga dati ſuperant capite et cervicibus altis.
Ille ſimul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
Perfuſus ſanie vittas atroque veneno;
Clamores ſimul horrendos ad ſidera tollit.
Quales mugitus, fugit cum ſaucius aram
Taurus, et incertam excuſſit cervice ſecurim.
At gemini labſu delubra ad ſumma dracones
Effugiunt, ſaevaeque petunt Tritonidôs arcem:
Sub pedibuſque deae, clipeique ſub orbe teguntur.
Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis
Inſinuat pavor; et ſcelus expendiſſe merentem
Laocoonta ferunt: ſacrum qui cuſpide robur
Laeſerit, et tergo ſceleratam intorſerit haſtam.
Ducendum ad ſedes ſimulacrum, orandaque divae
Numina conclamant.

290. *And firſt in curling fiery volumes.*] There is now in Rome a very ancient ſtatue entangled in a couple of marble ſerpents, which admirable groupe of figures is ſaid to be the work of Phidias. Pliny the elder tells us he had ſeen it in the palace of Titus. But the poet has the advantage of the ſtatuary.

The ſtatuary can take but one point of time; the poet can deſcribe any action ſucceſſively. Here you have the whole ſuite. You firſt ſee the ſerpents on the ſea; then on the ſhore, then killing the two ſons of Laocoon; and laſtly killing Laocoon himſelf. This may make almoſt every particular in this deſcription of Laocoon's death, different from the famous groupe of it in the Vatican, except his own attitude, and the air of his head; which are like enough to be copied, the one from the other. SPENCE.

Laſh'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
And now the dreadful monſters reach'd the ſhore;
Their hiſſing tongues they darted, as they came,
And their red eye-balls ſhot a ſanguine flame.
Pale at the ſight, we fled in dire diſmay;
Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;
And firſt in curling fiery volumes bound
His two young ſons, and wrapt them round and round;
Devour'd the children in the father's view;
Then on the miſerable father flew,
While to their aid he runs with fruitleſs haſte;
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd:
Twice round his waiſt, and round his neck they rear
Their winding heads, and hiſs aloft in air.
His ſacred wreaths the livid poiſons ſtain,
And, while he labours at the knots in vain,
Stung to the ſoul, he bellows with the pain.
So, when the ax has glanc'd upon his ſkull,
Breaks from the ſhrine, and roars the wounded bull.
But each huge ſerpent now retires again,
And flies for ſhelter to Minerva's fane;
Her buckler's orb the goddeſs wide diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd her monſters in the dreadful ſhade.
Then, a new fear the trembling crowd poſſeſt,
A holy horror pants in every breaſt;
All judge Laocoon juſtly doom'd to bleed,
Whoſe guilty ſpear profan'd the ſacred ſteed.
We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
And ſupplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r:

298. *Sacred wreaths.*] It heightens the pathetic to ſay *vittas* and not only *tempora:* as it alſo does to repreſent Laocoon ſeized by the ſerpents while he was endeavouring to aſſiſt his children.

Dividimus muros, et moenia pandimus urbis.
Accingunt omnes operi, pedibuſque rotarum
Subjiciunt labſus, et ſtupea vincula collo
Intendunt. ſcandit fatalis machina muros,
Foeta armis. circum pueri innuptaeque puellae
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.
Illa ſubit, mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi.
O patria, ô divûm domus Ilion, incluta bello
Moenia Dardanidum! quater ipſo in limine portae
Subſtitit, atque utero ſonitum quater arma dedere.
Inſtamus tamen inmemores caecique furore,
Et monſtrum infelix ſacrata ſiſtimus arce.
Tunc etiam fatis aperit Caſſandra futuris
Ora, Dei juſſu non umquam credita Teucris.
Nos delubra Deûm miſeri, quibus ultimus eſſet
Ille dies, feſta velamus fronde per urbem.
Vertitur interea caelum, et ruit Oceano nox,
Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque,
Myrmidonumque dolos: fuſi per moenia Teucri
Conticuere: ſopor feſſos conplectitur artus.
Et jam Argiva phalanx inſtructis navibus ibat
A Tenedo, tacitae per amica ſilentia lunae,
Litora nota petens: flammas cum regia puppis
Extulerat: fatiſque Deûm defenſus iniquis,
Incluſos utero Danaos et pinea furtim

331. *Caſſandra too, inſpir'd.*] Virgil does but juſt mention Caſſandra on this occaſion, without giving us the particulars of her prophecy. All he ſays of her is included in two lines:

Tunc etiam fatis aperit Caſſandra futuris
Ora, Dei juſſu non umquam credita Teucris.

It had been very injudicious in Virgil to have put a long harangue into her mouth, ſince whatever ſhe could have ſaid, would have been little elſe but a repetition of what Laocoon had ſaid at the beginning of the book. The death of Laocoon, which immediately follows his ſpeech (verſe 41.) together with the amazing circumſtances attending it, were admirably contrived by Virgil, (or perhaps Sophocles, who is ſaid to

All to the fatal labour bend their care,
Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;
Some round the lofty neck the cables tye,
Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply;
The tow'ring monſter, big with Ilion's doom,
Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb:
Around the moving pile the children join
In ſhouts of tranſport, and in ſongs divine;
They run, they pull the ſtretching cords with joy,
And lend their little hands to ruin Troy!
In one loud peal th' enormous horſe rolls down,
And thund'ring gains the center of the town.
Oh Troy, renown'd in war! Oh bright abodes!
Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods!
Thrice ſtop'd unmov'd the monſter in the gate,
And claſhing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate;
But we, by madneſs blinded and o'ercome,
Lodge the dire monſter in the ſacred dome.
Caſſandra too, inſpir'd, our fate declares
(So Phoebus doom'd) to unregarding ears;
We, thoughtleſs wretches! deck the ſhrines, and waſte
In ſports the day, which Heav'n decreed our laſt.
Now had the ſun roll'd down the beamy light,
And from the caves of Ocean ruſh'd the night;
With one black veil her ſpreading ſhades ſuppreſs
The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.
The Trojans round their walls in ſilence lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day.
When lo! their courſe the Grecian navy bore,
New rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known ſhore,
By ſilent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
And the proud admiral a flame diſplay'd.
Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlocks the mighty monſter's dark abodes;

to have written a tragedy on that ſubject) and were ſufficient to confirm the Trojans in their belief of Sinon's ſtory.
MERRIC's notes on Tryphiodorus, pag. 71.

Laxat clauſtra Sinon: illos patefactus ad auras
Reddit equus: laetique cavo ſe robore promunt
Theſſandrus Sthenelusque duces, et dirus Ulixes,
Demiſſum labſi per funem, Acamaſque, Thoaſque,
Pelideſque Neoptolemus, primuſque Machaon,
Et Menelaus, et ipſe doli fabricator Epëos,
Invadunt urbem ſomno vinoque ſepultam.
Caeduntur vigiles, portiſque patentibus omnis
Accipiunt ſocios, atque agmina conſcia jungunt.
Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
Incipit, et dono Divûm gratiſſima ſerpit.
In ſomnis, ecce, ante oculos maeſtiſſimus Hector
Viſus adeſſe mihi, largoſque effundere fletus;
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentis.
Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli,
Vel Danaûm Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignis!
Squalentem barbam, et concretos ſanguine crinis,
Volneraque illa gerens, quae muros plurima circum
Accepit patrios. ultro flens ipſe videbar
Conpellare virum, et maeſtas expromere voces:
O lux Dardaniae, ſpes ô fidiſſuma Teucrûm,
Quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab oris
Exſpectate venis? ut te poſt multa tuorum

363. *Such he appear'd.*] There is a fragment of Ennius in his *Telamon*, which ſeems to reſemble theſe lines,

Hiccine Telamon ille eſt, modo quem gloria ad cœlum extulit,
Quem adſpectabant, cujus ob os Graji obvertebant ſua?

The dramatic *Livy* introduces the father of Horatius breaking out into an exclamation of this kind, "*Hunccine (aiebat) quem modo decoratum, ovantemque victoriâ incedentem vidiſtis, Quirites, eum ſub furcâ vinctum, inter verbera & cruciatus videre poteſtis?* B. 1. c. 26.

376. *What cauſe.*] The confuſion and obſcure ideas of a man in a dream, are repreſented by theſe queſtions of Æneas, who otherwiſe

His peopled caves pour forth in open air
The heroes, and the whole impriſon'd war.
Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy
Th' impatient princes, in the midſt of Troy;
Machaon firſt, then great Achilles' heir,
Ulyſſes, Thoas, Acamas, appear;
A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus ſucceed;
Epeus laſt, who fram'd the fraudful ſteed.
Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep
In fumes of wine, and all diſſolv'd in ſleep;
They ſlay the guards, they burſt the gates, and join
Their fellows, conſcious to the bold deſign.
'Twas now the time when firſt kind Heav'n beſtows
On wretched man the bleſſings of repoſe;
When, in my ſlumbers, Hector ſeem'd to riſe,
A mournful viſion! to my cloſing eyes.
Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
And fiery courſers whirl'd him thro' the war;
Drawn thro' his ſwelling feet the thongs I view'd,
His beauteous body black with duſt and blood.
Ye gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy
Return'd in proud Achilles' ſpoils to Troy;
Flung at the ſhips, like Heav'n's almighty fire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire.
Now gaſh'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
His beard and locks ſtood ſtiffen'd with his gore.
With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus beſpoke the viſionary man!
Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy,
What cauſe ſo long detains thee from thy Troy?
Say, from what realms, ſo long deſir'd in vain,
Her Hector comes, to bleſs her eyes again?

otherwiſe knew the death and deſtiny of Hector. Such ſtrokes, not attended to by common readers, ſhew a perfect inſight into human nature. The poet himſelf has pointed out this beauty by the uſe of the word *vana*.

Funera, poſt varios hominumque urbiſque labores
Defeſſi aſpicimus! quae cauſſa indigna ſerenos
Foedavit voltus? aut cur haec volnera cerno?
Ille nihil: nec me quaerentem vana moratur:
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.
Hoſtis habet muros: ruit alto a culmine Troja.
Sat patriae Priamoque datum. ſi Pergama dextra
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent.
Sacra ſuoſque tibi commendat Troja Penates:
Hos cape fatorum comites. his moenia quaere,
Magna pererrato ſtatues quae denique ponto.
Sic ait, et manibus vittas, Veſtamque potentem,
Aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.
Diverſo interea miſcentur moenia luctu:
Et magis atque magis, quamquam ſecreta parentis
Anchiſae domus, arboribuſque obtecta receſſit,
Clareſcunt ſonitus; armorumque ingruit horror.
Excutior ſomno, et ſummi faſtigia tecti
Adſcenſu ſupero, atque adrectis auribus adſto.
In ſegetem veluti cum flamma furentibus auſtris
Incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens

397. *Round the walls ariſe.*] This puts me in mind of a line in Lucretius that is marvellouſly fine, where that poet, who had the warmeſt imagination of all the Roman writers, unites together in one verſe all the dreadful images of war, which he ſays is carried on,

Vulneribus, clamore, fuga, terrore, tumultu.
Lib. v. 1335.

405. *Thus o'er the corn.*] Upon the occaſion of Æneas's making this ſimile, I cannot forbear hazarding an obſervation, for which perhaps ſome critics may ſeverely cenſure me. However that may be, it appears to me that Virgil is injudicious in putting theſe compariſons into the mouth of Æneas. The hero, in this and ſome other paſſages, is by far too great a poet. Virgil ſeems to forget that Æneas is ſpeaking, and not himſelf. What can be more unnatural and offenſive to propriety, than for Æneas to ſtop in a narration, where he is deſcribing the deſolation of his own city, in order to make a laboured compariſon

After ſuch numbers ſlain, ſuch labours paſt,
Thus is our prince! ah! thus return'd at laſt?
Why ſtream theſe wounds? or who could thus diſgrace
The manly charms of that majeſtic face?
  Nought to theſe queſtions vain the ſhade replies,
But from his boſom draws a length of ſighs;
Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls;
Enough to Priam and to Troy before
Was paid; then ſtrive with deſtiny no more;
Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had ſav'd the ſtate.
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;
With theſe purſue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou ſhalt raiſe at laſt,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waſte.
This ſaid, he brought from Veſta's hallow'd quire
The ſacred wreaths, and everlaſting fire.
  Meantime tumultuous round the walls ariſe
Shrieks, clamours, ſhouts, and mingle in the ſkies.
And (tho' remote my father's palace ſtood,
With ſhades ſurrounded, and a gloomy wood)
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms:
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and liſten to the ſound.
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conſpire,
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;
Or ſome big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
Burſts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,

of five or ſix lines about a fire ſeizing a field of corn, or a ſhepherd liſtening to the roarings of a torrent? In ſhort, I think all the ſimiles Æneas uſes in this ſecond and the third book, during the time he is relating his ſtory and adventures to Dido, are as injudicious and as ill placed as thoſe laboured compariſons are with which the acts of ſeveral celebrated modern tragedies are concluded.

Sternit agros, sternit fata laeta, boumque labores;
Praecipitesque trahit sylvas; stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.
Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaûmque patescunt
Insidiae. jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Volcano superante, domus; jam proxumus ardet
Ucalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucent.
Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.
Arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis:
Sed glomerare manum bello, et concurrere in arcem
Cum sociis ardent animi. furor iraque mentem
Praecipitant; pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.
Ecce autem telis Panthus elabsus Achivôm,
Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,
Sacra manu, victosque deos, parvomque nepotem
Ipse trahit, cursuque amens ad limina tendit.
Quo res summa loco, Panthu? quam prendimus arcem?
Vix ea fatus eram, gemitu cum talia reddit:
Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus
Dardaniae. fuimus Troës: fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum. ferus omnia Juppiter Argos
Transtulit. incensa Danai dominantur in urbe.

421. *Then shouts and trumpets.*] It is the observation of Monf. Dacier, that Virgil hath been guilty of a miſtake in this particular, of deſcribing the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of Troy.

Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum.

And he likewiſe celebrates Miſenus as the trumpeter of Æneas: but as Virgil wrote at a time very remote from thoſe heroic ages, perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. However, a poet had better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners like a good painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them, to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they were unacquainted.

This hath been a rock on which many a poet hath ſtruck, and made himſelf highly ridiculous to the judicious and diſcerning; prepoſterouſly, and unnaturally mixing modern with ancient manners and cuſtoms. A practice as abſurd, to uſe Voltaire's alluſion, as it was for certain Italian and Flemiſh painters to repreſent the virgin Mary with a chaplet of beads hanging at her girdle, to place Swiſs guards at the door of the apart-

O'erwhelms the fields, lays waſte the golden grain,
And headlong ſweeps the foreſts to the main;
Stun'd at the din, the ſwain with liſt'ning ears
From ſome ſteep rock the ſounding ruin hears.
Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view;
The roaring flames in volumes huge aſpire,
And wrap thy dome, Deïphobus, in fire;
Thine, ſage Ucalegon, next ſtrow'd the ground,
And ſtretch'd a vaſt unmeaſur'd ruin round.
Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays;
The ſurges redden with the diſtant blaze.
Then ſhouts and trumpets ſwell the dire alarms;
And, tho' 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms:
Eager to raiſe a band of friends, and pour
In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;
Rage and revenge my kindling boſom fire,
Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.
But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' prieſt appears,
Juſt ſcap'd the foe, diſtracted with his fears,
The ſage his vanquiſh'd gods and reliques bore,
And with his trembling grandſon ſought the ſhore.
Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion ſtands?
Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?
He thus with groans;—Our laſt ſad hour is come,
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.
Troy once was great, but oh! the ſcene is o'er,
Her glory vaniſh'd, and her name no more!
For partial Jove transfers her paſt renown
To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;

apartment of Pharaoh; and to mix cannons and carabines with the ancient arrows in the battles of Joſhua.

435. *Troy once was great.*] Virgil had his eye undoubtedly on a paſſage in the Troades of Euripides, where Andromache and Hecuba ſpeak, as follows,

ΑΝΔΡ.—Πριν ποτ' ημεν.
ΕΚΑΒ.—Βεβασιν ολβος, βεβασι Τροια.

Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adſtans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miſcet
Inſultans. portis alii bipatentibus adſunt,
Millia quot magnis umquam venere Mycenis:
Obſedere alii telis anguſta viarum
Oppoſiti, ſtat ferri acies mucrone coruſco
Stricta, parata neci: vix primi proelia tentant
Portarum vigiles, et caeco marte reſiſtunt.
Talibus Othryadae dictis et numine divôm
In flammas et in arma feror: quo triſtis Erinnys,
Quo fremitus vocat, et ſublatus ad aethera clamor.
Addunt ſe ſocios Ripheus, et maxumus armis
Aepytus (oblati per lunam) Hypaniſque Dymaſque:
Et lateri adglomerant noſtro: juveniſque Coroebus
Mygdonides. illis ad Trojam forte diebus
Venerat, inſano Caſſandrae incenſus amore:
Et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibuſque ferebat.
Infelix, qui non ſponſae praecepta furentis
Audierit.
Quos ubi confertos audere in proelia vidi;
Incipio ſuper his: Juvenes, fortiſſima fruſtra
Pectora, ſi vobis audentem extrema cupido
Certa ſequi; (quae ſit rebus fortuna videtis.
Exceſſere omnes adytis ariſque relictis
Di, quibus imperium hoc ſteterat) ſuccurritis urbi
Incenſae. moriamur, et in media arma ruamus.
Una ſalus victis, nullam ſperare ſalutem.

449. *While Pantheus' words.*] There is a very majeſtic and ſolemn air of lamentation in this ſpeech of Pantheus; and its being put into the mouth of the prieſt of Phoebus, adds a dignity and importance to it.

And the huge monſter from his op'ning ſide
Pours forth her warriors in an endleſs tide;
With joy proud Sinon ſees the flames aſpire,
Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire;
Here thouſands pouring through the gates appear,
Far more than proud Mycenæ ſent to war.
Some ſeize the paſſes, groves of ſpears ariſe,
That thirſt for blood, and flaſh againſt the ſkies.
The guards but juſt maintain a feeble fight
With their fierce foes, amidſt the gloomy night.
While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inſpires,
I flew to arms, and rüſh'd amidſt the fires,
Where the loud furies call, where ſhouts and cries
Ring round the walls, and thunder in the ſkies.
Now faithful Ripheus on my ſide appears,
With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years;
And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known
By the pale ſplendors of the glimm'ring moon;
With theſe Chorœbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy;
Fir'd with the fair Caſſandra's blooming charms,
To aid her ſire with unavailing arms;
Ah brave unhappy youth!—he would not hear
His bride inſpir'd, who warn'd him from the war!
Theſe when I ſaw, with fierce collected might,
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight;
With warmth I thus addreſs'd the gen'rous train:
Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain!
If by your dauntleſs ſouls impell'd, you dare
With me to try th' extremities of war;
You ſee our hopeleſs ſtate; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode;
You aid a town already ſunk in fire;
Fly, fly to arms, and glorioufly expire;
Let all ruſh on, and, vanquiſh'd as we are,
Catch one laſt beam of ſafety from deſpair.

Sic animis juvenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu
Raptores atra in nebula, quos inproba ventris
Exegit caecos rabies, catulique relicti
Faucibus exſpectant ſiccis; per tela, per hoſtis
Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem: mediaeque tenemus
Urbis iter. nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.
Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explicet, aut poſſit lacrimis aequare labores?
Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos:
Plurima perque vias ſternuntur inertia paſſim
Corpora, perque domos, et religioſa deorum
Limina. nec ſoli poenas dant ſanguine Teucri:
Quondam etiam victis redit in praecordia virtus;
Victoreſque cadunt Danai. crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
Primus ſe, Danaûm magna comitante caterva,
Androgeus offert nobis, ſocia agmina credens
Inſcius; atque ultro verbis conpellat amicis:
Feſtinate viri. nam quae tam ſera moratur
Segnities? alii rapiunt incenſa feruntque
Pergama: vos celſis nunc primum a navibus itis?
Dixit, et extemplo (neque enim reſponſa dabantur
Fida ſatis) ſenſit medios delabſus in hoſtis:
Obſtupuit, retroque pedem cum voce repreſſit.
Inproviſum aſpris veluti qui ſentibus anguem

488. *Majeſtic Troy lay levell'd.*] This deſcription is ſublime and pathetic; but how infinitely is it excelled by a paſſage in the prophet Iſaiah, where he is ſpeaking of the deſtruction of Babylon? "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, ſhall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It ſhall never be inhabited, neither ſhall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither ſhall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither ſhall the ſhepherds make their fold there. But wild beaſts of the deſart ſhall lie there, and their houſes ſhall be full of doleful creatures; and the wild beaſts of the iſlands ſhall cry in their deſolate houſes, and dragons in their pleaſant palaces." Chap. xiii.

505. *So the pale ſwain.*] This fine ſimile, remarkable for its juſtneſs and propriety, is copied and imitated from one of Homer, in the third book of his Iliad. Pope makes this remark on it. "It may be ſaid to the praiſe of Virgil, that he has applied

Thus while my words inflame the liſt'ning crew,
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew
As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Ruſh from their dens; and, prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempeſt, while the ſavage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirſt for blood;
So thro' the town, determin'd to expire,
Through the thick ſtorm of darts, and ſmoke and fire,
Wrapt and ſurrounded with the ſhades of night,
We ruſh'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.
What tongue the dreadful ſlaughter could diſcloſe?
Or oh! what tears could anſwer half our woes?
The glorious empreſs of the nations round,
Majeſtic Troy, lay levell'd with the ground;
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her ſtreets, her domes, the temples of her gods.
Nor Ilion bled alone: her turn ſucceeds;
And then ſhe conquers, and proud Argos bleeds;
Death in a thouſand forms deſtructive frown'd,
And woe, deſpair, and horror, rag'd around.
And firſt Androgeos, whom a train attends,
With ſtile familiar hail'd us as his friends;
Haſte, brave aſſociates, haſte; what dull delay
Detains you here, while others ſeize the prey?
In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waſte,
And you come lagging from your ſhips the laſt.
Thus he; but ſoon from our reply he knows
His fatal error, compaſs'd round with foes;
Reſtrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
Stops ſhort;—and ſtartles at the dreadful ſight.
So the pale ſwain, who treads upon a ſnake,
Unſeen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,

it upon an occaſion where it has an additional beauty. Paris, upon the ſight of Menelaus's approach, is compared to a traveller who ſees a ſnake ſhoot on a ſudden towards him: but the ſurprize and danger of Androgeus is more lively, being juſt in the

Preſſit humi nitens, trepiduſque repente refugit
Adtollentem iras, et caerula colla tumentem.
Haud ſecus Androgeus viſu tremefactus abibat.
Inruimus, denſis et circumfundimur armis;
Ignaroſque loci paſſim, et formidine captos
Sternimus. adſpirat primo fortuna labori.
Atque hic ſucceſſu exfultans animiſque Coroebus,
O ſocii, quae prima, inquit, fortuna ſalutis
Monſtrat iter, quaque oſtendit ſe dextra, ſequamur.
Mutemus clipeos, Danaumque inſignia nobis
Aptemus. dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat?
Arma dabunt ipſi. ſic fatus, deinde comantem
Androgei galeam, clipeique inſigne decorum
Induitur, laterique Argivom adcommodat enſem.
Hoc Ripheus, hoc ipſe Dymas, omniſque juventus
Laeta facit: ſpoliis ſe quiſque recentibus armat.
Vadimus inmixti Danais haud numine noſtro;
Multaque per caecam congreſſi proelia noctem
Conſerimus: multos Danaûm demittimus Orco.
Diffugiunt alii ad navis, et litora curſu
Fida petunt: pars ingentem formidine turpi
Scandunt rurſus equum, et nota conduntur in alvo.
Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis!
Ecce trahebatur paſſis Priameïa virgo
Crinibus a templo Caſſandra adytiſque Minervae,

the reach of his enemies before he perceived it: and the circumſtance of the ſerpent rouſing his creſt,

(Attollentem iras, & caerula colla tumentem)

which brightens with anger, finely images the ſhining of their arms in the night-time, as they were juſt lifted up to deſtroy him. Scaliger criticiſes on the needleſs repetition of the words in Homer, παλινοστος, and ανεχωρησεν, which is avoided in the tranſlation. But it muſt be obſerved in general, that little exactneſſes are what we ſhould not look for in Homer; the genius of his age was too incorrect, and his own too fiery to regard them. Notes on the third book of the Iliad, v. 47.

537. *For lo! Caſſandra, lo! the royal fair.*] This is a beautiful and moving picture of the lovely propheteſs in diſtreſs.

Soon as his ſwelling ſpires in circles play,
Starts back, and ſhoots precipitate away.
Fierce we ruſh in, the heedleſs foes ſurround,
And lay the wretches breathleſs on the ground:
New to the place, with ſudden terror wild;
And thus at firſt our flatt'ring fortune ſmil'd.
Then, by his courage and ſucceſs inſpir'd,
His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd;
Lo! friends, the road of ſafety you ſurvey;
Come, follow fortune, where ſhe points the way;
Let each in Argive arms his limbs diſguiſe,
And wield the bucklers, that the foe ſupplies;
For if ſucceſs an enemy attends,
Who aſks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends?
This ſaid, Androgeos' creſted helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The ſtarry ſword hung glitt'ring at his ſide.
Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt,
Their manly limbs in hoſtile armour dreſt.
With gods averſe, we follow to the fight,
And, undiſtinguiſh'd in the ſhades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering ſteel,
And plunge whole ſquadrons to the depths of hell.
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the ſhore, and ſhelter in the fleet;
Some climb the monſtrous horſe, a frighted train,
And there lie trembling in the ſides again.
But, Heav'n againſt us, all attempts muſt fail,
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
For lo! Caſſandra, lo! the royal fair
From Pallas' ſhrine with looſe diſhevel'd hair

A reader of taſte will not be diſpleaſed to ſee her ſtory in the words of Mr. Thomſon, taken from his noble tragedy of Agamemnon, a play written in the true taſte of the ancients, and enriched with many excellent imitations and tranſlations from the Greek tragedies.

Ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina fruſtra :
Lumina : nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
Non tulit hanc ſpeciem furiata mente Coroebus,
Et ſeſe medium injecit periturus in agmen.
Conſequimur cuncti, et denſis incurrimus armis.
Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis
Noſtrorum obruimur, oriturque miſerrima caedes,
Armorum facie et Graiarum errore jubarum.
Tum Danai gemitu atque ereptae virginis ira
Undique conlecti invaduńt ; acerrimus Ajax,
Et gemini Atridae, Dolopumque exercitus omnis.
Adverſi rupto quondam ceu turbine venti
Confligunt, Zephyruſque Notuſque, et laetus Eois
Eurus equis : ſtridunt ſilvae, ſaevitque tridenti
Spumeus, atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
Illi etiam, ſi quos obſcura nocte per umbram
Fudimus inſidiis, totaque agitavimus urbe,
Adparent : primi clipeos mentitaque tela
Agnoſcunt, atque ora ſono diſcordia ſignant.
Ilicet obruimur numero. primuſque Coroebus
Peneleï dextra, divae armipotentis ad aram,
Procumbit : cadit et Ripheus, juſtiſſimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et ſervantiſſimus aequi.

This Priam's faireſt daughter
Is a young princeſs of engaging beauty
Rais'd by diſtreſs ; of noble ſenſe and ſpirit,
But by poetic viſions led aſtray,
She dreamt Apollo lov'd her, and the gift
Of prophecy beſtow'd to gain her promiſe :
The gift once hers, the chaſtly-faithleſs maid
Deceiv'd the god ; who therefore in revenge,
Since he could not recall it, made it uſeleſs,
For ever doom'd to meet with diſregard.
Act iv. ſcene i.

Thomſon, among other qualifications, was an excellent Greek ſcholar, as appears not only by his *Liberty*, a poem, but alſo by the many paſſages he has interwoven in his plays from Sophocles and Euripides ; particularly, from the Philocetes in his Agamemnon, and the Alceſte in his Edward and Eleonora.

541. *Her eyes—ſhe could no more—*] The only geſture deſcribed by Homer, as uſed by the ancients in the invocation of the gods,

Dragg'd by the ſhouting victors;—to the ſkies
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes;
Her eyes—ſhe could no more—the Grecian bands
Had rudely manacled her tender hands;
Chorœbus could not bear that ſcene of woes;
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidſt the foes;
As ſwift we follow to redeem the fair,
Ruſh to his aid, and thicken to the war.
Here from the temple on our troop deſcends
A ſtorm of javelins from our Trojan friends,
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes;
And hence a dreadful ſcene of ſlaughter roſe.
Then all the Greeks our ſlender bands invade,
And pour enrag'd to ſeize the reſcu'd maid;
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.
So when the winds in airy conflict riſe,
Here ſouth and weſt charge dreadful in the ſkies;
There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
Mounts the ſwift courſers of the purple morn;
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;
With his huge trident Neptune ſtrikes the floods:
Foams, ſtorms, and tempeſting the deeps around,
Bares the broad boſom of the dark profound.
Thoſe too, we chas'd by night, a ſcatter'd train,
Now boldly rally, and appear again.
To them our Argive helms and arms are known,
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.
We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' ſteel
Firſt at Minerva's ſhrine Chorœbus fell.
Next Ripheus bled, the juſteſt far of all
The ſons of Troy; yet Heav'n permits his fall.

gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this paſſage; particularly in the ſecond book there is a paſſage, the beauty of which is much raiſed by this conſideration. Pope's Notes, Iliad vi.

There is a fine Caſſandra in the Florentine collection, in this very attitude of diſtreſs.

Dis aliter viſum. pereunt Hypaniſque Dymaſque
Confixi a ſociis: nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
Labentem pietas, neque Apollinis infula texit.
Iliaci cineres, et flamma extrema meorum,
Teſtor, in occaſu veſtro, nec tela, nec ullas
Vitaviſſe vices Danaûm; et, ſi fata fuiſſent,
Ut caderem, meruiſſe, manu. divellimur inde:
Iphitus et Pelias mecum: quorum Iphitus aevo
Jam gravior, Pelias et volnere tardus Ulixi,
Protinus ad ſedes Priami clamore vocati.
Hic vero ingentem pugnam, ceu caetera nuſquam
Bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe:
Sic Martem indomitum, Danaoſque ad tecta ruentis
Cernimus, obſeſſumque acta teſtudine limen.
Haerent parietibus ſcalae, poſteſque ſub ipſos
Nituntur gradibus, clipeoſque ad tela ſiniſtris
Protecti objiciunt: prenſant faſtigia dextris.
Dardanidae contra turris ac tecta domorum
Culmina convellunt (his ſe, quando ultima cernunt,
Extrema jam in morte parant defendere telis)
Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
Devolvont. alii ſtrictis mucronibus imas
Obſedere fores: has ſervant agmine denſo.
Inſtaurati animi, regis ſuccurrere tectis,
Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.

589. *Shield lock'd.*] The *teſtudo* was properly a figure which the ſoldiers caſt themſelves into; ſo that their targets ſhould cloſe all together above their heads, and defend them from the miſſive weapons of the enemy; as if we ſuppoſe, the firſt rank to have ſtood upright on their feet, and the reſt to have ſtoop'd lower and lower by degrees, till the laſt rank kneel'd down upon their knees: ſo that every rank covering with their target, the heads of all in the rank before them, they reſembled a tortoiſe's ſhell, or a ſort of penthouſe.

KENNETT's Antiq. B. iv.

The like ſad fate brave Hypanis attends,
And hapleſs Dymas, ſlaughter'd by their friends.
Nor thee, ſage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could ſave,
Nor all thy ſhining virtues from the grave.
Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare
If once I trembled or declin'd the war:
Midſt flames and foes a glorious death I ſought,
And well deſerv'd the death for which I fought.
Thence we retreat, our brave aſſociates gone,
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone;
This ſlow with age and bending to the ground,
And that more tardy from Ulyſſes' wound.
Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
The ſhouts, and call us to defend the king;
There we beheld the rage of fight, and there
The throne of death, and center of the war.
As Troy, all Troy beſide had ſlept in peace,
Nor ſtain'd by ſlaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.
Shield lock'd in ſhield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
To burſt the gates, and ſtorm the regal tow'rs;
Fly up the ſteep aſcent where danger calls,
And fix their ſcaling engines in the walls.
High in the left they graſp'd the fenceful ſhield,
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;
Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw,
A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;
Catch for defence the weapons of deſpair,
In theſe the dire extremes of death and war.
Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
By Troy's firſt monarchs cruſted round with gold.
Here thronging troops with glitt'ring faulchions ſtand,
To guard the portals, and the door command.
Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
To aid the vanquiſh'd, and repel the foe.

Limen erat, caecaeque fores, et pervius uſus
Tectorum inter ſe Priami, poſteſque relicti
A tergo: infelix qua ſe, dum regna manebant,
Saepius Andromache ferre incomitata ſolebat
Ad ſoceros, et avo puerum Aſtyanacta trahebat.
Evado ad ſummi faſtigia culminis, unde
Tela manu miſeri jactabant inrita Teucri.
Turrim in praecipiti ſtantem, ſummiſque ſub aſtra
Eductam tectis, unde omnis Troja videri,
Et Danaûm ſolitae naves, et Achaïca caſtra,
Adgreſſi ferro circum, qua ſumma labantis
Junctûras tabulata dabant; convellimus altis
Sedibus, inpulimuſque. ea labſa repente ruinam
Cum ſonitu trahit, et Danaûm ſuper agmina late
Incidit. aſt alii ſubeunt: nec ſaxa, nec ullum
Telorum interea ceſſat genus.

605. *A ſecret portico.*] The palace of Priam being ſtrongly beleagure'd and inveſted, before Æneas can enter to its relief, he is driven to a neceſſity of ſtealing in with his party at a poſtern, either deſerted, or undiſcovered: thro' which they aſcend to an old tower, and puſh the battlements of it down upon the enemy. Theſe are circumſtances, of ſo low a nature in themſelves, as not to admit of being embelliſhed, or wrought up to the dignity of heroic poetry. Virgil was conſcious of this objection; and happily found the means of heightening, and enlivening, both circumſtances by the help of fiction. To elevate the affair of the blind poſtern, he feigns, that thro' this gate and paſſage, in the times of her proſperity, Andromache was uſed to lead her young Aſtyanax to viſit his old grandſire Priam; by this image, noble and elevated in itſelf, and full of tenderneſs, the lowneſs of the circumſtance, with regard to the poſtern, is avoided and loſt. To elevate the affair of the old mouldering tower being puſhed down, which conveys but a mean idea, he as happily feigns, that from thence they could take a proſpect of all Troy, diſcover the camp and motions of the enemy, and ſurvey the extent of their whole fleet. This, again, is giving the old turret a ſignificance which makes its demolition be conſidered with regret and pity; and quite turns off every thought of ridicule, ariſing from the manner of its tumbling. SEGRAIS.

613. *From hence.*] This landſcape, which lay in proſpect from the tower, diverſifies the ſcene of fire and carnage he is deſcribing.

A ſecret portico contriv'd behind,
Great Hector's manſion to the palace join'd,
By which his hapleſs princeſs oft would bring
Her royal infant to the good old king.
This way the topmoſt battlements I gain,
Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain.
Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
Her ſtately head unrival'd to the ſtars;
From hence we wont all Ilion to ſurvey,
The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling ſea.
With ſteel the yielding timbers we aſſail'd,
Where looſe the huge disjointed ſtructure fail'd;
Then, tugg'd convulſive from the ſhatter'd walls,
We puſh the pile: the pond'rous ruin falls
Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring ſound,
Down headlong on the foes, and ſmokes along the ground.
But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops ſupply;
And in a ſtorm the beams and rocky fragments fly.

618. *We puſh the pile.*] This is a fine inſtance of the tranſlator's making the ſound of the verſes an echo to the ſenſe. The pauſe is likewiſe very judicious, and cloſely imitates the original,

——convellimus altis
Sedibus impulimuſque.——

I ſhall add a paſſage in *Leonidas*, where the Greeks gather together ſtones of the greateſt bulk and bodies of vaſt trees, and puſh them down from Mount Œta upon the heads of the Perſians who fought beneath.

——Downward ſinks
The nodding pile, ſtupendous heap of death!
Trees roll'd on trees with mingled rock deſcend
Unintermitted ruin. Loud reſound
The hollow trunks againſt the mountain's ſide,
Swift bounds each craggy maſs.—

The poet then adds a circumſtance, which is entirely new and his own, and ſtrongly conceived.

——The foes beneath
Look up aghaſt, with horror ſhrink, and die.
Leonidas, Book v. 736.

Veſtibulum ante ipſum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
Exſultat telis, et luce coruſcus aheña.
Qualis ubi in lucem coluber malâ gramina paſtus,
Frigida ſub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
Nunc poſitis novus exuviis nitiduſque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit ſublato pectore terga
Arduus ad ſolem, et linguis micat ore triſulcis.
Una ingens Periphas, et equorum agitator Achillis
Armiger Automedon; una omnis Scyria pubes
Succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina jactant.
Ipſe inter primos conrepta dura bipenni
Limina perrumpit, poſteſque a cardine vellit
Aeratos: jamque exciſa trabe firma cavavit
Robora, et ingentem lato dedit ore feneſtram.
Adparet domus intus, et atria longa pateſcunt:
Adparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum:
Armatoſque vident ſtantis in limine primo.
At domus interior gemitu miſeroque tumultu
Miſcetur; penituſque cavae plangoribus aedes
Femineis ululant. ferit aurea ſidera clamor.

625. *So from his den.*] This compariſon is copied from Homer, Il. X. v. 93. "Virgil (ſays Dr. Theobald) ſpeaks of the ſerpent, *mala gramina paſtus*, as if poiſonous herbs were his ordinary and conſtant diet: Homer, I think with more propriety, and a more intimate knowledge of nature, mentions the ſerpent as having eat poiſon, juſt when he meant to lie in wait, and was prepar'd for miſchief. Ανδρα μενησι, βεβρωκως κακα φαρμακα. Ælian (Lib. vi. c. 4.) in his hiſtory of animals, mentions this cuſtom of the ſerpent, and ſays it is alluded to by Homer."

645. *Now far within.*] The women in Greece, and all over the eaſt (as the cuſtom holds to this day) had their apartments quite diſtinct from thoſe of men, in the inner and moſt retired part of the houſe. For their chambers to be broken open and violated was the moſt dreadful of calamities. Servius tells us, that all this fine paſſage is taken from Ennius's deſcription of the ſiege of Alba; which Livy has ſo nobly painted in the firſt book of his hiſtory. The cuſtom of kiſſing beds, columns, and doors, before they were oblig'd to quit them, is mentioned frequently by Sophocles and Euripides.

Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.
So from his den, the winter ſlept away,
Shoots forth the burniſh'd ſnake in open day;
Who, fed with ev'ry poiſon of the plain,
Sheds his old ſpoils, and ſhines in youth again;
Proud of his golden ſcales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky ſting, and glitters on the ſun.
To him the mighty Periphas ſucceeds,
And the bold * chief who drove his father's ſteeds;
With theſe the Scyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the miſſive flame.
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful ſway
Ply'd the huge ax, and hew'd the beams away;
The ſolid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.
At laſt the chief a mighty op'ning made,
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length diſplay'd:
The ſacred rooms of Troy's firſt monarchs lie,
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And ſtand embody'd, to repel the war.
Now far within, the regal rooms diſcloſe,
Loud and more loud, a direful ſcene of woes;
The roof reſounds with female ſhrieks and cries,
And the ſhrill echo ſtrikes the diſtant ſkies.

647. *The roof reſounds.*] Arioſto has exactly and minutely imitated this fine deſcription in his Orlando Furioſo.

Sonar per gli alti e ſpatioſi tetti
S' odono gridi, e feminil lamenti:
L' afflitti donne, percotendo i petti,
Corron per caſa pallide, e dolenti:
E abbracian gli uſci e i geniali letti,
Che teſto hanno a laſciare aſtrane genti.

Cant. xvii. Stan. 13.

'Tis remarkable that Sir J. Harrington has totally omitted this fine paſſage (as indeed he has many others) in his tranſlation of this celebrated Italian poet. There are a great many paſſages in Arioſto copied from this ſecond book of Virgil.

* Automedon.

Tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant,
Amplexaeque tenent poſtes, atque oſcula figunt.
Inſtat vi patria Pyrrhus: nec clauſtra, neque ipſi
Cuſtodes ſufferre valent. labat ariete crebro
Janua, et emoti procumbunt cardine poſtes.
Fit via vi: rumpunt aditus, primoſque trucidant
Inmiſſi Danai, et late loca milite conplent.
Non ſic, aggeribus ruptis cum ſpumeus amnis
Exiit, oppoſitaſque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, campoſque per omnis
Cum ſtabulis armenta trahit. vidi ipſe furentem
Caede Neoptolemum, geminoſque in limine Atridas:
Vidi Hecubam, centumque nurus, Priamumque per aras
Sanguine foedantem, quos ipſe ſacraverat, ignis.
Quinguaginta illi thalami, ſpes tanta nepotum,
Barbarico poſtes auro ſpoliiſque ſuperbi
Procubuere. tenent Danai, qua deficit ignis.
Forſitan et, Priami fuerint quae fata, requiras.
Urbis uti captae caſum, convolſaque vidit
Limina tectorum, et medium in penetralibus hoſtem;

664. *And furious Pyrrhus.*] The character of this ſon of Achilles is all along ſupported with great ſpirit. There is a fine paſſage in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey, which from the relation it bears to this ſecond book of the Æneid I ſhall quote at length. Achilles enquires of Ulyſſes the behaviour of his ſon, ſince he himſelf died: and Ulyſſes, to give him the higheſt idea of Pyrrhus his courage, anſwers him in the following lines:

When Ilion in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb,
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' impriſon'd war;
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat for fear,
When the ſtern eyes of heroes drop'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek or ſally'd in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death; and with a martial air,
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glittering ſpear.

Pope has animated and added fire to the original lines.

The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
And kiſs the pillars with a laſt embrace;
Bold Pyrrhus ſtorms with all his father's fire;
The barriers burſt; the vanquiſh'd guards retire;
The ſhatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;
The bolts leap back; the ſounding hinges fly;
The war breaks in; loud ſhout the hoſtile train;
The gates are ſtorm'd; the foremoſt ſoldiers ſlain:
Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
And ſwarm triumphant round the regal dome.
Not half ſo fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
And burſts reſiſtleſs o'er the level'd mounds;
Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
  Theſe eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;
Sad they beheld, amid the mournful ſcene,
The hundred daughters with the mother queen;
And Priam's ſelf polluting with his gore
Thoſe flames, he hallow'd at the ſhrines before.
The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!
(Such were his hopes of a long regal line)
Rich in Barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
Sunk with their proud ſupport of pillars round;
And, where the flames retire, the foes poſſeſs the ground.
  And now, great queen, you haply long to know,
The fate of Priam in this general woe.
When with ſad eyes the venerable ſire
Beheld his Ilion ſunk in hoſtile fire;
His palace ſtorm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
His rich pavillions crowded with the foe;

674. *And now.*] This is the only line, throughout all Æneas's narration, in which he takes notice of his audience.

Arma diu ſenior deſueta trementibus aevo
Circumdat nequidquam humeris, et inutile ferrum
Cingitur, ac denſos fertur moriturus in hoſtis.
Aedibus in mediis nudoque ſub aetheris axe
Ingens ara fuit; juxtaque veterrima laurus
Incumbens arae, atque umbra conplexa Penates.
Hic Hecuba et gnatae nequidquam altaria circum,
Praecipites atra ceu tempeſtate columbae,
Condenſae, et divôm amplexae ſimulacra ſedebant.
Ipſum autem ſumtis Priamum juvenalibus armis
Ut vidit; Quae mens tam dira, miſerrime conjux,
Inpulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis? inquit.
Non tali auxilio, non defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget: non, ſi ipſe meus nunc adforet Hector.
Huc tandem concede: haec ara tuebitur omnis:
Aut moriere ſimul. Sic ore effata, recepit
Ad ſeſe, et ſacra longaevom in ſede locavit.
Ecce autem elabſus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
Unus gnatorum Priami, per tela, per hoſtis
Porticibus longis fugit, et vacua atria luſtrat
Saucius. illum ardens infeſto volnere Pyrrhus
Inſequitur, jam jamque manu tenet, et premit haſta.
Ut tandem ante oculos evaſit et ora parentum,
Concidit, ac multo vitam cum ſanguine fudit:
Hic Priamus, quamquam in media jam morte tenetur,
Non tamen abſtinuit, nec voci iraeque pepercit.

699. *My own dear Hector.*] De la Cerda imagines there is ſome hidden meaning in her ſaying My Hector, rather than Your's or Ours; as if he were the ſon of ſome god: Which conjecture is groundleſs and very far fetch'd. 'Tis certainly, as Trapp obſerves, only a fond, motherly expreſſion, and nothing more.

In arms, long ſince diſus'd, the hoary ſage
Loads each ſtiff languid limb, that ſhook with age;
Girds on an unperforming ſword in vain,
And runs on death amidſt the hoſtile train.
Within the courts, beneath the naked ſky,
An altar roſe; an aged laurel by;
That o'er the hearth and houſhold-gods diſplay'd
A ſolemn gloom, a deep majeſtic ſhade:
Hither, like doves, who cloſe-embody'd fly
From ſome dark tempeſt black'ning in the ſky,
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
But when in cumbrous arms the king ſhe ſpy'd,
Alas! my poor unhappy lord! ſhe cry'd,
What more than madneſs, 'midſt theſe dire alarms,
Mov'd thee to load thy helpleſs age with arms?
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
But aſks far other ſtrength, far other hands.
No! could my own dear Hector arm again,
My own dear Hector now would arm in vain.
Come to theſe altars; here we all ſhall have
One common refuge, or one common grave.
This ſaid, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
And on the ſacred ſeat the monarch plac'd.
When lo! Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Through darts and foes, from ſlaught'ring Pyrrhus runs;
Wounded he traverſes the cloyſter'd dome,
Darts through the courts, and ſhoots from room to room:
Cloſe, cloſe behind, purſu'd the furious foe,
Juſt graſp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow;
Soon as within his parents ſight he paſt,
Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his laſt:
He fell; a purple ſtream the pavement dy'd,
The ſoul comes guſhing in the crimſon tide.
The king, thatſcene impatient to ſurvey,
Tho' death ſurrounds him, gives his fury way;

At tibi pro ſcelere, exclamat, pro talibus auſis,
Di, ſi qua eſt caelo pietas, quae talia curet,
Perſolvant grates dignas, et praemia reddant
Debita: qui gnati coram me cernere letum
Feciſti, et patrios foedaſti funere voltus.
At non ille, ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles
Talis in hoſte fuit Priamo: ſed jura fidemque
Supplicis erubuit, corpuſque exſangue ſepulcro
Reddidit Hectoreum, meque in mea regna remiſit.
Sic fatus ſenior, telumque inbelle ſine ictu
Conjecit: rauco quod protinus aere repulſum,
Et ſummo clipei nequidquam umbone pependit.
Quoi Pyrrhus: Referes ergo haec, et nuntius ibis
Pelidae genitori. illi mea triſtia facta,

722. *Unlike thy ſire.*] Achilles, in the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, receives old Priam with tenderneſs and compaſſion, and reſtores to him the body of his ſon Hector.

I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurprize of Achilles and the other ſpectators, and the attitude of Priam, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king. That circumſtance of Priam's kiſſing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine; "He kiſs'd, ſays Homer, the hands of Achilles, thoſe terrible, murderous hands, that had robb'd him of ſo many ſons." By theſe two words the poet recalls to our minds, all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Iliad: and at the ſame time ſtrikes us with the utmoſt compaſſion for this unhappy king, who is reduced ſo low as to be obliged to kiſs thoſe hands that had ſlain his ſubjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

POPE'S Iliad, xxiv. 586.

730. *The weapon languiſhingly.*] The tranſlator has expreſſed the weakneſs of Priam's effort by the flow of his verſe; and by a happy alliteration that marks debility, and an ineffectual attempt.

732. *Thou then be firſt.*] Virgil was too judicious, ſays Pope, to imitate Homer in ſome of his cruel and inhuman ſpeeches, made over the dying and the dead; and is much more reſerved in his ſarcaſms, and inſults. There are not above four or five in the whole Æneid. That of Pyrrhus to Priam in the ſecond book, though barbarous in itſelf, may be accounted for, as intended to raiſe a character of horror, and render the action of Pyrrhus odious; whereas Homer ſtains his

And oh! may ev'ry violated god,
Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;
(If gods there are, ſuch actions to regard,)
Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward;
Guilt, that a father's ſacred eyes defil'd
With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
Unlike thy ſire, Achilles the divine!
(But ſure Achilles was no ſire of thine!)
Foe as I was, the heroe deign'd to hear
The gueſt's, the ſuppliant's, king's, and father's prayer;
To funeral rites reſtor'd my Hector ſlain,
And ſafe diſmiſs'd me to my realm again.
This ſaid, his trembling arm eſſay'd to throw
The dull dead javelin, that ſcarce reach'd the foe;
The weapon languiſhingly lagg'd along,
And, guiltleſs, on the buckler faintly rung.
Thou then be firſt, replies the chief, to go
With theſe ſad tidings to his ghoſt below;

his moſt favourite characters with theſe barbarities. That of Aſcanius over Numanus in the ninth, was a fair opportunity where Virgil might have indulged the humour of a cruel raillery, and have been excuſed by the youth and gaiety of the ſpeaker; yet it is no more than a very moderate anſwer to the inſolencies with which he had juſt been provoked by his enemy, only retorting two of his own words upon him.

——*I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis!*
Bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis reſponſa remittunt.

He never ſuffers his Æneas to fall into this practice, but while he is on fire with indignation after the death of his friend Pallas: That ſhort one is the beſt that could be ſaid to ſuch a tyrant:

——*Ubi nunc Mezentius acer, et illa*
Effera vis animi?——

The worſt-natured one I remember (which yet is more excuſable than Homer's,) is that of Turnus to Eumedes in the twelfth book,

En, agros et quam bello, Trojane, petiſti,
Heſperiam metire jacens: haec praemia, qui me
Ferro auſi tentare, ferunt: ſic moenia condunt.

This note is ſo full of juſt criticiſm on ſo many paſſages of our author, that its length does not want any excuſe.

Degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
Nunc morere. Hoc dicens, altaria ad ipſa trementem
Traxit, et in multo labſantem ſanguine gnati,
Inplicuitque comam laeva; dextraque coruſcum
Extulit, ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit enſem.
Haec finis Priami fatorum, hic exitus illum
Sorte tulit, Trojam incenſam, et prolabſa videntem
Pergama; tot quondam populis terriſque ſuperbum
Regnatorem Aſiae. jacet ingens litore truncus,
Avolſumque humeris caput, et ſine nomine corpus.
At me tum primum ſaevus circumſtetit horror:
Obſtupui: ſubiit cari genitoris imago,
Ut regem aequaevom crudeli volnere vidi
Vitam exhalantem. ſubiit deſerta Creüſa,
Et direpta domus, et parvi caſus Iuli.
Reſpicio, et quae ſit circum me copia luſtro.
Deſeruere omnes defeſſi, et corpora ſaltu
Ad terram miſere, aut ignibus aegra dedere.
Jamque adeo ſuper unus eram: cum limina Veſtae
Servantem, et tacitam ſecreta in ſede latentem

744. *Such was the fate.*] There is a paſſage in Trapp's poetical lectures, where that critic compares the chaſte manner of Virgil's writing with the falſe and frivolous conceits and witticiſms of Seneca and Ovid; and he produces theſe verſes of Virgil as an inſtance. "*In Troade Senecae, Hecuba dolens quod Trojae excidio, Priami jaceret inhumatum cadaver, luctum ſuum ſic exprimit:*

Ille tot regum parens
Caret ſepulchro Priamus, et flammâ indiget,
Ardente Trojâ——
Et eodem modo alius;
—— Priamumque in littore truncum,
Cui non Troja rogus.——

Quid frigidius in materiâ tam grandi et ſublimi? Quàm leve iſtud dictum flammâ funebri caruiſſe Priamum, cum Troja flammis nimium abundaret? Quanto melius de re eâdem Virgilius! Haec finis Priami—*Grandia ſunt omnia; majeſtatis plena et argumento congruentia; noluit poeta in re tam ſeriâ et magnificâ exiguis facetiis ludere.*" PRAELECT.

753. *Old compeer.*] This circumſtance of his being put in mind of his father and family by ſeeing the lamentable death of

Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,
And tell my ſire of his degenerate boy.
Die then, he ſaid, and dragg'd the monarch on,
Thro' the warm blood that iſſu'd from his ſon,
Stagg'ring and ſliding in the ſlipp'ry gore,
And to the ſhrine the royal victim bore;
Lock'd in the left he graſps the ſilver hairs,
High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the ruthleſs fau'chion in his ſide.
Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,
Who ſaw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground;
He, who round Aſia ſent his high commands,
And ſtretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands,
Now lies a headleſs carcaſs on the ſhore,
The man, the monarch, and the name no more!
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
Struck with that ſcene of unexampled woe;
Soon as I ſaw the murder'd king expire:
His old compeer, my venerable ſire,
My palace, ſon, and conſort left behind,
All, all, at once came ruſhing on my mind.
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there;
My hapleſs friends, abandon'd to deſpair,
Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty ſpires,
Tir'd with their toils; or plung'd amidſt the fires.
Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I ſurvey
Where trembling Helen cloſe and ſilent lay

of old Priam, is very natural and moving. The diſtreſs is now work'd up to the height. Æneas is left alone amid all the dangers that ſurround him.

760. *Thus left alone.*] Varius and Tucca, who were appointed to reviſe the Æneid, are ſaid to have ſtruck out the twenty-two following verſes in the original, as containing ſome inconſiſtencies relating to Helen's flight, and ſome expreſſions not agreeable to the purity of Virgil's ſtyle. Catrou and Addiſon are for retrenching them, but Dr. Trapp has defended them at large, and thinks they deſerve to ſtand in their place. See ADDISON's Travels, p. 425-6.

Tyndarida adſpicio: dant clara incendia lucem
Erranti, paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.
Illa ſibi infeſtos everſa ob Pergama Teucros,
Et poenas Danaûm, et deſerti conjugis iras
Permetuens, Trojae et patriae communis Erinnys,
Abdiderat ſeſe, atque aris inviſa ſedebat.
Exarſere ignes animo: ſubit ira cadentem
Ulciſci patriam, et ſceleratas ſumere poenas.
Scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriaſque Mycenas
Aſpiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho?
Conjugiumque, domumque, patres, gnatoſque videbit,
Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata miniſtris?
Occiderit ferro Priamus? Troja arſerit igni?
Dardanium toties ſudarit ſanguine litus?
Non ita. namque etſi nullum memorabile nomen
Feminea in poena eſt, nec habet victoria laudem;
Extinxiſſe nefas tamen, et ſumſiſſe merentis
Laudabor poenas; animumque expleſſe juvabit
Ultricis flammae, et cineres ſatiaſſe meorum.
Talia jactabam, et furiata mente ferebar;
Cum mihi ſe, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
Obtulit, et pura per noctem in luce refulſit
Alma parens, confeſſa deam; qualiſque videri
Caelicolis, et quanta ſolet: dextraque prehenſum
Continuit, roſeoque haec inſuper addidit ore:
Gnate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
Quid furis? aut quonam noſtri tibi cura receſſit?

777. *Drench the Dardan ſhore*] In the original, *ſudârit ſanguine tellus*, is very ſtrong, and is cenſured by ſome critics; but Virgil had Ennius's authority for it, from whom he has borrow'd many expreſſions of great force and energy:

—— *Æs ſonat,*
Franguntur haſtae, terra ſudat ſanguine.

785. *I ſaw my mother riſe.*] With what pomp and majeſty has the poet introduced this piece of machinery! at the ſame time, how great is his art and judgment in bringing in Venus to make Æneas deſiſt from any farther attempts in endeavouring

In Veſta's porch; and by the diſmal glare
Of rolling flames diſcern the fatal fair;
The common plague! by Troy and Greece abhor'd!
She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan ſword,
Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.
Faſt by the ſhrine I ſpy'd the lurking dame,
And all my ſoul was kindled into flame:
My ruin'd country to revenge, I ſtood
In wrath reſolv'd to ſhed her impious blood.
Shall ſhe, this guilty fair, return in peace,
A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,
And ſee, attended by her Phrygian train,
Her home, her parents, ſpouſe, and ſons again?
For her curſt cauſe ſhall raging flames deſtroy
The ſtately ſtructures of imperial Troy?
So many ſlaughters drench the Dardan ſhore?
And Priam's ſelf lie welt'ring in his gore?
No!—ſhe ſhall die—for tho' the victor gain
No fame, no triumph for a woman ſlain;
Yet if by juſt revenge the traitreſs bleed,
The world conſenting will applaud the deed:
To my own vengeance I devote her head,
And the great ſpirits of our heroes dead.
Thus while I rav'd, I ſaw my mother riſe,
Confeſs'd a goddeſs, to my wond'ring eyes,
In pomp unuſual, and divinely bright;
Her beamy glories pierc'd the ſhades of night;
Such ſhe appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes
She ſhines in all her glories to the gods.
Juſt rais'd to ſtrike, my hand ſhe gently took,
Then from her roſy lips the goddeſs ſpoke.
What wrath ſo fierce to vengeance drives thee on?
Are we no objects of thy care, my ſon?

ing to ſave the city! nothing but the appearance of this goddeſs, who plainly ſhews him the deities that are engaged in deſtroying Troy, could make Æneas forſake the fight.

Non prius aſpicies, ubi feſſum aetate parentem
Liqueris Anchiſen? ſuperet conjuxne Creüſa,
Aſcaniuſque puer? quos omnis undique Graiae
Circum errant acies: et, ni mea cura reſiſtat,
Jam flammae tulerint, inimicus et hauſerit enſis.
Non tibi Tyndaridis facies inviſa Lacaenae,
Culpatuſve Paris. divôm inclementia, divôm
Has evertit opes, ſternitque a culmine Trojam.
(Aſpice: namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortalis hebetat viſus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam: tu ne qua parentis
Juſſa time, neu praeceptis parere recuſa)
Hic, ubi disjectas moles, avolſaque ſaxis
Saxa vides, mixtoque undantem pulvere fumum,
Neptunus muros, magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit; totamque a ſedibus urbem
Eruit. hic Juno Scaeas ſaeviſſima portas

814. *There Neptune's trident.*] This imagery is magnificent and ſublime; the thought of Venus's clearing his eye, and ſhewing him the Gods at work in deſtroying the city, is nobly conceived. I apprehend this to be one of the ſublimeſt paſſages in Virgil's writings, and indeed it is comparable to any thing in Homer, the greateſt commendation that can be given it.

The hint ſeems to have been given by Homer, Iliad V. 127. And this paſſage has been imitated by Milton, Book xi. 411. and by Taſſo, Canto xviii. Stanza 93. But the following paſſage in the Old Teſtament, greatly exceeds all the beforementioned ones: "And Eliſha prayed and ſaid, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may ſee. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he ſaw; and behold, the mountain was full of horſes, and chariots of fire, round about Eliſha." *Book of Kings*, 2. C. 6. 17.

816. *Heav'n's aweful queen, &c.*] In the ancient gems and marbles the Juno Matrona is always repreſented in a modeſt and decent dreſs; as the Juno Regina, and the Juno Moneta, are always in a fine and more magnificent one: Yet when one has formed an idea of Juno, either from the ſimplicity of the one, or the magnificence of the others, one is ſtill at a loſs what to make of Virgil's account of her arms and military chariot in the firſt Æneid (ver. 17.) or of that angry and warlike figure he has given of her in this paſſage.

"At

Think of Anchiſes, and his helpleſs age,
Thy hoary ſire expos'd to hoſtile rage;
Think if thy dear Creüſa yet ſurvive,
Think if thy child, the young Iülus live;
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks incloſe,
From every ſide endanger'd by the foes;
And, but my care withſtood, the ruthleſs ſword
Long ſince had ſlaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame;
The gods, my ſon, th' immortal gods deſtroy
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.
Hence then retire, retire without delay,
Attend thy mother, and her words obey;
Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded eye
From the thick miſt of dim mortality;
Where yon' rude piles of ſhatter'd ramparts riſe,
Stone rent from ſtone, in dreadful ruin lies,
And black with rolling ſmoke the duſty whirlwind flies:
There Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There, from her baſis heaves the trembling town;
Heav'n's aweful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
Here ſtorms tremendous at the Scæan gate:

" At my firſt conſidering theſe warlike deſcriptions of Juno in Virgil, I ſaw they did not agree with the moſt eſtabliſhed characters of that goddeſs among the Romans: I therefore thought, for ſome time, that Virgil took a good deal of liberty in caſes of this nature, and that theſe were to be reckoned among his negligences. But, on a more careful review, I found the fault was in myſelf; and that Virgil in both thoſe places intended to ſpeak of Juno, not according to the appearances ſhe uſed to make among the Romans, but according to the repreſentations of her in other countries. In the firſt he certainly ſpeaks of the Carthaginian Juno; and in the ſecond, of the Juno Argiva; or, at leaſt, ſome particular Juno of the Greeks.

" It ſhould, by the rules of propriety, be ſome Grecian Juno, or other; becauſe ſhe is aſſiſting the Greeks, to overturn the empire of the Aſiatics. One of the moſt celebrated among the Grecian Juno's was the Juno Argiva. She was worſhipped under

Prima tenet, ſociumque furens a navibus agmen
Ferro adcincta vocat.
Jam ſummas arcis Tritonia (reſpice) Pallas
Inſedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone ſaeva.
Ipſe pater Danais animos vireſque ſecundas
Sufficit: ipſe deos in Dardana ſuſcitat arma.
Eripe, gnate, fugam; finemque inpone labori.
Nuſquam abero, et tutum patrio te limine ſiſtam.
Dixerat: et ſpiſſis noctis ſe condidit umbris.
Adparent dirae facies, inimicaque Trojae
Numina magna deûm.
Tum verò omne mihi viſum conſidere in ignis
Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja.
Ac veluti ſummis antiquam in montibus ornum,

under that name even in Italy; and Ovid has a long deſcription of a proceſſion to her at Faliſci, Lib. iii. El. 13.

"Helenus had ordered the Romans, by Æneas, to worſhip Juno moſt particularly, to get her over to their party. Virgil, Æn. iii. ver. 433—439. They did ſo, and thought that, in time, ſhe came to prefer them to all her moſt favourite nations, Ovid's Faſt. Lib. 6. ver. 45—48." Polymetis, p. 56.

834. *So when an aged aſh.*] This ſimile is copied from Homer, whoſe great advocate Macrobius gives the preference in this inſtance to Virgil. The tranſlator has done it juſtice, and we venture to affirm it has loſt no one beauty under his hands. The laſt line, is an eminent example of the ſound's being an echo to the ſenſe: as is the fourth line

The tall tree trembling——

of a beauty in ſtyle much admired, called, the alliteration, or beginning many words that are placed together with the ſame letter: Waller thought this a beauty, and Dryden was wonderfully fond of it. Some late writers under the notion of imitating theſe two great verſifiers in this point, run into downright affectation, and are guilty of the moſt improper and ridiculous expreſſions, provided there be but an alliteration. 'Tis obſervable, that there are many inſtances of this beauty of ſtyle in Lucretius; ſuch are,

Verbera ventorum vitare——
Et murmura magna minarum:

but a moſt charming inſtance of it appears in another paſſage of this

Radiant in arms the furious goddeſs ſtands,
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.
On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold,
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
Great Jove himſelf the ſons of Greece inſpires,
Each arm he ſtrengthens, and each ſoul he fires.
Againſt the Trojans, from the bright abodes,
See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.
Strive then no more with Heav'n;—but oh! retreat.
Ourſelf will guide thee to thy father's ſeat;
Ourſelf will cover and befriend thy flight.
She ſaid, and ſunk within the ſhades of night;
And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
And lower'd, majeſtically ſtern, around.
Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and ſpires;
Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, ſunk in fires.
So when an aged aſh, whoſe honours riſe
From ſome ſteep mountain tow'ring to the ſkies,

this fine old poet: in a line the moſt ſoft and ſmooth imaginable, where ſpeaking of ſwans, he ſays,

Et liquidam tollunt lugubri voce querelam.
Lib. iv. 552.

A reader of a muſical ear will eaſily perceive the beauty of ſo many of the letter L concurring.

" 'Tis very remarkable, that the affectation of this beauty is ridiculed by Shakeſpear, in his Love's Labour Loſt, act ii. where the pedant Holofernes ſays, I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prickt——

'Tis ridiculed too in Chaucer, in a paſſage which I believe not every reader underſtands.

The *Plowman's tale* is written, in ſome meaſure, in imitation of Piers Plowman's viſion, and runs chiefly upon ſome one letter, or at leaſt many ſtanzas have this affected iteration, as

A full ſterne ſtreif is ſtirred now——
For ſome be grete grown on grounde.

When the parſon therefore in his order comes to tell his tale, which reflected on the clergy, he ſays,

—I am

Cum ferro acciſam crebriſque bipennibus inſtant
Eruere agricolae certatim; illa uſque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concuſſo vertice nutat;
Volneribus donec paullatim evicta ſupremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avolſa ruinam.
Deſcendo, ac ducente deo flammam inter et hoſtis
Expedior. dant tela locum, flammaeque recedunt.
Atque ubi jam patriae perventum ad limina ſedis,
Antiquaſque domos; genitor, quem tollere in altos
Optabam primum montis, primumque petebam,
Abnegat exciſa vitam producere Troja,
Exſiliumque pati. Vos ô, quibus integer aevi
Sanguis, ait, ſolidaeque ſuo ſtant robore vires,
Vos agitate fugam.
Me ſi caelicolae voluiſſent ducere vitam,
Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes. ſatis una ſuperque
Vidimus excidia, et captae ſuperavimus urbi.
Sic ô, ſic poſitum adfati diſcedite corpus.
Ipſe manu mortem inveniam. miſerebitur hoſtis,
Exuviaſque petet. facilis jactura ſepulcri.
Jam pridem inviſus divis, et inutilis annos
Demoror: ex quo me divôm pater atque hominum rex
Fulminis adflavit ventis, et contigit igni.
Talia perſtabat memorans, fixuſque manebat.

——I am a ſouthern man,
I cannot jeſt, rum, ram, ruf, by letter,
And God wote rime, hold I but little better."
UPTON's letter concerning Spenſer, p. 27.

871. *The mournful family.*] The pathetic was ſcarce ever perhaps carried farther than in this moving paſſage. Old Anchiſes, in the utmoſt deſpair, reſolving to die on the ſpot, and thinking it impoſſible to try to eſcape, Creuſa and Iülus, and Æneas, all ſtanding about him, and perſuading him to fly, to whoſe advice he continues inflexible, are moſt ſtriking circumſtances. This would have been a finer ſubject for Le Brun, than Darius's tent.

With many an ax by ſhouting ſwains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the ſtrokes from every ſide;
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:
At laſt quite vanquiſh'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls craſhing down the vale,
Headlong with half the ſhatter'd mountain flies,
And ſtretch'd out huge in length th' unmeaſur'd ruin lies.
Now, by the goddeſs led, I bend my way,
Tho' javelins hiſs, and flames around me play;
With ſlopping ſpires the flames obliquely fly,
The glancing darts turn innocently by.
Soon as, theſe various dangers paſt, I come
Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome,
Whom firſt I ſought, to bear his helpleſs age
Safe o'er the mountains, far from hoſtile rage;
An exil'd life diſdaining to enjoy,
He ſtands determin'd to expire with Troy:
Fly you, who health, and youth, and ſtrength maintain,
You, whoſe warm blood beats high in every vein;
For me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,
Heav'n had preſerv'd for me the Dardan ſtate;
Too much of life already have I known,
To ſee my country's fall prevent my own;
Think then, this aged corſe with Ilion fell,
And take, oh! take your ſolemn laſt farewell:
For death—theſe hands that office yet can do;
If not—I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
At leaſt the ſoldier for my ſpoils will come;
Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
Grown to my friends an uſeleſs heavy load,
Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
Since, in his wrath, high Heaven's almighty ſire
Blaſted theſe limbs with his avenging fire.
Thus he; and obſtinately bent appears:
The mournful family ſtand round in tears.

Nos contra effuſi lacrimis, conjuxque Creüſa,
Aſcaniuſque, omniſque domus, ne vertere ſecum
Cuncta pater, fatoque urguenti incumbere vellet.
Abnegat, inceptoque et ſedibus haeret in iſdem.
Rurſus in arma feror, mortemque miſerrimus opto.
Nam quod conſilium, aut quae jam fortuna dabatur?
Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te poſſe relicto
Speraſti? tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore?
Si nihil ex tanta ſuperis placet urbe relinqui;
Et ſedet hoc animo, perituraeque addere Trojae
Teque tuoſque juvat: patet iſti janua letho.
Jamque aderit multo Priami de ſanguine Pyrrhus,
Gnatum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
Hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis
Eripis, ut mediis hoſtem in penetralibus, utque
Aſcanium, patremque meum, juxtaque Creüſam,
Alterum in alterius mactatos ſanguine cernam?
Arma, viri, ferte arma: vocat lux ultima victos.
Reddite me Danais: ſinite inſtaurata reviſam
Proelia. numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.
Hic ferro adcingor rurſus, clipeumque ſiniſtrae
Inſertabam aptans, meque extra tecta ferebam.

901. *My arms.*] Whoever attentively conſiders this animated paſſage, cannot ſurely think, that either Æneas or Virgil wants ſpirit and fire.

Myſelf, my ſhrieking wife, my weeping ſon,
Friends, ſervants, all, intreat him to be gone,
Nor to the general ruin add his own;
Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
Nor urge a fate, that flew too ſwift before.
Unmov'd, he ſtill determines to maintain
His cruel purpoſe, and we plead in vain.
Once more I hurry to the dire alarms,
To end a miſerable life in arms;
For oh! what meaſures could I now purſue,
When death, and only death, was left in view:
To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,
Could ſuch a ſire propoſe to ſuch a ſon?
If 'tis by your's and Heav'n's high will decreed,
That you, and all, with hapleſs Troy, muſt bleed;
If not her leaſt remains you deign to ſave;
Behold! the door lies open to the grave.
Pyrrhus will ſoon be here, all cover'd o'er
And red from venerable Priam's gore;
Who ſtab'd the ſon before the father's view,
Then at the ſhrine the royal father ſlew.
Why, heavenly mother! did thy guardian care
Snatch me from fires, and ſhield me in the war?
Within theſe walls to ſee the Grecians roam,
And purple ſlaughter ſtride around the dome;
To ſee my murder'd conſort, ſon, and ſire,
Steep in each other's blood, on heaps expire!
Arms! arms! my friends, with ſpeed my arms ſupply,
'Tis our laſt hour, and ſummons us to die;
My arms!—In vain you hold me,—let me go—
Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
'Tis well—we will not tamely periſh all,
But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.
Now ruſhing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
The ſword once more, and gripe the pond'rous ſhield.

Ecce autem conplexa pedes in limine conjux
Haerebat, parvomque patri tendebat Iulum:
Si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum:
Sin aliquam expertus ſumtis ſpem ponis in armis,
Hanc primum tutare domum. quoi parvus Iulus,
Quoi pater, et conjux quondam tua dicta relinquor?
Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat:
Cum ſubitum, dictuque oritur mirabile monſtrum.
Namque manus inter, maeſtorumque ora parentum,
Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas, et paſci tempora circùm.
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem
Excutere, et ſanctos reſtinguere fontibus ignis.
At pater Anchiſes oculos ad ſidera laetus
Extulit, et caelo palmas cum voce tetendit:
Juppiter omnipotens, precibus ſi flecteris ullis,
Aſpice nos; hoc tantum: et, ſi pietate meremur,
Da deinde auxilium, pater; atque haec omina firma.
Vix ea fatus erat ſenior: ſubitoque fragore
Intonuit laevom, et de caelo labſa per umbras
Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.

910. *Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child,*
And oh! ſhe cries———]

This ſhort ſpeech of Creüſa is moving, and her holding out the little Iülus to his father, is a moſt tender circumſtance. None of the poets (ſays Addiſon) have touched this paſſion of grief like Virgil: the generality of other writers, when they attempt to move their readers, offend in this point, that they are too prolix in ſpinning out their complaints, and think their flood of tears inexhauſtible; or elſe, while they labour to expreſs the greatneſs of their genius, in the profuſeneſs of their verſe, rather raiſe our admiration at the flowing of their numbers, than excite our pity at the cataſtrophe of their ſtory. Virgil has carefully avoided both theſe extremes, and dreſſes his images of ſorrow in their native ſimplicity; and wherever he touches upon the pathetic, he does it, with a maſterly quickneſs.

The declamatory writers of long ſpeeches in tragedy, uttered by perſons in deep diſtreſs, ſhould conſider a little this practice of our judicious poet.

When, at the door, my weeping ſpouſe I meet,
The fair Creüſa, who embrac'd my feet,
And clinging round them, with diſtraction wild,
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child:
And oh! ſhe cries, if bent on death thou run,
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and ſon;
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend theſe walls, and try thy valour here;
Ah! who ſhall guard thy fire, when thou art ſlain,
Thy child, or me, thy conſort once in vain?
Thus while ſhe raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud ſhrieks, and agonizing cries.
When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
For while each parent kiſs'd the boy with tears,
Sudden a circling flame was ſeen to ſpread
With beams refulgent round Iülus' head;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmleſs fires around his temples blaze.
Trembling and pale we quench with buſy care
The ſacred fires, and ſhake his flaming hair.
But bold Anchiſes lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in tranſport, to the ſkies.
Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,
This once regard us with a gracious eye;
If e'er our vows deſerv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchſafe thy ſuccour, and confirm thy ſign.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when ſudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;
A ſtar ſhot ſweeping through the ſhades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,

919. It is certain (ſays Catrou) that Virgil borrowed this event from the Roman hiſtory; for a flame appeared upon the head of Servius Tullius, according to the relations of Pliny and Plutarch, whilſt he was yet an infant. It was conjectured by that incident, that he would be a king. Anchiſes, ſkilled in auguries, judged, by the ſame prognoſtic, that a kingdom was promiſed to his grandſon.

Illam, ſumma ſuper labentem culmina tecti,
Cernimus Idaea claram ſe condere ſilva,
Signantemque vias: longo tum limite ſulcus
Dat lucem, et late circum loca ſulfure fumant.
Hic vero victus genitor ſe tollit ad auras,
Adfaturque deos, et ſanctum ſidus adorat.
Jam jam nulla mora eſt. ſequor, et, qua ducitis, adſum.
Di patrii, ſervate domum, ſervate nepotem:
Veſtrum hoc augurium, veſtroque in numine Troja eſt.
Cedo equidem, nec, gnate, tibi comes ire recuſo.
Dixerat ille: et jam per moenia clarior ignis
Auditur, propiuſque aeſtus incendia volvont.
Ergo age, care pater, cervici inponere noſtrae:
Ipſe ſubibo humeris, nec me labor iſte gravabit:
Quo res cumque cadant, unum et commune periclum,
Una ſalus ambobus erit. mihi ſolus Iulus
Sit comes, et longe ſervet veſtigia conjux.
Vos famuli, quae dicam, animis advertite veſtris.
Eſt urbe egreſſis tumulus templumque vetuſtum
Deſertae Cereris, juxtaque antiqua cupreſſus;
Religione patrum multos ſervata per annos.
Hanc e diverſo ſedem veniemus in unam.
Tu, genitor, cape ſacra manu, patrioſque Penates.
Me, bello e tanto digreſſum et caede recenti,

967. *Thou, thou, my ſire, our gods and relics bear*—]
As the not taking the true ſcope of the Æneid has occaſioned miſtakes, to Virgil's diſadvantage, concerning the plan and conduct of the poem; ſo hath it likewiſe concerning the characters. The piety of Æneas, and his high veneration for the gods, ſo much offends a celebrated French writer, (Monſieur de St. Evremont) that he ſays, "the hero was fitter to found a "religion than a monarchy." But he did not know, that the image of a perfect lawgiver is held out to us in Æneas; and had he known that he had perhaps been ignorant, that it was the office of ſuch, to found religions and colleges of prieſts, as well as ſtates and corporations. And that Virgil tells us this was his,

——*Dum conderet urbem*
Inferretque Deos Latio.——

WARBURTON's Divine Legation, Book ii. ſect. 4.

The

That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, deſcends in Ida's grove;
Then left a long continu'd ſtream in view,
The track ſtill glittering where the glory flew.
The flame paſt gleaming with a bluiſh glare,
And ſmokes of ſulphur fill the tainted air.
At this convinc'd, aroſe my reverend ſire,
Addreſs'd the gods, and hail'd the ſacred fire.
Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But inſtant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by theſe your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate ſhall riſe again,
To light and life, a glorious ſecond Troy;
Then ſave this houſe, and this auſpicious boy;
Convinc'd by omens ſo divinely bright,
I go, my ſon, companion of thy flight.
Thus he—and nearer now in curling ſpires
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
Haſte then, my ſire, I cry'd, my neck aſcend,
With joy beneath your ſacred load I bend;
Together will we ſhare, where-e'er I go,
One common welfare, or one common woe.
Ourſelf with care will young Iülus lead;
At ſafer diſtance you my ſpouſe ſucceed:
Heed too theſe orders, ye attendant train;
Without the wall ſtands Ceres' vacant fane,
Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypreſs near,
Preſerv'd for ages with religious fear;
Thither, from different roads aſſembling, come,
And meet embodied at the ſacred dome:
Thou, thou, my ſire, our gods and relics bear;
Theſe hands, yet horrid with the ſtains of war,

The reader is deſired to bear this obſervation in his mind, which will ſerve to clear up a variety of paſſages and incidents throughout the poem; and for want of attending to which, Virgil's aim and meaning have been frequently miſinterpreted and miſunderſtood.

Adtractare nefas; donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.
Haec fatus, latos humeros ſubjectaque colla
Veſte ſuper, fulvique inſternor pelle leonis;
Succedoque oneri. dextrae ſe parvus Iulus
Implicuit, ſequiturque patrem non paſſibus aequis:
Pone ſubit conjux. ferimur per opaca locorum.
Et me, quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, neque adverſo glomerati ex agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent aurae: ſonus excitat omnis
Suſpenſum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.
Jamque propinquabam portis, omnemque videbar
Evaſiſſe viam; ſubito cum creber ad auris
Viſus adeſſe pedum ſonitus: genitorque per umbram
Proſpiciens, Gnate, exclamat, fuge, gnate; propinquant,
Ardentis clipeos, atque aera micantia cerno.
Hic mihi neſcio quod trepido male numen amicum
Confuſam eripuit mentem. namque avia curſu
Dum ſequor, et nota excedo regione viarum;
Heu miſero conjux fatone erepta Creüſa

980. *At every breeze.*] Fulvius Urſinus has obſerved that Virgil had in his eye this verſe of Sophocles,

Απαντα γαρ τοι τω φοβεμενω ψοφος.

There is likewiſe a fine fragment of Turpilius in a play called Leucadia to this purpoſe:

Miſeram terrent mè omnia, maris ſonitus, ſcopuli,
Et ſolitudo, et ſanctitudo Apollinis.

After Macbeth has murdered the king he exclaims,

How is't with me, when ev'ry noiſe appalls me!

986. *And, fly, my ſon, they come.*] This ſudden fear and exclamation of his father puts Æneas into a hurry and agitation, and therefore makes his eſcape thro' devious paths very natural; and, for the ſame reaſon, the loſing Creüſa very probable.

993. *I loſt my dear Creüſa.*] The addreſs of Virgil in the contrivance in this incident is admirable. For had not Æneas been ſuppoſed to traverſe back through the ruins of Troy in queſt of his wife, we muſt neceſſarily have loſt the narrative of many things, that happened in that dreadful night, which he

Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
When the pure ſtream ſhall waſh the guilt away.
Now, with a lion's ſpoils beſpread, I take
My ſire, a pleaſing burthen, on my back;
Cloſe clinging to my hand, and preſſing nigh,
With ſteps unequal trip'd Iülus by;
Behind, my lov'd Creüſa took her way;
Through every lonely dark receſs we ſtray:
And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
Now take alarm, while horrors reign around,
At every breeze, and ſtart at every ſound.
With fancy'd fears my buſy thoughts were wild
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.
Now, to the city gates approaching near,
I ſeem the ſound of trampling feet to hear.
Alarm'd my ſire look'd forward thro' the ſhade,
And, Fly my ſon, they come, they come, he ſaid;
Lo! from their ſhields I ſee the ſplendors ſtream;
And ken diſtinct the helmet's fiery gleam.
And here, ſome envious god, in this diſmay,
This ſudden terror, ſnatch'd my ſenſe away.
For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
Studious to wander from the beaten road;
I loſt my dear Creüſa, nor can tell
From that ſad moment, if by fate ſhe fell;

he neither could have ſeen, nor had any knowledge of; as, the pillaging of the palaces and temples, the number of Trojans that were made captives, and the very burning of his own houſe. SEGRAIS.

993. *I loſt.*] Some have imputed it as a fault, it ſeems, to Æneas, that he took no more care of his wife: But Æneas charges himſelf with the care of his old father, and infant ſon, as the moſt weak and helpleſs perſons; and he cautions his wife to follow him, ſo as neither to be at his heels, nor yet to quit ſight of him; that their flight may be the more eaſily diſguiſed, and that he might the more eaſily ſuccour her upon occaſion: She is loſt, becauſe he could not foreſee the misfortune, nor look behind him, incumber'd as he was with his

Subſtitit, erravitne via, ſeu laſſa reſedit,
Incertum: nec poſt oculis eſt reddita noſtris:
Nec prius amiſſam reſpexi, animumque reflexi,
Quam tumulum antiquae Cereris ſedemque ſacratam
Venimus. hic demum conlectis omnibus una
Defuit; et comites, gnatumque, virumque, fefellit.
Quem non incuſavi amens hominumque deorumque?
Aut quid in everſa vidi crudelius urbe?
Aſcanium, Anchiſenque patrem, Teucroſque Penates
Commendo ſociis, et curva valle recondo.
Ipſe urbem repeto, et cingor fulgentibus armis.
Stat caſus revocare omnis, omnemque reverti
Per Trojam; et rurſus caput obiectare periclis.
Principio muros obſcuraque limina portae,
Qua greſſum extuleram, repeto; et veſtigia retro
Obſervata ſequor per noctem, et lumine luſtro.
Horror ubique animos, ſimul ipſa ſilentia terrent.
Inde domum, ſi forte pedem, ſi forte tuliſſet,
Me refero. inruerant Danai, et tectum omne tenebant.
Ilicet ignis edax ſumma ad faſtigia vento
Volvitur: exſuperant flammae: furit aeſtus ad auras.
Procedo, et Priami ſedes arcemque reviſo.
Et jam porticibus vacuis Junonis aſylo
Cuſtodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Ulixes
Praedam adſervabant. huc undique Troïa gaza

father on his ſhoulders. Virgil has taken care to prevent the objection, by that great judgment, which he ſhews upon every emergency. It cannot be inferr'd, that Æneas preferr'd his father to his wife, through a want of affection to her: That is anſwer'd by the great care which he takes to recover her; and the great dangers, which he runs through to that end. It is, beſides, a fine ſtroke of art in the poet, to make her ſay, that her loſs, or death, is not without the appointment of the Gods. It was deſtin'd to Æneas, to go to Italy, and there to marry Lavinia: (for by this alliance the Romans were to deſcend from the Trojans:) and therefore if Creüſa had not been properly diſpoſed of, ſhe muſt of conſequence have been a bar to that match. SEGRAIS.

1017. *If there, if.*]

Si forte pedem, ſi forte tuliſſet.

Or ſunk fatigu'd; or ſtraggled from the train;
But ah! ſhe never bleſt theſe eyes again!
Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
Did I ſuſpect her loſt, nor miſs the dame,
There all the train aſſembled, all but ſhe,
Loſt to her friends, her father, ſon, and me.
What men, what gods did my wild fury ſpare?
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with deſpair.
In Troy's laſt ruins did I ever know
A ſcene ſo cruel! ſuch tranſcendent woe!
Our gods, my ſon, and father to the train
I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
Then fly for Troy, and ſhine in arms again.
Reſolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
And tempt the dangers that I ſcap'd before.
Now to the gate I run with furious haſte,
Whence firſt from Ilion to the plain I paſt:
Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
And tread my former footſteps o'er again.
Surrounding horrors all my ſoul affright;
And more, the dreadful ſilence of the night.
Next to my houſe I flew without delay,
If there, if haply there ſhe bent her way.
In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there;
High, o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
Fierce to devour, the fiery tempeſt flies,
Swells in the wind, and thunders to the ſkies.
Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
And ſearch'd her father's regal walls in vain.
Ulyſſes now and Phœnix I ſurvey,
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey;
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
Refulgent robes, and bowls of maſſy gold;

That repetition, expreſſive of doubt and uncertainty, is very elegant, ſays Trapp. Pitt has endeavoured to preſerve this beauty.

Incenſis erepta adytis, menſaeque deorum,
Crateresque auro ſolidi, captivaque veſtis
Congeritur. pueri et pavidae longo ordine matres
Stant circum.
Auſus quinetiam voces jactare per umbram,
Inplevi clamore vias, maeſtuſque Creüſam
Nequidquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque vocavi.
Quaerenti, et tectis urbis ſine fine furenti,
Infelix ſimulacrum atque ipſius umbra Creüſae
Viſa mihi ante oculos, et nota major imago.
Obſtupui, ſteteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haeſit.
Tum ſic adfari, et curas his demere dictis:
Quid tantum inſano juvat indulgere labori,
O dulcis conjux? non haec ſine numine divôm
Eveniunt. nec te comitem hinc aſportare Creüſam
Fas, aut ille ſinit ſuperi regnator Olympi.
Longa tibi exſilia, et vaſtum maris aequor arandum.
Et terram Heſperiam venies: ubi Lydius, arva
Inter opima virûm, leni fluit agmine Thybris·
Illic res laetae, regnumque, et regia conjux
Parta tibi. lacrimas dilectae pelle Creüſae.
Non ego Myrmidonum ſedes, Dolopumve ſuperbas
Aſpiciam, aut Graiis ſervitum matribus ibo,

1033. *And in the ſhade on dear Creüſa cry.*] The grief and diſtreſs with which Æneas ſays he was o'erwhelm'd, at the loſs of his wife, his care and diligence in ſearching for her, and his venturing back again, alone and unaſſiſted, into the thickeſt of the enemy, to find her; were all a plain indication of his great tenderneſs, ſenſibility, and conjugal affection; and, as ſuch, muſt needs make a very deep impreſſion on Dido's heart. *Profecto, me horror capit atque etiam quatit, ubi videre, atque audire videor, in nocte, inter hoſtes, fortem ſimul atque pium virum, etiam clamore cariſſimam uxorem quærere.* SCALIGER.

Si ſic——omnia dixiſſet!

1037. *I ſaw her ſhade ariſe.*] This machine of Creüſa's ghoſt is judiciouſly introduced. There was *a dignus vindice nodus*. No other expedient could be found to ſtop the further ſearch

A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods,
A mighty train of ſhrieking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Yet more—I boldly raiſe my voice on high,
And in the ſhade on dear Creüſa cry;
Call on her name a thouſand times in vain,
But ſtill repeat the darling name again.
Thus while I rave and roll my ſearching eyes,
Solemn and ſlow I ſaw her ſhade ariſe,
The form enlarg'd majeſtic mov'd along;
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue;
Thus as I ſtood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair
With theſe mild accents ſooth'd my fierce deſpair.
  Why with exceſs of ſorrow raves in vain
My deareſt Lord, at what the Gods ordain?
Oh could I ſhare thy toils!—but fate denies;
And Jove, dread Jove, the ſovereign of the ſkies.
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to ſweep
Seas after ſeas, and plow the watry deep.
Heſperia ſhall be thine, where Tyber glides
Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in eaſy tides.
There ſhall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
Then let your ſorrows for Creüſa ceaſe;
For know, I never ſhall be led to Greece;
Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's ſhame,
A ſlave to ſome imperious Argive dame.

ſearch of Æneas for his wife, and let him return again to rejoin his friends in their expedition.

1051. *And a royal bride.*] Æneas relating this prophecy of his wife to Dido, thereby informs her, that he was reſerved by deſtiny for the bed of Lavinia: and ſo inforces the reaſons of his obligation to quit Carthage. Dido therefore betrays herſelf by an indiſcreet paſſion, and is not betray'd by any perfidy of Æneas. SEGRAIS.

1054. *Captive's ſhame.*] Slavery was deemed the greateſt of miſeries by the ancients. Andromache, to perſuade Hector from

Dardanis, et divae Veneris nurus :
Sed me magna deûm genetrix his detinet oris.
Jamque vale, et gnati ſerva communis amorem.
Haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa volentem
Dicere, deſeruit, tenuiſque receſſit in auras.
Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum ;
Ter fruſtra comprenſa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomnio.
Sic demum ſocios conſumta nocte reviſo.
Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxiſſe novorum
Invenio admirans numerum ; matreſque, viroſque,
Conlectam exſilio pubem, miſerabile volgus :
Undique convenere, animis opibuſque parati,
In quaſcumque velim pelago deducere terras.
Jamque jugis ſummae ſurgebat Lucifer Idae,
Ducebatque diem ; Danaique obſeſſa tenebant
Limina portarum : nec ſpes opis ulla dabatur.
Ceſſi, et ſublato montis genitore petivi.

from going to the field of battle (in the Iliad, tells him that if he ſhould be ſlain, ſhe ſhould be made a captive by the Grecians ; as the moſt powerful motive ſhe could think of, to detain him in the city.

1061. *Our ſon.*] Thus Alceſtes in Euripides, juſt upon the point of death, v. 375.

Παιδας χειρος εξ εμης δεχυ·
Συ νυν γενυ τοις δ' αντ' εμυ μητης τεκνοις.

1072. *A hoſt of willing exiles.*] The poet by this circumſtance ſignifies how greatly Æneas was beloved by the Trojans, and the weight and importance of his character.

1076. *Arm'd.*] *Opibus* (in the original) may mean arms, or conveniencies, or neceſſaries for their intended expedition. Catrou ſays that by *velim deducere* (v. 800 in the original) is implied that they elected Æneas their king and leader, after the manner of ancient times.

1083. *And bear the venerable load away.*] This inſtance of filial piety, a great prince and hero's bearing his old feeble father on his ſhoulders, is highly pleaſing. A modern leader

or

No !—born a princeſs, ſprung from heav'n above,
Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in theſe abodes,
To ſerve the glorious mother of the gods.
Farewell; and to our ſon thy care approve,
Our ſon, the pledge of our commutual love.
Thus ſhe; and, as I wept, and wiſh'd to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſſolv'd in air away.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;
Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting viſion of the night.
Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
From ruin'd Ilion I return again;
To whom, with wonder and ſurprize, I find
A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
A hoſt of willing exiles round me ſtand,
Matrons, and men, a miſerable band;
Eager the wretches pour from every ſide,
To ſhare my fortunes on the foamy tide;
Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
To lead and fix them on ſome foreign ſhore:
And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
Flames the bright ſtar, that leads the golden day.
No hopes of aid in view, and every gate
Poſſeſt by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
And bear the venerable load away.

or general would never ſubmit to ſo laborious a taſk, but would order their ſervants or ſoldiers to undertake it. I queſtion whether Addiſon in his Campaign could have ventured to deſcribe ſuch a circumſtance: So improper are modern manners for deſcription in epic poetry.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

EXCVRSVS I.

AD AEN. II. PRINC.

POST ſermonis poëtici elegantiam poëtae doctrinam declarare nobis inprimis eſſe propoſitum, ab initio ſumus profeſſi. Cum itaque in libro altero excidii Troiani caſus mira rerum varietate et iucunditate exponat, multaque, quae in Homero non occurrunt, commemoret, quandoquidem in inueniendis rebus aut in aliorum inuentis ſapienter retinendis, variandis, ornandis, diſponendis, eloquendis vel maxime poëtae ingenium cognoſcitur, vt intelligatur, quaenam ille ab antiquioribus poëtis iam ante expoſita ad proprii carminis naturam, rationem ac conſilium attemperauerit, non intempeſtiuum fore arbitramur, ſi, qui ante Virgilium praeter Homerum res Troianas, excidii inprimis, de quo nunc potiſſimum agitur, expoſuerint, quoſque ex iis potiſſimum Virgilio ante oculos fuiſſe probabile ſit, paullo accuratius indagemus; etſi in nonnullis nos doctioris diſputationis tantum lineas ducere, in aliis nonnulla, quae copioſius iam ab aliis dicta ſunt, ſummatim colligere non ignoremus.

Res igitur Troiani belli omnino poſt Homerum primum fuerunt tractatae a poëtis cyclicis, hoc eſt, ab iis poëtis, qui, Homeri exemplo, non modo rerum bello Troiano geſtarum, quae Iliadem ſiue anteceſſerunt ſiue ſunt ſequutae, verum adeo, Proclo apud Photium teſte, totius mythologiae a Coeli et Terrae inde nuptiis ad finem errorum Vlyſſis, modo ſingula capita modo plurium capitum complexum carmine epico, hoc eſt, ad

Homeri

Homerici carminis numeros, tractandique et eloquendi modum, compoſito, expoſuerant, et ex quibus certa diſpoſitione a neſcio quo collectis et ordinatis ſyntagma epicum exſtabat concinnatum. Accurate de iis poſt Salmaſ. in Solin. p. 597. et Caſaub. ad Athen. VII. 4. Dodwell. de Cycl. p. 802. qui ſoli conſuli merentur, egit Schwarzius Altdorf. in Diſſ. de poëtis cyclicis. Adde Fabric. B. Gr. T. I. p. 281. etſi admodum pauca in hoc argumento ad liquidum ſunt perducta.

Quorum autem poëtarum nomina et opera hoc cyclo comprehenſa fuerint, res eſt partim obſcura, partim controuerſa, etiam inter veteres. Quo ipſo conſtare puto, intra priuatam nonnullorum doctorum Grammaticorum opinionem totam hanc de cyclo epico praeceptionem ſubſtitiſſe. Neque vnquam tale corpus plurium poëtarum aliter confectum eſſe arbitror, quam vt grammaticus aliquis eorum recenſum ſeu indicem faceret, et ſingulari forte libello aut in opere grammatico ederet. Nec facile omnes, quorum magnus fuit numerus, qui Genealogias deorum, Titanomachias, Gigantomachias, Argonautica, Thebaica, Amazonica, Heracleas, Orchomenica, et ſic porro, tum in rebus Iliacis qui Νόστους ſcripſerunt, tali indice enumerati fuerunt. *Arctinum Mileſium*, *Leſchen et Eumelum* eo comprehenſum fuiſſe plerique tradunt: ſed *Antimachum*, *Steſichorum*, *Cypria carmina* inſerunt alii, fide non ſatis explorata.

Nec tamen horum poëtarum opera, quae, vt ex nonnullis fragmentis colligere licet, tota ad Homeri non tam artem quam ſermonem potius ac colorem et epicam dictionem fuit compoſita, aliorum ſtudia et conatus infregit ac retardauit. Nam cum pedeſtris orationis vſus et cultus increbreſcere inter Graecos coepiſſet, multique eſſent, qui antiquiſſimos mythos hiſtoriaſque Graeciae, partim ſingularum vrbium fabulis, religionibus ac ſacris, feſtis ac ritibus, locorum etiam monumentis, templorumque donariis conſecratas, partim ex priſcis carminibus,

minibus, quae ſupererant, collectas literis mandarent; inter quos *Acuſilaus Argiuus* et *Pherecydes Athenienſis*, et ſi vera edidit Clemens Alex. etiam *Eumelus Corinthius*, et poſt hos alii Θεογονιῶν auctores, genealogiis deorum ac coſmogoniis condendis inprimis inclaruerant; ſucceſſerunt alii, qui Graecorum poſt mythicum tempus hiſtorias, adeoque etiam bellum Troianum perſcriberent, inter quos neſcio an primo loco *Hecataeum Mileſium* ponam. Sed *Hellanici Leſbii* in Troicis rebus fides inprimis fuit probata, vt etiam Dionyſius Halic. lib. I. c. 46. 47. in Troiae excidio Aeneaeque fuga narranda eum potiſſimum ſequendum exiſtimet; et ex Clemente Alex. I. Strom. p. 139. ſatis conſtat, eum Troiae captae epocham inter ceteros accurate definiiſſe. Laudantur eodem loco alii, ſed nominibus tantum noti. Celebrius nomen eſt *Dionyſii Mileſii*, qui Herodoto paullo antiquior circa Olymp. LXV. vixiſſe traditur, et a Dodwello et aliis, etiam Schwarzio, cycli epici auctor exiſtimatur; quod tamen totum ex nomine κυκλογράφος, quo Suidae audit, ductum eſſe video. Enimuero nomen illud habuiſſe videtur propter opera ſua, quae cyclum mythicum et hiſtoricum efficiebant, eaque in hunc modum ordinanda, vt ſcripſerit Μυθικὰ, Τρωϊκῶν βιβλία γ', tum Κύκλον ἱστορικὸν ἐν βιβλίοις ζ', ſequebantur τὰ Περσικὰ et tandem τὰ μετὰ Δαρεῖον; in quo ipſo habemus hiſtoriae catholicae ſcriptorem antiquiorem illis, qui vulgo habentur; et neſcio annon *Polemonis Periegetae* libri ſimili modo dicti ſint κυκλικοὶ apud Schol. Il. γ', 242. nam et is Iliaca libris tribus et Argonautica, tum alias veteres hiſtorias etiam ex titulis monumentiſque collectas, ſcripſerat.

Etſi autem cum temporum decurſu ab antiquis illis epochis longius longiuſque hiſtoriae procederent, tamen et ſequiores ſcriptores ab antiquioribus Graecorum rebus orſi bellum fere Troianum, quoniam ab eo inde tempore ciuitates ac regna Graeciae ſiue ad certam formam

nam fuerant deſcripta, ſiue futurarum opum prima initia ceperant, in principio operum ſuorum modo breuius modo copioſius repetebant; quod nec *Thucydides* facere recuſauit. Et in hunc, puto, cenſum veniunt tot ſcriptores inter eos laudati, qui Troianas res perſcripſerint, quos in tranſcurſu modo eas leuiter attigiſſe exiſtimandum eſt. Ita ap. Dionyſ. Halic. I. 48. *Menecrates Xanthius* hiſtoriam ab Achillis funere auſpicatus narratur, exordio quoque libri ſubiecto; quo tamen ſummatim tantum, cum ad Lyciae res (τὰ Λυκιακὰ) exponendas ille properaret, Troianas res perſtrictas fuiſſe credere licet. Etiam *Calliſthenes*, cujus *Graecae Hiſtoriae* olim celebratae fuerunt, cum de Troia capta egiſſe memoratur (v. Schol. Euripid. Vet. ap. Vrſin. ad Virg. II. Aen. 255.) primo ſaltem Graecarum Hiſtoriarum libro Troianas res ſummatim narraſſe videtur, etſi hoc ita factum, vt ſeparatum aliquod opus particula illa haberi poſſet, ſuſpicari poſſis ex Cicer. V. ad Diu. 12.

Cum ab his ſcriptoribus, qui res vel vniuerſae Graeciae vel ſingularum ciuitatum certique temporis exponerent, tamen Troianum bellum non plane praetermitteretur, fieri id multo magis debuit ab iis, qui Hiſtoriarum ſyſtemata conderent, vt res Troianas omninoque totum cyclum mythicum operibus ſuis intexerent aut praefigerent. Et hoc factum vides a *Diodoro Siculo* in libris quinque prioribus, qui exſtant, in quibus eum Dionyſium maxime Mileſium ſupra memoratum exſcripſiſſe ſuſpicor. cf. lib. III. 52. vbi v. Weſſel. Idem ante eum ab *Anaximene Lampſaceno* factum, qui Alexandri tempore vixit et ab antiquiſſimis Graeciae rebus orſus (τὰς πρώτας ἱστορίας vel τὴν πρώτην τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν) hiſtoriam vſque ad pugnam Mantineenſem pertexuerat. v. Diodor. XV, 89. et Voſſ. de Hiſt. Gr. I, 10. item a Cephalaeone Gergethio, qui in primis Hiſtoriarum variarum, quas Muſas inſcripſerat, libris res Troianas attigerat, vt ex

Dionyſ. Halic. lib. I. c. 49. et 58. patet; nec non Piſandri opus infra laudandum.

Adhuc res Troianae communi aliquo inter ſcriptores conſenſu erant traditae, prout ab Homero et poëtis cyclicis, ex maiorum fama ac narratione, antiquo ſermone, hoc eſt, poëtico, fuerant expoſitae. Sed cum poëtices honos inter Graecos frequentari coepiſſet, eſſentque primum, qui ſigillatim particulam aliquam ex toto illo cyclo mythico et epico decerptam carmine tractarent, ornarent et delectationis cauſſa variarent, tum alii, inprimis lyrici, qui carmina ſua ſuauibus epiſodiis ornare vellent, ex eo tempore res Troianae quaſi materiae poëticae loco eſſe coeperunt, qua ingenioſi homines in quamcunque formam diffingenda vterentur, vnumque id propoſitum haberent, vt cum probabilitate aliqua delectarent.

Ab hiſtoriae fide multo magis receſſum eſt, cum Tragici poëtae fabularum ſuarum ὑποθέσεις et argumenta ex cyclo illo peterent, et pro conſilio ſuo tragoediaeque natura varie ea tractarent, ornarent, inflecterent, noua affingerent, et ſaepe in diuerſiſſimas partes traherent. Quae quidem res cum vel ex Sophocle et multo magis ex Euripide notiſſima ſit, haerere in illa nolumus.

Iam hiſtoricis et tragicis ſucceſſit nouum hominum genus, quod omnia miſcuit ac turbauit, Interpretes poëtarum dico et Grammaticos, maxime ab Ptolemaeorum fade ſeculo, vt aliquando accuratius in libello ſingulari *de Seculi Ptolemaeorum genio* a nobis exponetur. Horum alii Cyclos illos in epitomen redigebant; qualem habemus adhuc Apollodori *Bibliothecam*, quam cycli epici compendium eſſe iam Salmaſ. ad Solin. p. 847. vidit, ſed particulam tantum aut medium ſaltem opus, quo mythicum tempus comprehenderat, inter XXIV eiuſdem libros περὶ θεῶν et τὰ χρονικά, quae hiſtoricum, vt iſti

ἄδηλον

ἄδηλον tempus, ex Galei mente complectebantur. Alii ſeparatim hanc vel illam particulam ex toto orbe expoſuerunt. Ita *Lyſimachus* Alexandrinus τὰ Θηβαϊκὰ, et τὰς Νόστους, de quibus inf. Excurſ. V. Similiter alii Grammatici τὰ τραγῳδούμενα ſcriptis peculiaribus explicuerunt, quibus tragoediarum argumenta ac fabulas exponebant, interdum et commentabantur. Ex hoc genere multis amiſſis, nonnulla ſupereſſe videntur in *Hygini fabulis*, ex veteribus tragoediis excerpta; nam maior operis pars ex orbe Graecorum mythico eſt conſarcinata, vt inſpicienti facile apparet; nam facto a genealogiis deorum initio per Cadmeas ac Thebanas fabulas ad Argonautica, Heracleam et Troica ex more procedit.

Qui poſt omnes illos ſcriptores iterum veteres mythos, adeoque etiam Troianum bellum nouis libellis repetebant, cum antiquiſſimos ſcriptores ſequi, aut tragicorum ac lyricorum ceterorumque poëtarum commenta ac luſus ſollerter ab illis diſcernere deberent, omnia inter ſe miſcuerunt, totamque adeo veterum mythorum rationem turbarunt, vt in pleriſque difficile ſit perſpicere, quid ac quantum veteris vel philoſophiae vel religionis vel hiſtoriae vel priſci ſermonis iis ſubeſſe credendum ſit. Cuius corruptelae auctores habendi inprimis Grammatici, qui commentarios in veteres poëtas ſcripſerunt. Dum enim illi ad illuſtrandam aliquam fabulam, omnia quae vſquam legerant, nullo iudicio collegerunt et ex vno loco in centum alios, modo additis nonnullis modo reciſis, tranſtulerunt; perditis nunc antiquis ſcriptoribus, vnde hauſerant, ipſi ab eo inde tempore fabularum auctores, indocti pariter et leuiſſimi, facti ſunt.

Etiam Philoſophorum, Sophiſtarum ac Rhetorum opera aliqua fuit in corrumpendis mythis et hiſtoriis antiquiſſimis; illorum quidem in theogoniis maxime, horum autem in heroum rebus et Troiano inprimis bello, dum declamationum argumenta inde caperent et laudem ex eo captarent vani homines, ſi haberent, quae contra res

vetuſtiſſimae fidei probabiliter dici viderentur. Habemus adeo *Dionis* Pruſ. oratiunculam de Troia nunquam capta, qua mireris multos ad eleuandam veteris hiſtoriae fidem, inprimis in Troianis rebus, vti.

Auſi etiam ipſi hiſtorici, qui veterum ſcilicet hiſtoriarum fidem ſuis temporibus et ſolito rerum gerendarum mori ac conſuetudini accommodare volebant, res Troianas in πραγματείας formam redigere, aut diuerſarum narrationum naturas ita miſcere, vt maior probabilitas nouae narrationis exſiſteret, v. c. vt Romani populi originibus a Troianis ductis conſulerent. Demetrius autem Scepſius, ὁ τὸν Τρωϊκὸν διάκοσμον ἐξηγησάμενος, vt Strabo XIII. p. 609, Grammaticus Crateti et Ariſtarcho aequalis, in Scepſiorum gratiam multa in rebus Troianis aliter ac ceteri tradiderat. v. Strabo l. c. Librum XVI. et XXIV. laudari videas ap. Athen. IV. p. 173. F. 175. A.

Cum iam Graecia a Romanis in ſeruitutem redacta cum ceteris libertatis bonis etiam accuratae doctrinae omnem habitum, tandem etiam ſenſum, amiſiſſet, deperditis iam tum aut deliteſcentibus pleriſque ex praeclaris illis antiquioribus poëtis ac ſcriptoribus, ecce tibi prouenerunt multi non poëtae, ſed verſificatores, qui ex nonnullis, qui ſupererant, poëtis cyclicis antiquis noua carmina conſcriberent, aut etiam ex grammaticorum vel hiſtoricorum doctioribus libris breuiores epitomas conficerent, cenſendas iſtas et diiudicandas fere non modo ex propria doctrina, ſed etiam ex eorum, quos exſcripſerunt, fide ac iudicio. Ex priore genere poëtam habemus non infimo loco habendum, *Quintum Calabrum*, in quo emaculando Laur. Rhodomannus, Ilfeldenſis olim ſub Mich. Neandro diſciplinae aeternum decus, tale ingenii acumen exhibuit, vt ex ſummis recentiorum temporum criticis paucos habeam, quos cum ipſo comparandos putem. Sed Quintus ille haud dubie ante oculos habuit aliquem aut plures ex veteribus poëtis cyclicis, inprimis Leſchen, vt mihi quidem viſum eſt, comparandis cum eo fragmentis

tis Leſchae et iis, quae aliunde de parua Iliade cognoſcere licuit. Sunt in eo loca egregia et quae praeſtantiore quoque poëta non indigna ſint. Alter eſt *Tryphiodorus*, cuius Ἰλίου ἅλωσιν habemus, ſed multo indoctior et ſaepe ineptus homo, et cum eo *Coluthus*, in Ἑλένης ἁρπαγῇ· in vtroque tamen facile melioris venae veſtigia paſſim deprehendas, tanto gratiora illa et iucundiora, quo aridius et ſterilius ſolum eſt, in quo flores illi enaſcuntur.

Videntur aliquo tempore et tales poëtae *cyclici* eſſe appellati, qui intra belli Troiani hiſtorias ſe continebant. Factum id ſeriore aetate, quum antiquioris doctrinae mythicae ac poëticae auctores vix amplius in manibus eſſent vlli praeter Homerum et vnum forte vel alterum ex priſcis cyclicis. Qui homines ſe veteres meliores ita imitari putabant, ſi exſcriberent; et Homericos ſe iactabant, ſi Homericis verbis ac formulis verſus ſtolide compingerent. Certe in hoc genus ſcriptum eſt Epigramma in poëtas κυκλικούς Anthol. III, 40, 3.

Ex hoc genere infima iam aetate, infimo loco, fuit *Tzetza*, qui Antehomerica, Homerica et Poſthomerica verſibus ſcripſit parum doctis, quorum fragmentum e Cod. Auguſtano deſcriptum a Tryllitſchio iam dudum apud me eſt notis et emendationibus inſtructum ac typis paratum; ſepoſitum tamen a me ea de cauſſa, quod Mortonum, V. Cl. editionem eorum e pleniore codice Londinenſi parare nuntiatum erat. Sed is Tzetza ſtolidae iactantiae homo, non tam, quod Dodwellus augurabatur, veteres cyclicos, quam miſellos potius Grammaticos et compilatores, qui eum anteceſſerant, exſcripſit, nec ſic tamen negligendus, quippe ex quo, in tanta meliorum ſcriptorum iactura, multa, quomodo a ſuperioribus tradita fuerint, intelligi poſſint, modo quis ſatis magna doctrina inſtructus ſit.

Inter eos, qui proſaico ſermone bellum Troianum ſeriore aetate condiderunt, is qui *Dictys Cretenſis* nomen mentitus eſt, quem adhuc latinum habemus, non in-

doctus fuit homo, et qui, ſi non veteres paſſim cyclicos, interdum et tragicos poëtas, tamen eos, a quibus iſti fuerant exſcripti, ante oculos videtur habuiſſe. Hinc Graeci fere recentiores exſcripſerunt, vt Ioannes Malala, Cedrenus, Tzetza et Conſtantinus Manaſſes p. 44 ſqq. in Synopſi hiſtorica a Meurſio edita. Praeter illum tamen alium adhuc Troianarum rerum interpolatorem inter ſeriores Graecos exſtitiſſe neceſſe eſt ſub *Siſyphi Coi* nomine; ex quo multa exhibere videtur Io. Malala. At *Daretis Phrygii* de excidio Troiano libellus haud dubie ineptum aliquem Sophiſtam habet auctorem et declamationis potius genus conſtituit, quo poëtarum fabulae in hiſtoriae pragmaticae formam deflectere propoſitum eſt.

Fuere etiam olim Τρωϊκὰ *Palaephato* tributa, ſed iunioris Grammatici, eiuſdem forte nominis, foetus. v. Suidas h. v. Ex iis depromptum eſſe videtur, quod Seruium laudare video ad lib. III, 8. "quamuis Palaephatus tradat," capto Ilio Aeneam poſt triennium nauigaſſe." Idem de Anio rege et ſacerdote egerat. v. eundem ad III, 80. ſcilicet ſecundum antiquiores, quos exſcripſerat. Ad eum Ioan. Malalae quoque locum refero Chronogr. p. 101. Ex his ac ſimilibus, qui veteres, quas narrabant, hiſtorias ſimul interpretabantur, fluxiſſe videntur abſurda commenta, quibus contaminata eſt etiam Troiani excidii Hiſtoria in *Ioanne Antioch. Malala, Cedreno*, forte et aliis Graeculis, qui ex teleſmatica adeo et aſtrologia multa intexere auſi ſunt v. c. de Palladio etc. alia autem allegorice exponere, vt ipſius Tzetzae allegoriae Homericae in bibliothecis ſeruantur; quarum ſimilia multa in Chiliadibus appoſuit. Non eo vſque audaciae ſunt progreſſi, ſed intra Dictyis fere et Daretis commenta ſubſtiterunt ſcriptores deterioris aeui latini, vt Elinandus, et qui eum excerpſit, Vincent. Bellov. Specul. Hiſtor. lib. III, 62. item Guido de Columna in Hiſtoria Troiana circa 1287 ſcripta et 1477 edita; quam ſi quis non

meminerit,

meminerit, vnde ducta sit, non parum haereat, si tot inauditas res narrari videat.

Romanos poetas antiquissimos quidem nihil aliud fere egisse, quam vt Graeca latine conuerterent, ab his autem aetate proximos, et omnino praestantissimum quemque poetam, Graeca latine expressisse, Graeciae flores in viridaria Romana transtulisse et omnino ex Graecis profecisse vnice, ad eorumque exemplum poeticum aliquem sermonem, qui a pedestri oratione plane discrepat, conformasse, in confesso est. Ennius, qui Iliadis riuos in Annales suos traduxerat, Tragoedias plures latine conuerterat; et sic Tragici ac Comici veteres fere omnes faciendum sibi putauerant. Sed de hoc nunc non agitur; verum Iliadem Homeri transtulerat *Cn. Mattius*, et *Cypria carmina* infra videbimus a Naeuio latine facta, et, si alii inter Romanos memorantur, qui argumentum belli Troiani tractarunt, vt Macer Antehomerica, v. Ouid. II. Am. 18. et Posthomerica II. ex Ponto 10, 13, item Camerinus, IV. ex Ponto 16, 6. vbi v. not. ex Graecis fere eos sua effinxisse, exemplum eorum, qui superstites sunt, credere iubet.

Munita iam et patefacta est via, vt accedere possimus ad id, cuius causa totam hanc disputationem suscepimus, vt scilicet quaeramus, quem potissimum ex veteribus poetis Virgilius in excidio Troiano enarrando sequutus sit. Esse hunc inter eos, qui interierint, facile intelligitur, quandoquidem nec cyclicorum poetarum aliquis, nec eorum quisquam, qui proximi fuere, omninoque qui ante Virgilium vixere, ad nostra tempora peruenit. Sedula tamen multarum rerum, et eorum inprimis, qui, seriores quidem, veteres tamen exscripserunt, et Tabulae Iliacae a Fabretto vulgatae, in qua auctores adscripti sunt, vna cum Polygnoti tabula apud Pausaniam, comparatione, coniectare licet, Virgilium potissimum *Iliadem paruam* expressisse multa tamen, vt infra in singulis videbimus, passim ex Graecis tragoediis, inprimis Euripidis,

hauſta intertexuiſſe, quod tot loca ex Hecuba et Troadibus traducta docent; et omnino Euripidem plurimum videtur probaſſe Virgilius. Quod autem poetae animum inprimis ad tragoedias fructumque inde ad ornandum epicum carmen vberrimum petendum potuit conuertere et adducere, hoc fuiſſe arbitror, quod magna fabularum Graecarum pars ab Ennio, Accio, Liuio Andronico, Naeuio, Pacuuio, Varrone, forſan et aliis, latine erat conuerſa. Proficere ex his poeta non parum debuit non modo ad narrationis varietatem, verum multo magis ad orationis poeticae, cui elaborandae inprimis ſtudebat, dignitatem et ornatum. Etſi enim diuerſiſſima ſit tragicae epicaeque orationis indoles, tamen tragica illa oratio Virgilianae dictioni grauitatem illam, quam tantopere miramur, et maieſtatem, interdum δεινότητα aliquam rhetoricam, eloquentiaeque modo copiam modo acumen, comparaſſe videtur. Quam procliue autem Virgilio fuerit, in bello et excidio Troiano, de quo nunc potiſſimum quaerimus, tractando et ornando Tragicorum inuentis vti, ex eo apparebit, ſi tragoediarum huius argumenti copiam, inter Romanos ſaltem, ante oculos poſitam habeas. Ita Liuius Andronicus *Achillem*, *Helenam*, *Laodamiam*, *Proteſilaum*, (niſi eadem cum illa fuit fabula) *Aiacem*,—*Equum Troianum*,—*Odyſſeam*, *Aegiſthum*, *Hermionem* in ſcenam produxerat. At Naeuii fuere tragoediae *Iphigenia*, *Proteſilaus*, *Telephus*, *Hector*, *Equus Troianus*, *Aegiſthus*; Pacuuii *Chryſes*, *Armorum iudicium*, *Teucer*, *Iliona*, *Anchiſes*, *Hermiona*, *Doloreſtes*; Accii *Achilles*, *Telephus*, *Diomedes*, *Nyctegreſia*, *Epinauſimache*, *Myrmidones*, *Armorum iudicium*, *Euryſaces*, *Neoptolemus*, *Philoctetes*,—*Troades*, *Andromache*, *Aſtyanax*, *Hecuba*, *Iliona*, *Deiphobus*,—*Clytaemneſtra*, *Aegiſthus*, *Agamemnonidae*, *Aeneadae*, *Antenoridae*; Ennii *Iphigenia*, *Achilles*, *Telephus*, *Phoenix*, *Aiax*,—*Hectoris Lytra*,—*Andromache*, *Hecuba*, *Alexander*—*Doloreſtes*, *Eumenides*; (Quae Ennio vulgo tribuitur, *Iliona*, Pacuuii fuiſſe videtur) Varronis tandem *Cycnus*, *Aiax*, *Armorum*

Armorum iudicium, *Eumenides*. Harum partim fragmenta, aliarum nomina tantum ad nos peruenerunt; ſic Atilii *Electra*, L. Pomponii Secundi *Armorum iudicium*; et quot non cum ipſis nominibus intercidiſſe putabimus!

Quae igitur poeta in ſua narratione a vulgari ratione habet recedentia, aut in quibus auctorem, qui ei praeierit, deſideres, ea ex tragicis ſuis in epos ſuum traduxiſſe nobis videtur; in vulgari autem narratione Iliadem paruam diximus ipſi potiſſimum fuiſſe propoſitam; quae qualis fuerit, paucis eſt exponendum.

Ilias parua, Ἰλιὰς μικρὰ, non tam totum bellum Troianum, quod tradunt, quam res Iliacas poſt Homericam Iliadem comprehendiſſe debet, ſi ea reputes, quae, tamquam eius argumentum, Ariſtot. de Poet. v. 23. memorat, plus quam octo tragoediis ſufficere, cum Iliadis Homericae argumentum tantum vnam, ad ſummum duas, ſuppeditet. Nam Ὅπλων κρίσις, Φιλοκτήτης, Νεοπτόλεμος, Εὐρύπυλος, Πτωχεία, Λάκαιναι, Ἰλίου πέρσις, καὶ Ἀπόπλους, καὶ Σίνων καὶ Τρῳάδες, haec omnia, inquam, ad res poſt Hectoris atque adeo poſt Achillis caedem geſtas ſpectant. Dici vix poteſt, quantopere viri docti, inprimis Salmaſ. ad Solin. p. 800 ſq. in iis turbent, quae ſuper hoc diſputant. Ex particula Ἰλίου πέρσις verſus excerptus eſſe videtur Scholiaſtae veteri Euripidis ap. Scalig. de Emend. Temp. lib. V. et Tzetzae ad Lycophr. v. 344. laudatus: Νὺξ μὲν ἦν μέσση, λαμπρὴ δ' ἐπέτελλε σελήνη, qui et in Tzetzae Μαθουμενικοῖς repetitus eſt ap. Dodwell. de Cyclis p. 803. cf. Exc. ad Aen. II, 340. Ex Ἀπόπλῳ carmine puto eſſe vndecim illos verſus de Aenea ap. Tzetz. ad Lycophr. 1263. Hunc ſc. a Neoptolemo captiuum deductum eſſe in iis traditur. cf. eund. ad 1232. vbi additur, eum poſt Neoptolemi apud Delphos caedem liberatum fuiſſe. Etiam inter auctores tabulae Iliacae adſcripta: Ἰλιὰς μικρὰ λεγομένη κατὰ Λέσχην Πυῤῥαῖον. Habitus et huius paruae Iliadis auctor olim a nonnullis Homerus, vt ex auctore de vita Homeri, qui vulgo Herodotus fertur, patet, c. 16. vbi et

primi

primi duo versus occurrunt. Διατρίβων δὲ παρὰ τῷ Θεσπρίδῃ ποιεῖ Ἰλιάδα τὴν ἐλάσσω (ita hic appellatur, nec audiendus Salmas. Polyh. p. 598 sq. qui Cypria carmina et Ἰλιάδα ἐλάττω vnum esse nullo argumento contendit,) ἧς ἡ ἀρχή· Ἴλιον ἀείδω καὶ Δαρδανίην ἐΰπωλον, Ἧς περὶ πολλὰ πάθον Δαναοὶ θεράποντες Ἄρηος. Fabricius, qui l. l. hoc idem repetiit, tamen mox initium poematis Leschei narrat quod Horatius perstrinxerit v. 136. *Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum*, Ἀείσω Πριάμοιο τύχην πόλεμόν τε κλεεννόν. Sed is versus a Salmasio confictus et pro paruae Iliadis Lescheae primo versu venditus est l. c. p. 601. A. scilicet is Iliadem ἐλάσσω diuersam ab Iliade parua, et eandem cum Cypriis carminibus esse volebat, vt modo dictum. Sine auctoris nomine eam laudant Clemens Alex. et Vet. Schol. Euripidis ap. Fabric. B. Gr. T. I. p. 279. 280. et Pausan. III, extr. At communior sententia ad Leschen eam retulit. v. Fabric. ibid. p. 180. Ryck. p. 444. qui p. 446. contra eam sententiam disputat, sed cupide magis quam grauiter ac vere. *Lesches hic s. Lescheus*, Λέσχεως, Lesbius, Pyrrha ciuitate oriundus, ad Euseb. Hieron. ad Olymp. XXXIII. memoratur: *Lesches Lesbius, qui fecit paruam Iliadem*, vt inter antiquissimos adeo habendus sit.

Iam *Cypria carmina*, modo memorata, τὰ Κύπρια ἔπη, vel τὰ Κύπρια, apud Aristot. de Poet. c. 23. videas vna cum parua Iliade laudata, quo ipso manifestum sit, diuersa ea carmina fuisse; vti ex Paus. X, 26. saltem hoc patet, ab Leschei Ἰλίῳ πέρσει diuersum opus fuisse. Videntur ea comprehendisse anteriora Iliadis. Certe ab Herod. II, 117. super Helenae raptu laudantur, et versus ex libro XI. ab Athen. XV. p. 682. E. F. exscriptos ad iudicium Paridis pertinuisse, facile aliquis suspicetur; sed, si libro demum *vndecimo* ea de re fuit actum, recteque ita scriptum est, quam copiose in antecedentibus libris tota de Helena et Dioscuris narratio debuit esse tractata! vt forte hic scriptor cum Salmasio p. 599. in Solin. censendus sit is, qui *gemino* bellum Troianum *orditur ab ouo*. Aliquot versus

versus ap. Schol. Il. α, 5. recitantur, qui non longe a principio libri locum habuisse videntur: et quod triduo Paris Sparta Troiam redierit, ex Cypriis carminibus docet Eustath. p. 663. A. In iisdem fabula de Anii filiabus erat narrata, teste Tzetza ad Lycophr. v. 570. atque et ea in belli Troiani initia incidebat; vt adeo manifestum sit, Cypriorum Carminum argumentum vix aliquid habere, quod in Virgilianum carmen transferri potuerit. Auctor varie a variis est traditus. Fuere olim qui Homerum proderent; sed diuersa in Cypriis et dissona ab iis, quae Homerus de Helenae raptu tradiderat, occurrere, iam Herodot. II, 117. monuit. Alii alium ediderunt auctorem. v. Athen. VIII. p. 334. XV. p. 682. Proclus ap. Phot. Cod. 239. Salmas. ad Solin. p. 599. et, qui aduersus eum disputat, Ryck. de pr. Ital. init. p. 446. Fabrett. ad Tab. Iliac. p. 374. Hemsterh. ad Pollux. X. 85. Perizon. ad Aelian. V. H. IX, 15. et quos laudat Interpres Herodoti doctiss. ad l. c. Sed *Stasinum Cyprium* fuisse auctorem, probabilior et communior est sententia. Latine Cypria carmina reddiderat Naeuius, cuius *Cypria Ilias* laudatur Carisio; quo ipso probabile fit, eam Virgilio saltem lectam fuisse. Ex eadem forte sunt, quae Seru. ad Aen. I, 273. III, 10. recitat.

Sed excidium Troiae, de quo nobis nunc, inter ceteras Troianas res, potissimum quaeritur, quam diuersis modis tractatum olim esse debuerit, vel inde colligas, quod carmina tam multa ab antiquis memorantur Ἰλίου πέρσεις, h. e. Ilii vastatio vel excidium inscripta. In libris fere in Ἰλίου περσίδι inflectitur, quod tamen praeter rationem fieri videtur, vt iam Scaliger ad Euseb. Chron. p. 72. a. Mauffacus ad Harpocrat. in voc. καθελών, et Salmas. ad Solin. p. 800. monuerunt; nam ἐν Ἰλίου πέρσει dicendum. nec Διοπείθους recte a nonnullis scribi videtur; nam flecti deberet Διοπειθοῦς.

Stesichori Ἰλίου πέρσις saepius veteribus laudatur, v. c. Pausan. X, 26. pr. c. 27. p. 865. Ab eodem Pausania p. 864. in verbis: κατὰ τὴν Ἰμεραίου ᾠδὴν hoc idem carmen designatur,

deſignatur, quod lyricum fuiſſe videtur, ſub *Himeraei* nomine; erat autem Steſichori patria Himera Siciliae; adeoque male inde nouum auctorem nonnulli effinxerunt. Etiam in Iliaca Tabula inter auctores, e quibus artifex Iliadem ſuppleuit, Ἰλίου πέρσις κατὰ Στησίχορον legitur. Alia Ἰλίου πέρσις inter veteres lecta fuit, a Steſichori carmine diuerſa, quod vel ex Pauſania X, 25. 26. patet, qui vtramque ſeorſum memorat. ſed is vt alteram Steſichoro relinquit, ita alteram p. 861. Leſcheo tribuit, cui viciſſim Iliadem paruam detrahere videtur; vt adeo, quoties Pauſanias Leſcheum laudat, de Ἰλίου πέρσει intelligendum ſit.

Cum apud Ariſtot. de Poet. c. 23. Ἰλίου πέρσις inter partes Iliadis paruae memoretur, ſuſpicor ſiue partem hanc ſeorſum habitam, tanquam ſingularem libellum, cuius auctor nec omnibus eſſet notus, ſiue nomine deceptum fuiſſe Pauſaniam, qui vnam tantum Ἰλίου πέρσιν viderat, vt ad Leſcheum alterum etiam carmen hoc titulo vulgatum referret.

Apud Euſeb. Hieronymi MCCLIV. *Arctino Mileſio*, praeter *Aethiopida*, de qua v. Excurſ. ad I, 489. tribuitur *Iliaca vaſtatio* (Ἰλίου πέρσις). Cum nemo alius huius carminis meminerit, leuis interpolati Hieronymi auctoritas eſſe poſſit, nam ſiue ex margine, quo quis ſimilis carminis erat recordatus, ſiue ex interpretatione Aethiopidis, irrepſiſſe videri poteſt. Enimuero ea, quae ex *Arctino* Dionyſ. Halic. lib. I, c. 68. et 69. de Palladio narrat, vix aliunde, quam ex hoc carmine, petita eſſe poſſunt.

Sacadae, non, vt vulgo legitur, *Acati*, Argiui, Ἰλίου πέρσιν ex Athenaeo XIII. p. 610. C. (cf. Mauſſac. ad Harpocrat. in καθελὼν) laudarunt iam alii, etiam Vrſinus ad Virgil.

Sed excidium Ilii non minus perſequuti videntur, qui τὰ Τρωϊκὰ condidiſſe narrantur, inter quos *Syagrus*, qui omnium primus iam ante Homerum argumentum hoc tractaſſe ferebatur, ſec. Aelian. V. H. XIV, 21. tum

Metrodorus

Metrodorus Chius apud Athenaeum p. 184. A. tandem *Hegeſianax* Alexandrinus apud eund. IX. p. 393. E. ὁ τὰ Κεφαλίωνος ἐπιγεγραφόμενα Τρωϊκὰ συνθείς, quod ita interpretandum arbitror, vt ex maiore Cephalionis opere, Muſarum nomine inſcripto, res Troianas excerptas aut in epitomen redegerit aut ampliauerit. Sed horum operum omnium lectio ac fama intra paucos viros doctos et intra breue tempus ſubſtitiſſe videtur.

Fuere et Tragoedíae Troiae excidium titulo praeferentes: vti Iophontis ap. Suid. h. v. ex certa virorum doctorum emendatione, et Sophoclis Ἰλίου ἄλωσις ap. Strab. XIII. p. 608. Neque Nicomachi Πέρσις ἢ Πολυξένη alio trahenda eſſe videtur, vt nec Phormios Ἰλίου πόρθησις; at Timothei περσαὶ ἢ Ναύπλιος leg. πυρσοὶ vel πυρσά. De Sophoclea tamen fabula admodum dubitandum eſſe putamus, an vlla exſtiterit. Nam primum totus ille locus: Σοφοκλῆς γοῦν ἐν τῇ ἁλώσει τοῦ Ἰλίου παρδαλίαν φησὶ περὶ τῆς θύρας τοῦ Ἀντήνορος περοτεθῆναι σύμβολον τοῦ ἀπόρθητον ἰαθῆναι τὴν οἰκίαν, totus igitur ille locus ab aliena manu, margini forte appoſitus, in contextum veniſſe videtur; nam Demetrii Scepſii narrationem intempeſtiue ſatis interrumpit, nec cum ceteris cohaeret; etſi res ipſa etiam apud Pauſan. X, 27. in Polygnoti tabula occurrit. Sed et dubitari poteſt, an is ipſe, qui verba adſcripſit, nouam aliquam fabulam Sophoclis hoc nomine declarare voluerit. Narrare enim voluiſſe videtur rem, quae capta Troia inter ceteros caſus contigerit; multoque magis ea expoſita eſſe debuit in fabula Sophoclea Ἀντηνορίδαι, paſſim a veteribus laudata, quae ad eam narrationem inſtituta fuiſſe videtur, quam Dictys ex tragico aliquo, forte ex ipſo Sophocle, expoſuit lib. V. extr. cum Antenori regnum Troianum ex pacto cum Graecis relictum ab Aenea fruſtra tentatur.

Sed iam dudum poſſum videri ſi non inani, aliena tamen a poeta, opera defunctus eſſe, ſiquidem luculentiſſimo Macrobii Sat. V, 2. loco ſatis iam expoſitum eſt, quem Virgilius in hoc libro ſibi propoſitum habuerit:—

" vel

" vel quod euerſionem Troiae cum Sinone ſuo et equo " ligneo ceteriſque omnibus, quae librum ſecundum ſa- " ciunt, a Piſandro paene ad verbum tranſcripſerit? qui " inter Graecos poetas eminet opere, quod a nuptiis " Iouis et Iunonis incipiens, vniuerſas hiſtorias, quae " mediis omnibus ſeculis vſque ad aetatem ipſius Piſandri " contigerunt, in vnam ſeriem coactas redegerit et vnum " ex diuerſis hiatibus (h. e. interuallis; noli tentare, " *tractibus*) temporum corpus effecerit. in quo opere " inter hiſtorias ceteras interitus quoque Troiae in hunc " modum relatus eſt. Quae fideliter Maro interpretando " fabricatus eſt ſibi Iliacae vrbis ruinam. Sed et haec " et talia (nempe omnino quod Virgilius Graecos poetas " imitatus ſit) vt poetis decantata praetereo." Praeclara narratio, et in qua vellem acquieſcere poſſe. Sed diſpiciamus eam accuratius. Piſandri opus, de quo Macrobius loquitur, eſſe debet, quod τῶν Ἡρωϊκῶν Θεογαμιῶν titulo Suidas, Ἡρωϊκῶν Θεογαμιῶν Zoſimus Hiſt. V, 29. laudat, quorum alterutrum ex altero emendandum. Kuſterus ad Suidam Zoſimi lectionem praeferebat, ſed melius vtique Fabric. Bibl. Gr. Tom. VI. p. 606. alteram lectionem defendit, quam vel Macrobius tuetur: *a nuptiis Iouis et Iunonis incipiens.* Ἱστορίαν ποικίλην δι' ἐπῶν, quod idem Macrob. interpretatur, bene appellat Suidas, ἐν βιβλίοις ἓξ, at duo MSS. ἐν βιβλίοις ξ'. et ſane plus quam ſex libros laudari vſque ad XXVI. infra videbimus, quo H. Valeſii ad Euagr. I, 20. emendatio concidit, qui *ſedecim* libros fuiſſe ſtatuebat. Zoſimo l. c. dicitur Piſander in hoc opere πᾶσαν ὡς εἰπεῖν ἱστορίαν περιλαβών. Itaque et res Troianae in iſto opere locum ſuum habuerunt; et inde ſua ſumſit Virgilius, ex Macrobii quidem fide.

Enimuero Piſander ille, quod iam a doctis viris monitum, et e Suida conſtat, Alexandro Mammaeae imperante floruit, Neſtoris Larandenſis, quem Ἰλιὰς λιτογράμματος Seuero Imp. clarum reddidit, filius, Laranda Lycaoniae et ipſe oriundus.

Suidas

Suidas quidem in his, quae tradit, errare vix potuit; nam et accurate de Pisandro agit, et ab altero eiusdem nominis bene eum discernit, nec facile exemplum simile narrari potest, vt antiquioris poetae opus recentiori tributum fuerit. Contra innumera sunt exempla eius erroris, quo recentiorum scriptorum opera sub veterum et clarorum auctorum nominibus, inprimis si similia inter se essent, fuerunt venditata. Fuit porro hoc serioris Graeciae ingenium, vt fabularum et historiarum tanquam corpora ac potius epitomas, et quidem versibus, conderent, hocque eodem more in cyclicorum poetarum veterum opera eos esse grassatos, supra vidimus.

Peccarunt igitur Grammatici, quos Macrobius disputantes inducit, et grauiter vtique, temporum ratione; quod autem in fraudem inducere potuit, fuisse videtur hoc, quod antiquior poeta eo nomine floruit, cui recentioris poetae opus illud vulgo tum tribuerent; et intercesserant iam inter Larandensis istius et Macrobii tempora ducenti anni.

Fuit scilicet antiquus poeta Pisander circa XXXIII. Olymp. quamquam alii Hesiodo antiquiorem et Eumolpo aequalem tradiderunt, Camiro Rhodi oriundus, *Heracleae* auctor, h. e. carminis de rebus ab Hercule gestis, cuius non infrequens inter Grammaticos mentio. Diserte de eo agit Suidas. cf. Kuster. ad e. l. Meurs. in Rhodo II, 11. Stauer. et Muncker. ad Hygin. Astron. 24. Burmann. V. Cl. ad Vales. Emend. IV, 14. qui Pisandri nomen praeclare aduersus substitutum Terpandri tuetur. Tertium quidem aliquem Pisandrum poëtam facit Vales. ad Hesych. in Νῦς ὁ παρὰ Κενταύροις, et cum eo alii. Sed in Schol. Aristoph. Auib. 1555. κωμῳδούμενος aliquis Pisander memoratur, cuius saepe apud Schol. mentio fit, qui etiam Platonis comoediam eo nomine insignitam laudat. Adde Suidam in Ἔι τι Πεισάνδρου. Etiam *Pisandrum Physicum* Fulgentius excitat Mytholog. I, 14. verum Grammaticus ille in scriptorum nominibus omnino est

 contaminatissimus.

contaminatiſſimus. Sed antiquior ille Piſander inter principes poëtas epicos poſt Homerum, Heſiodum, Panyaſin et Antimachum fuit habitus, a Tzetza certe et Proclo, locis a Burmanno laudatis, p. 117. adde fragm. Cenſorini c. 9. et idem διασημότατος ποιητὴς apud Stephan. in Καμιρεὺς; Quinctilianus vero X, 1, 56. *Quid? Herculis acta non bene Piſander?* Habemus quoque in eius laudem Epigramma inter Theocritea XX. Etiam Strabo XIV. p. 655. D. inter celebres Rhodios, καὶ Πείσανδρος δὲ ὁ τὴν Ἡράκλειαν γράψας, Ῥόδιος. Quamquam idem lib. XV. p. 688. C. vbi de Bacchi et Herculis in Indiam expeditionibus agit, dum refellit fabulam, haec ſubiicit: " quod Hercules leonis ſpoliis amictus, et clauam geſtans exhibetur, Troianarum rerum memoria poſterius eſt, πλάσμα τῶν τὴν Ἡράκλειαν ποιησάντων, εἴτε Πείσανδρος ἦν, εἴτ' ἄλλος τις. Igitur communis quidem opinio Heracleae auctorem Piſandrum vulgauerat, fuere tamen, qui pro re incerta haberent. Quod eo forte referendum eſt, quod Piſino Lindio Piſandrum ſublegiſſe Heracleam fama olim fuit, vt ex Clemente Alex. intelligitur Strom. VI. p. 266. f. loco, quo de ſcriptorum plagiis agit. Fuit quidem et alia Ἡράκλεια, quae Panyaſin Halicarnaſſ. auctorem habuit, quam Eratoſth. in Cataſteriſm. c. 11. laudat. Creophyli Οἰχαλίας ἅλωσιν in ea fuiſſe exſcriptam, Clemens Alex. Strom. VI. p. 266. f. prodere videtur. Sed ad hanc alteram Strabonis dubitatio ſpectare vix potuit.

Iam a ſerioribus circa duo hos Piſandros eſſe erratum, tributumque antiquiori, quod iuniori eſſet proprium, nemo mirabitur, qui innumeros tales errores in ſcriptorum nominibus commiſſos apud animum cogitet. Quid? quod apud Suidam legimus Piſandro Camireo multa cum ab aliis, tum ab Ariſteo poëta compoſita, fuiſſe ſuppoſita, tanquam ipſum auctorem haberent. *Ariſteus* hic videtur eſſe Proconneſius ille Ariſteus vel Ariſteas fabuloſis carminibus inter veteres notiſſimus; cuius tamen ipſius nomine inſcripti libri incerta fide olim circumferebantur: quippe

iam

iam ſuo tempore Dionyſ. Halic. vera et genuina Ariſteae ſcripta non amplius haberi affirmauit. Etiam Stephanus Byzant. qui in Καμιρεὺς antiquum illum Piſandrum tanquam celeberrimum poëtam (διασημότατον ποιητὴν) laudauerat, in ceteris locis, quoties Piſandrum excitat, aut Ἡραϊκὰς θεογαμίας aut aliud ſuppoſititium opus reſpicere videtur. Peccant ſimili modo et alii. Sed cum ſemel in hunc locum inciderimus, videamus pauciſſimis, quae ad alterutrum fragmenta vel loca veterum referenda eſſe videantur.

Ad *Camirenſem* reſpicere arbitror loca ſequentia: Apollodor. Biblioth. I, 8, 5: vbi, *quam alii Hipponoi filiam narrant, ex qua Oeneo Tydeus natus ſit, Gorges filiam* Piſander tradit: Πείσανδρος—λέγει· Fuit autem inter Herculis aequales et ſocios Tydeus.—Eratoſthenes in Catafteriſmis c. 12. Piſandri auctoritate firmat, *Herculem leonis Nemaei a ſe occiſi exuuias geſtaſſe*: λέγει δὲ περὶ αὐτοῦ Πείσανδρος ὁ Ῥόδιος, ὅτι καὶ τὴν δορὰν αὐτῷ ἴσχειν, ὡς ἔνδοξον περποιηκώς· vltima ſic interpretanda: *leonem ea re* (adeoque virtutem ſuam in leone enecando) *clarum reddens*. Schol. Germanici Arateor. Phaenom. p. 114. *Periandrus* (emendarunt iam VV. DD. *Piſandrus*) *Rhodius refert, eum* (leonem) *ob primos labores Herculis memoriae cauſſa honorifice aſtris illatum*: ſic Eratoſth. paullo ante: τινὲς δέ φασιν, ὅτι Ἡρακλῆς πρῶτος ἆθλος ἦν εἰς τὸ μνημονευθῆναι.—Hyginus Aſtron. II, 24. de Leone—*De hoc et Piſandrus et complures alii ſcripſerunt*. (cf. Munck. ad eund. f. 30.) Pauſan. II, 37. inter eos, qui Hydrae Lernaeae plura capita affinxere: Πείσανδρος ὁ Καμιρεὺς, et VIII, 22. *Stymphalidas crotalorum ope fugatas ab Hercule idem Piſander Camireus prodidiſſe narratur*.—Athenaeus XI. p. 469. D. vbi *de cratere Herculis*, Πείσανδρος ἐν δευτέρῳ Ἡρακλείας—Schol. Pindari Pyth. 9, 185. p. 294. Antaei, ab Hercule is eſt caeſus, filiam Ἀκλητίδα dictam, ὥς φησι Πείσανδρος ὁ Καμηρεὺς (lege Καμειρεὺς)—Apud Schol. Apollonii ſunt ſane loca, quae ad Herculem ſpectant, Piſandri teſtimonio firmata. I, 1196. de claua Herculis

(ad quem loc. cf. Suid. in Πείσανδρος) IV, 1396. de Ladone, dracone; at res non aeque manifeſta eſt in IV, 58. de Endymione, lib. I, 151. de Idae et Lyncei Argonautarum matre, Polydora, I, 471. de Arene, Peloponneſi vrbe, nunc Hierana. II, 98. de Amyco. II, 1090. de Harpyis. Potuerunt enim illa forte in carmine de Hercule occurrere; ſed nec eum ſatis refellas, qui ad alterum Piſandrum omnia haec traxerit. Nam Argonautica apud hunc ſatis copioſe fuiſſe tractata, ex Zoſimo V, 29. apparet, qui ex eo Argonautarum iter ex Iſtro in mare Adriaticum, condita vrbe Emona in Pannonia, (nunc *Laubach* Carniolae eſſe creditur) narrat; et, quod dolendum eſt, Grammaticorum manibus recentiora illa opera cyclica multo diligentius verſari ſolebant; vt etiam tum, cum vetuſtiores auctores laudant, eorum fere, quos exſcribunt, fide id faciant. Ita nec auſim pronuntiare de Schol. Eurip. Phoeniſſ. v. 1748. ſuper Sphinge ex Aethiopia arceſſita, et de loco Etymologici M. in κεραινὺς, vbi omnino non apparet, quorſum ad firmandum vulgariſſimum vſum τὲ κεράσαι, male ibi a cornu repetitum, pro infundere, ad Piſandrum prouocetur. E toto Piſandro verſum vnum integrum ſeruauit Io. Stobaeus Serm. XII. de Mendacio p. 140. Οὐ νέμεσις καὶ ψεῦδος ὑπὲρ ψυχῆς ἀγορεύειν.

Ad *Piſandrum* vero *Larandenſem* loca primum Stephani Byzantini ſpectare videntur omnia, in quibus Piſandri teſtimonio vtitur; nihil enim ea habent, quod ad Heracleam vllo modo trahi poſſit, aut ſi habent, vti locus in voc. Ἀγάθυρσοι, Βοαύλεια et in Ἀσακὸς, nam Herculis ſane res geſtae etiam ad Scythiam et Bithyniam ſpectant, tamen librorum numerus adiectus euincit, ad Larandenſem ea loca eſſe referenda non minus ac reliqua in Οἰνωτρία, Ἀπίνιον, Λυκόζεια, Νιφάτης, Κυβέλεια. Nam *Heraclea* duobus libris conſtabat; at Stephanus Piſandrum laudat libro VII. X. XIII. XIV. XXVI. Porro ex hoc altero petitum eſſe debet, quod Euagrius H. E. I, 20. Antiochiam Syriae iam olim Graecorum coloniam fuiſſe firmat, quae

narratio qualis fuerit, ex Ioanne Malala diſci poteſt Chronogr. p. 32. ſq. et Cedreni Compend. Hiſt. p. 134. ſq. Etiam is, qui inter Epigrammatum auctores recenſetur, iunior hic Piſander cum Fabricio videtur eſſe habendus. Latere etiam ille videtur ſub *Theſſandri* nomine ap. Seru. ad II, 211. cf. inf. Excurſ. ad II, 199.

Sed vt ad Macrobium redeamus, quod ille quidem a Piſandro Virgilium pleraque libri ſecundi petiiſſe narrat, id eum temere, et Ἡρωϊκῶν ἐπιγαμιῶν opere neq viſo nec lecto, pronuntiaſſe admodum probabile fit. Nam ſi opus ipſum inſpexiſſet poetae tam ſerioris aetatis, quomodo illud *vniuerſas hiſtorias, quae mediis omnibus ſeculis* ad aetatem ipſius Piſandri *contigerunt*, eo comprehenſas eſſe profiteri potuiſſet, vt tamen nec animaduerteret ad multo ſeriora poſt Virgilium tempora opus procedere? Illud ſaltem conſtat, opus recentioris poetae eum communi aliorum errore poetae antiquiſſimo Piſandro tribuiſſe. Quod ſi qua in Virgilio deprehenſa fuere, quae ſimili modo a Piſandro, multo illi poſteriore, narrata erant, ea ſiue ad communem fabulae narrandae morem ſiue ad communes fontes referenda ſunt, quos vterque libauerat. De Sinone et equo Troiano, quae exempli loco a Macrobio memorantur, ſuo loco videbimus.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas *proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he ſailed, and the ſucceſs of his firſt voyage to* Thrace: *from thence he directs his courſe to* Delos, *and aſks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's anſwer, he ſettles in* Crete; *his houſhold gods give him the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for* Italy: *he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with very ſurprizing adventures, till at length he lands on* Sicily; *where his father* Anchiſes *dies. This is the place which he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the* Carthaginian *coaſt.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER III.

POſtquam res Aſiae, Priamique evertere gentem
Inmeritam viſum Superis, ceciditque ſuperbum
Ilium, et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja;
Diverſa exſilia, et deſertas quaerere terras
Auguriis agimur divôm, claſſemque ſub ipſa
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae;

It is the opinion of the judicious M. de Segrais, that this book is the fulleſt of matter of any in the whole Æneid, and that it contains the ſubſtance of almoſt the whole Odyſſey. What Æneas here relates, contains the ſpace of ſeven years: whereas (except the fourth book which deſcribes all that paſſed after Æneas arrived at Carthage, till he left that city) each of all the other books contain but a few days. This book is very learned for its geography, and for the deſcription of the manners of the people, in which Virgil ſhews his uſual knowledge and exactneſs. Thoſe different nations where he makes his hero land, the adventure of the Harpies, copied from Apollonius Rhodius, lib. 2. v. 187. the adventure of the Cyclops, which is an image of men whom cruelty, gluttony, and drunkenneſs, have brutalized; all theſe ſerve excellently to teach us how a wiſe man ought to conduct himſelf in the dangers and perils to which human life is expoſed. This abundance of matter is adorned and ſet off with great eloquence, and there are as many fine paſſages as in any other book where the poet is ſo much extolled: nevertheleſs, this book is one of thoſe, and I believe the very one of the whole Æneid which is leaſt read and admired. This neglect, I believe, is as much owing

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE

THIRD BOOK.

WHEN Heav'n deſtroy'd, by too ſevere a fate,
The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian ſtate,
When Troy, tho' Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,
The pride of Aſia, ſmok'd upon the ground;
We ſought in vacant regions new abodes,
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a ſudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.

owing to the diſadvantage of its ſituation as to any other reaſon; for the ſecond book, which immediately precedes it, containing the deſtruction and burning of Troy, preſents ſo great an object to the reader, that he diſdains the third: and the fourth is ſo charming and intereſting by the tenderneſs and paſſion which it contains, that one has naturally an impatience to read it. Thus, as it is enough to know, that after the taking of Troy, Æneas arrived at Carthage; this third book is often paſſed over intirely, or if the reader runs over its argument and contents curſorily, yet he diſdains to ſtudy it ſo attentively as the others; nevertheleſs, it is in this book (next to the ſixth) that there is more to be learnt than in the whole Æneid, as well from this ancient geographical chart, which is very exact, as from the different pictures of civil life, and from thoſe fine monuments of the ancient religious cuſtoms, which are not to be found elſewhere. What therefore appears to be admirable in this great work, is, that every thing in it is beautiful, but nothing alike.

Incerti quo fata ferant, ubi ſiſtere detur;
Contrahimuſque viros. vix prima inceperat aeſtas;
Et pater Anchiſes dare fatis vela jubebat:
Litora cum patriae lacrimans portuſque relinquo,
Et campos ubi Troja fuit. feror exul in altum
Cum ſociis, gnatoque, Penatibus, et magnis dîs.
Terra procul vaſtis colitur Mavortia campis,
(Thraces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo;
Hoſpitium antiquum Trojae, ſociique Penates,
Dum fortuna fuit. feror huc, et litore curvo
Moenia prima loco, fatis ingreſſus iniquis;
Aeneadaſque meo nomen de nomine fingo.
Sacra Dionaeae matri, diviſque ferebam
Auſpicibus coeptorum operum: ſuperoque nitentem
Caelicolûm regi mactabam in litore taurum.
Forte fuit juxta tumulus, quo cornea ſummo
Virgulta, et denſis haſtilibus horrida myrtus.
Acceſſi, viridemque ab humo convellere ſilvam
Conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras:
Horrendum, et dictu video mirabile monſtrum.
Nam, quae prima ſolo ruptis radicibus arbos

34. *When lo! a horrid prodigy.*] If there be any inſtance (ſays Mr. Addiſon) in the Æneid, liable to exception, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is repreſented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. This circumſtance ſeems to have the marvellous without the probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without the interpoſition of any god, or rather ſupernatural power, capable of producing it. Dr. Warburton's anſwer to this objection is ſenſible: When this amiable writer, ſays he, made this remark, he appears not to have recollected what Æneas ſays on the occaſion:

——— Nymphas venerabar agreſtis,
Gradivomque patrem, Geticis qui præſidet arvis,
Rite ſecundarent viſus, omenque levarent.

Now theſe kind of omens, for there were two ſorts, were always ſuppoſed to be produced by the intervention of a ſupernatural power; as was the raining of blood ſo frequently related by the Roman annaliſts. And the poet was certainly within the bounds of the probable, while he told no more than what the graveſt hiſtorians recorded in every page of their annals.

But

Doubtful, where Heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,
Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plow the main.
Scarce had the ſummer ſhot a genial ray;
My ſire commands the canvas to diſplay,
And ſteer wherever Fate ſhould point the way.
With tears I leave the port, my native ſhore,
And thoſe dear fields, where Ilion roſe before.
An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods
My ſon, my friends, and all my vanquiſh'd gods.
The warlike Thracians till a boundleſs plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign;
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cauſe;
The ſame their gods and hoſpitable laws;
Thither, with fates averſe, my courſe I bore,
And rais'd a town amid the winding ſhore.
Then from my name the riſing city call,
And ſtretch along the ſtrand th' embattled wall.
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods:
But ſlew a ſtately bull to mighty Jove,
Who reigns the ſovereign of the pow'rs above.
Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
And with thick branches ſtood a myrtle by.
With verdant boughs to ſhade my altars round,
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.
When lo! a horrid prodigy I ſee;
For ſcarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree,

But this was not done to make us ſtare. He is, as we obſerve, in a legiſlative capacity, and writes to poſſeſs the people of the interpoſition of the gods, in omens and prodigies; which was in the method of the old lawgivers. So Plutarch tells us, that with divinations and omens, Lycurgus ſanctified the Lacedemonians, Numa the Romans, Ion the Athenians, and Deucalion all the Greeks in general; and by hopes and fears kept up in them the awe and reverence of religion. The ſcene of this adventure is laid, with the utmoſt propriety, on the uncivilized inhoſpitable ſhores of Thrace, to inſpire horror for barbarous manners, and an inclination and appetite for civil policy."

Divine Legation, book ii. ſect. iv.

This

Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur ſanguine guttae,
Et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror
Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine ſanguis.
Rurſus et alterius lentum convellere vimen
Inſequor, et cauſſas penitus tentare latentis:
Ater et alterius ſequitur de cortice ſanguis.
Multa movens animo Nymphas venerabar agreſtis,
Gradivomque patrem, Geticis qui praeſidet arvis,
Rite ſecundarent viſus, omenque levarent.
Tertia ſed poſtquam majore haſtilia niſu
Adgredior, genibuſque adverſae obluctor arenae;
(Eloquar, an ſileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auris:
Quid miſerum, Aenea, laceras? jam parce ſepulto:
Parce pias ſcelerare manus. non me tibi Troja
Externum tulit: aut cruor hic de ſtipite manat.
Heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus avarum.
Nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea texit
Telorum ſeges, et jaculis increvit acutis.
Tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine preſſus
Obſtupui, ſteteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haeſit.

This marvellous ſtory was particularly pleaſing to the fine imaginations of the Italian poets: Taſſo has cloſely imitated it, Book xiii. ſtanza 41. &c. and Arioſto, in the transformation of Aſtolfo; from whom their excellent diſciple Spenſer hath copied it, B. 2. canto ii. ſtanza 30, of the Fairy Queen.

51. *A hollow groan.*] The only way to judge truly of the ancients, in points that are purely ancient; is to imagine ourſelves in their places, with the ſame ſort of ideas they had, and the ſame circumſtances of things about us. As we can very ſeldom do this, we are very often miſtaken about them.

I cannot ſay that I approve this paſſage; but is not the fault in myſelf? Would it have ſhock'd me, had I been born a Roman, in the time of Auguſtus, and had read it ſoon after the Æneid was publiſh'd?

They ſtock'd every thing with divinities and intelligences: there was not a river, a lake, a grot, or a grove without them. Theſe were not poetical ornaments, but the real objects of the belief and religion of the common people, and the profeſs'd religion of the great.

When

When, from the fibres, drops of crimſon gore
Ran trickling down, and ſtain'd the ſable ſhore.
Amaz'd, I ſhook with horror and affright,
My blood all curdled at the dreadful ſight;
Curious the latent cauſes to explore,
With trembling hands a ſecond plant I tore;
That ſecond wounded plant diſtill'd around
Red drops of blood, and ſprinkled all the ground.
Rack'd with a thouſand fears, devout I bow'd
To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god,
Theſe omens to avert by pow'r divine,
And kindly grant a more auſpicious ſign.
But when once more we tugg'd with toiling hands,
And eager bent my knees againſt the ſands;
Live I to ſpeak it?—from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that ſhock'd my trembling ear.
How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapleſs friend?
This ſtream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee.
Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty ſhore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body ſlain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.
Then, as amaz'd in deep ſuſpence I hung,
Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.

When they believed every grove, and every tuft of trees, to have ſome particular divinities belonging to it; it was but one ſtep further to entertain the notion of intelligences vitally annexed to a tree, which was their received notion of the Hamadryades. See Bayle, Dict. Art. HAMAD.

Theſe ſtories of Daphne, Phaeton's ſiſters, &c. were known ſtories to, and tolerably well believ'd by the moſt believing part of mankind, the vulgar.

There is even an ambaſſador in Livy, that treats a conſecrated tree in general as an intelligent being, and as a deity. *Tum ex legatis unus abiens, "Et hæc (inquit) ſacrata quercus, et quicquid deorum eſt, audiant foedus a vobis ruptum."* Lib. iii. 25. SPENCE.

Hunc Polydorum auri magno cum pondere quondam
Infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum
Threïcio regi; cum jam diffideret armis
Dardaniae, cingique urbem obſidione videret.
Ille, ut opes Teucrûm fractae, et Fortuna receſſit,
Res Agamemnonias victriciaque arma ſecutus,
Fas omne abrumpit: Polydorum obtruncat, et auro
Vi potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri ſacra fames? poſtquam pavor oſſa reliquit,
Delectos populi ad proceres, primumque parentem,
Monſtra deûm refero; et, quae ſit ſententia, poſco.
Omnibus idem animus ſcelerata excedere terra;
Linqui pollutum hoſpitium, et dare claſſibus auſtros.
Ergo inſtauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
Adgeritur tumulo tellus: ſtant manibus arae,
Caeruleis maeſtae vittis atraque cupreſſu;
Et circum Iliades crinem de more ſolutae.
Inferimus tepido ſpumantia cymbia lacte,
Sanguinis et ſacri pateras: animamque ſepulcro

72. *Curs'd gold.*] This ſententious exclamation is very judiciouſly placed by the poet, and may exemplify that juſt and elegant rule of Petronius: *Curandum eſt, ne ſententiae emineant extra corpus orationis expreſſae, ſed intexto veſtibus colore niteant: Homerus teſtis, et Lyrici, Romanuſque Virgilius.* This poet is indeed admirable in the art and propriety of introducing what the critics call ſentences, or moral reflections on life and manners: They ſhould be but ſparingly introduced in an epic poem; and require great delicacy and judgment in the management of them. The abſurdities of Lucan in his Pharſalia, and of Seneca in his tragedies, are innumerable in this particular; they are perpetually declaiming; and drag in philoſophical reflections, without any propriety, decorum, or regard to the character of the perſon ſpeaking. Hecuba, overwhelmed with various misfortunes, utters a great many grave and calm ſentences, and fine moral reflections on the inſtability of all human grandeur and honours, whom the poet had juſt before repreſented as utterly diſtracted with grief, and as almoſt having loſt her reaſon and underſtanding. See the Troas of Seneca, Act I. I cannot forbear adding a rule of Boſſu. The beſt remedy to cure theſe indecencies and improprieties is, to imagine we hear the true perſons talking naturally together; and to ſuppoſe ourſelves in their places, and

Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a cloſe ſiege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the ſtrength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapleſs boy,
With mighty treaſures, to ſupport him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes ceaſe,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
Broke thro' all ſacred laws, and uncontroll'd
Deſtroy'd his royal charge, to ſeize the gold.
Curs'd gold!—how high will daring mortals riſe
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
Soon as my ſoul recover'd from her fears,
Before my father, and the gather'd peers,
I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhoſpitable realm behind,
And ſpread our op'ning canvas to the wind.
But firſt we paid the rites to Polydore,
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the ſhore.
Next, to his ghoſt, adorn'd with cypreſs boughs,
And ſable wreaths, two ſolemn altars roſe;
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around.
Warm milk and ſacred blood in bowls we brought,
To lure the ſpirit with the mingled draught;

and ſee what we ourſelves would ſay on ſuch and ſuch an occaſion. By this means a man will learn to uſe ſentences ſeldomer, and to retrench thoſe that being not neceſſary to raiſe the idea of what he would repreſent, are only dreſs'd up for a ſhow. He will likewiſe learn to ſtrip a great many thoughts of that pompous air, which forms a general precept out of a trifle. And he will ſay upon theſe occaſions; I command you to ſpeak; do you obey: and not, like Seneca, He who does not ſpeak when commanded, does not do as we commanded him. Some modern writers that may be named, might profit if they conſidered this Remark, eſpecially the generality of our tragedy writers.

See vol. 4. POSTSCRIPT.

Condimus, et magna ſupremum voce ciemus.
Inde, ubi prima fides pelago, placataque venti
Dant maria, et lene crepitans vocat auſter in altum;
Deducunt ſocii navis, et litora conplent.
Provehimur portu: terraeque urbeſque recedunt.
Sacra mari colitur medio gratiſſima tellus
Nereidum matri, et Neptuno Aegeo:
Quam pius Arcitenens, oras et litora circum
Errantem, Gyaro celſa Myconoque revinxit,
Inmotamque coli dedit, et contemnere ventos.
Huc feror: haec feſſos tuto placidiſſima portu
Accipit. egreſſi veneramur Apollinis urbem.
Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique ſacerdos,
Vittis et ſacra redimitus tempora lauro,
Occurrit: veterem Anchiſen agnoſcit amicum.
Jungimus hoſpitio dextras, et tecta ſubimus.
Templa dei ſaxo venerabar ſtructa vetuſto.
Da propriam, Thymbraee, domum: da moenia feſſis,
Et genus, et manſuram urbem. ſerva altera Trojae
Pergama, reliquias Danaûm atque inmitis Achilli.
Quem ſequimur? quove ire jubes? ubi ponere ſedes?
Da, pater, augurium; atque animis inlabere noſtris. . . .

115. *Grant, O Thymbræan God.*] The poet makes here no mention of ſacrifice or immolations. The reaſon is, becauſe they never killed any animals on the altars of Delos. Pythagoras, who held the Metempſychoſis, made his vow only, ſays Tully, at the altars of Delos, as theſe were never ſtain'd with blood. CATROU.

Compos'd the ſoul; and, with a diſmal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy laſt farewell.
Soon as our fleet could truſt the ſmiling ſea,
And the ſoft breeze had ſmooth'd the watry way;
Call'd by the whiſp'ring gales, we rig the ſhips,
Crowd round the ſhores, and launch into the deeps.
Swift from the port our eager courſe we ply,
And lands and towns roll backward as we fly.
By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
Lies a fair iſle amid th' Ægean flood;
Which Phœbus fix'd; for once ſhe wander'd round
The ſhores, and floated on the vaſt profound.
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Safe in her open ports the ſacred iſle
Receiv'd us, harraſs'd with the naval toil.
Our rev'rence due to Phœbus' town we pay,
And holy Anius meets us on the way;
Anius, whoſe brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
Prieſt of the god, and ſovereign of the place.
Well-pleas'd to ſee our train the ſhore aſcend,
He flew to meet my ſire, his ancient friend:
In hoſpitable guiſe our hands he preſt,
Then to the palace led each honour'd gueſt.
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
And ſuppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:
To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
Grant, O Thymbræan god, a ſettled home;
Oh! grant thy ſuppliants, their long labours paſt,
A race to flouriſh, and a town to laſt;
Preſerve this little ſecond Troy in peace,
Snatch'd from Achilles and the ſword of Greece;
Vouchſafe, great father, ſome auſpicious ſign;
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
Where lies our way? and what auſpicious guide
To foreign realms ſhall lead us o'er the tide?

Vix ea fatus eram : tremere omnia viſa repente,
Liminaque, lauruſque Dei ; totuſque moveri
Mons circum, et mugire adytis cortina reclufis.
Submiſſi petimus terram, et vox fertur ad auris :
Dardanidae duri, quae vos a ſtirpe parentum
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto
Accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et gnati gnatorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis.
Haec Phoebus : mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
Laetitia : et cuncti, quae ſint ea moenia, quaerunt ;
Quo Phoebus vocet errantis, jubeatque reverti.
Tum genitor, veterum volvens monumenta virorum,
Audite, ô proceres, ait, et ſpes diſcite veſtras.
Creta Jovis magni medio jacet inſula ponto ;
Mons Idaeus ubi, et gentis cunabula noſtrae.
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna :
Maximus unde pater, ſi rite audita recordor,
Teucrus Rhoeteas primum eſt advectus in oras,
Optavitque locum regno. nondum Ilium, et arces
Pergameae ſteterant : habitabant vallibus imis.

134. *There the wide world.*] Theſe two lines in the original are tranſlated literally from Homer, Il. xx. 307. except that Virgil ſays *cunctis oris*, and Homer Τρωσσιν ανασσει. Hence it is conjectured that Æneas did in reality never come into Italy. The learned Bochart has ſupported this opinion in a curious diſſertation, added to M. Segrais' tranſlation of Virgil.

Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains ſhook.
Burſt with a dreadful roar, the veils diſplay
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
Humbled we fell; then, proſtrate on the ground,
We hear theſe accents in an aweful ſound:
Ye valiant ſons of Troy, the land that bore
Your mighty anceſtors to light before,
Once more their great deſcendants ſhall embrace;
Go—ſeek the ancient mother of your race.
There the wide world, Æneas' houſe ſhall ſway,
And down from ſon to ſon, th' imperial power convey.
Thus Phœbus ſpoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd
The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,
What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?
Then in his mind my ſire revolving o'er
The long, long records of the times before;
Learn, ye aſſembled peers, he cries, from me,
The happy realm the laws of fate decree;
Fair Crete ſublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
Proud nurſe of Jove, the ſovereign of the gods.
There ancient Ida ſtands, and thence we trace
The firſt memorials of the Trojan race;
A hundred cities the bleſt iſle contains,
And boaſts a vaſt extent of fruitful plains.
Hence our fam'd anceſtor old Teucer bore
His courſe, and gain'd the fair Rhætean ſhore,
There the great chief the ſeat of empire choſe,
Before proud Troy's majeſtic ſtructures roſe;
Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale,

Hinc mater cultrix Cybeli, Corybantiaque aera,
Idaeumque nemus: hinc fida ſilentia ſacris,
Et juncti currum dominae ſubiere leones.
Ergo agite, et, divôm ducunt qua juſſa, ſequamur:
Placemus ventos, et Gnoſia regna petamus.
Nec longo diſtant curſu: modo Juppiter adſit,
Tertia lux claſſem Cretaeis ſiſtet in oris.
Sic fatus, meritos aris mactavit honores,
Taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo;
Nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam.
Fama volat, pulſum regnis ceſſiſſe paternis
Idomenea ducem, deſertaque litora Cretae:
Hoſte vacare domos, ſedeſque adſtare relictas.
Linquimus Ortygiae portus, pelagoque volamus,
Bacchatamque jugis Naxon, viridemque Donuſam,
Oliaron, niveamque Paron, ſparſaſque per aequor
Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta conſita terris.
Nauticus exoritur vario certamine clamor.
Hortantur ſocii, Cretam proavoſque petamus.

157. *Hence her loud cymbals.*] There is a fine paſſage in Lucretius, in which he accounts for the fable of Cybele, and deſcribes her worſhip at the ſame time.

Hanc veteres Graiûm docti cecinere poetæ
Sublimem in curru bijugos agitare leones;
Aeris in ſpatio magnam pendere docentes
Tellurem; neque poſſe in terrâ ſiſtere terram:
Adjunxere feras; quia, quamvis effera, proles
Officiis debet molliri victa parentûm:
Muralique caput ſummum cinxere corona,
Eximiis munita locis quod ſuſtinet urbes:
Quo nunc inſigni per magnas prædita terras
Horrifice fertur divinæ matris imago. Lib. II. 900.

I cannot forbear adding, that the poem of Catullus, in which he introduces Atys a prieſt of Cybele ſtruck with madneſs by this goddeſs, abounds with ſome of the ſtrongeſt ſtrokes of paſſion, and true poetic enthuſiaſm, of any thing the Roman poeſy has left us.

175. *Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply.*] The tranſlator in

From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
Hence her loud cymbals and her ſacred woods:
Hence, at her rites religious ſilence reigns,
And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
Then fly we ſpeedy where the gods command,
Appeaſe the winds, and ſeek the Cretan land:
Nor diſtant is the ſhore; if Jove but ſmile,
Three days ſhall waft us to the bliſsful iſle.
This ſaid; he ſlays the victims due, and loads
In haſte the ſmoking altars of the gods.
A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was ſlain
To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:
A milk-white ewe to ev'ry weſtern breeze,
A black, to ev'ry ſtorm that ſweeps the ſeas.
Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat,
Expell'd and baniſh'd from the throne of Crete;
Free from the foe the vacant region lay:
We leave the Delian ſhore, and plow the watry way.
By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply;
By green Donyſa next and Paros ſteer,
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whoſe cluſt'ring iſlands ſtud the ſilver tides.
Loud ſhout the ſailors, and to Crete we fly;
To Crete our country, was the general cry.

in this and the following lines hath enlarged a little, (tho' very juſtifiably) and by adding a few deſcriptive epithets (*glittering* rocks appear, *cluſt'ring* iſlands, &c.) hath given us a beautiful landſcape of every different iſland and country that the navy paſſed by, and hath convey'd as full images of the whole ſcene as if we had viewed it from one of Æneas's ſhips.

177. *Where, white in air.*] Lord Sandwich ſaid to a gentleman from whom I had it; "that when he paſt by the "iſland of Paros, ſeveral parts of it look'd as white to him, as "the riſing grounds about Turin, then covered with ſnow;" when he was there, in the year 1740.

Proſequitur ſurgens a puppi ventus euntis,
Et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.
Ergo avidus muros optatae molior urbis,
Pergameamque voco, et laetam cognomine gentem
Hortor amare focos, arcemque adtollere tectis.
Jamque fere ſicco ſubductae litore puppes,
Connubiis arviſque novis operata juventus;
Jura domoſque dabam: ſubito cum tabida membris,
Conrupto caeli tractu, miſerandaque venit
Arboribuſque ſatiſque lues, et lethifer annus.
Linquebant dulcis animas, aut aegra trahebant
Corpora. tum ſterilis exurere Sirius agros.
Arebant herbae, et victum ſeges aegra negabat.
Rurſus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenſo
Hortatur pater ire mari, veniamque precari:
Quam feſſis finem rebus ferat: unde laborum
Tentare auxilium jubeat: quo vertere curſus.
Nox erat, et terris animalia ſomnus habebat.
Effigies ſacrae divôm, Phrygiique Penates,
Quos mecum a Troja, mediiſque ex ignibus urbis
Extuleram, viſi ante oculos adſtare jacentis
In ſomnis, multo manifeſti lumine, qua ſe
Plena per inſertas fundebat luna feneſtras.
Tum ſic adfari, et curas his demere dictis:
Quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo eſt,
Hic canit; et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit.
Nos te, Dardania incenſa, tuaque arma ſecuti;
Nos tumidum ſub te permenſi claſſibus aequor:

196. *On corn and trees the dreadful peſt began.*] The progreſs of this contagion is marked out according to the beſt philoſophical and phyſical notions.

211. *And ſhone diſtinct, &c.*] As to the difficulties, in the original, of the word *inſertas* applied to feneſtras: inſertas for *inſeratas* according to Servius ſeems very harſh; and per *inſertas* feneſtras, for *inſertim per* feneſtras according to La Cerda, is more forced and unnatural than the other. And therefore I like it, with Turnebus, in its plain literal ſenſe; in which there is no difficulty at all. For what can be more proper, than feneſtra *inſerta parieti?* TRAPP.

Swift ſhoots the fleet before the driving blaſt,
And on the Cretan ſhore deſcends at laſt.
With eager ſpeed I frame a town, and call
From ancient Pergamus the riſing wall.
Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raiſe ſtrong tow'rs, and ſettle in the land.
Soon as our luſty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the veſſels on the ſandy ſhore,
Some join the nuptial bands: with buſy toil
Their fellows plow the new-diſcover'd ſoil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and aſſign the ſhares.
When lo! from ſtanding air and poiſon'd ſkies,
A ſudden plague with dire contagion flies.
On corn and trees the dreadful peſt began;
And laſt the fierce infection ſeiz'd on man.
They breathe their ſouls in air; or drag with pain
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain;
Their wonted food the blaſted fields deny,
And the red dog-ſtar fires the ſultry ſky.
My ſire adviſ'd, to meaſure back the main,
Conſult, and beg the Delian god again
To end our woes, his ſuccour to diſplay,
And to our wand'rings point the certain way.
'Twas night; ſoft ſlumbers had the world poſſeſt,
When, as I lay compos'd in pleaſing reſt,
Thoſe gods I bore from flaming Troy, ariſe
In aweful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
Cloſe at my couch they ſtood, divinely bright,
And ſhone diſtinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,
Then, to diſpel the cares that rack'd my breaſt,
Theſe words the viſionary Pow'rs addreſt:
Thoſe truths the god in Delos would repeat,
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete;
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
From flaming Ilion o'er the ſwelling ſea.

Idem venturos tollemus in aſtra nepotes,
Imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
Magna para, longumque fugae ne linque laborem.
Mutandae ſedes. non haec tibi litora ſuaſit
Delius, aut Cretae juſſit conſidere Apollo.
Eſt locus, Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt:
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebae.
Oenotri coluere viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine, gentem.
Hae nobis propriae ſedes; hinc Dardanus ortus,
Iaſiuſque pater, genus a quo principe noſtrum.
Surge age, et haec laetus longaevo dicta parenti
Haud dubitanda refer: Corythum, terraſque require
Auſonias. Dictaea negat tibi Juppiter arva.
Talibus adtonitus viſis, ac voce deorum,
(Nec ſopor illud erat, ſed coram agnoſcere voltus,
Velataſque comas, praeſentiaque ora videbar:
Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore ſudor)
Conripio e ſtratis corpus, tendoque ſupinas
Ad caelum cum voce manus, et munera libo
Intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
Anchiſen facio certum, remque ordine pando.
Agnovit prolem ambiguam, geminoſque parentes,
Seque novo veterum deceptum errore locorum.
Tum memorat: Gnate Iliacis exercite fatis,
Sola mihi talis caſus Caſſandra canebat.
Nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita noſtro;
Et ſaepe Heſperiam, ſaepe Itala regna vocare.
Sed quis ad Heſperiae venturos litora Teucros
Crederet? aut quem tum vates Caſſandra moveret?

Led by our care, ſhall thy deſcendants riſe,
The world's majeſtic monarchs, to the ſkies.
Then build thy city for imperial ſway,
And boldly take the long laborious way.
Forſake this region; for the Delian pow'r
Aſſign'd not for thy ſeat the Gnoſſian ſhore.
Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Heſperia by the Grecian race;
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;
But ſince, Italia, from the leader's name.
Theſe are the native realms the fates aſſign;
Hence roſe the fathers of the Trojan line;
The great Iäſius, ſprung from heaven above,
And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.
Riſe then, in haſte theſe joyful tidings bear,
Theſe truths unqueſtion'd to thy father's ear.
Begone—the fair Auſonian realms explore,
For Jove himſelf denies the Cretan ſhore.
Struck with the voice divine, and aweful ſight,
No common dream, or viſion of the night;
I ſaw the wreaths, their features; and a ſtream
Of trickling ſweat ran down from every limb.
I ſtarted from my bed, and rais'd on high
My hands and voice in rapture to the ſky.
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
The ſcene divine before my ſire I laid.
He owns his error of each ancient place,
Our two great founders, and the double race.
My ſon, he cry'd, whom adverſe fates employ,
Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy!
Now I reflect, Caſſandra's word divine
Aſſign'd theſe regions to the Dardan line.
But who ſurmis'd, the ſons of Troy ſhould come
To fair Heſperia from their diſtant home?
Or who gave credit to Caſſandra's ſtrain,
Doom'd by the fates to propheſy in vain?

Cedamus Phoebo, et moniti meliora ſequamur.
Sic ait: et cuncti dicto paremus ovantes.
Hanc quoque deſerimus ſedem, pauciſque relictis
Vela damus, vaſtumque cava trabe currimus aequor.
Poſtquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ullae
Adparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus:
Tum mihi caeruleus ſupra caput adſtitit imber,
Noctem hiememque ferens; et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Continuo venti volvont mare, magnaque ſurgunt
Aequora. diſperſi jactamur gurgite vaſto.
Involvere diem nimbi, et nox humida caelum
Abſtulit. ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.
Excutimur curſu, et caecis erramus in undis.
Ipſe diem noctemque negat diſcernere caelo,
Nec meminiſſe viae media Palinurus in unda.
Tris adeo incertos caeca caligine ſoles
Erramus pelago: totidem ſine ſidere noctes.
Quarto terra die primum ſe adtollere tandem
Viſa, aperire procul montis, ac volvere fumum.
Vela cadunt; remis inſurgimus; haud mora, nautae
Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et caerula verrunt.
Servatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
Accipiunt. Strophades Graio ſtant nomine dictae,
Inſulae Ionio in magno: quas dira Celaeno,
Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineïa poſtquam
Clauſa domus, menſaſque metu liquere priores.

(192—95.) Homius, Vir. Ill. P. III. c. 21. in his tautologiam ineſſe arbitratur. Videtur vir ſagaciſſimus parum probare, quae pleniore copia a poëta elaborata ſunt. Sane τὰ, *et inhorruit unda tenebris* de mari nigreſcente, iam in illo: *Noctem h. ferens* h. e. tenebris coelum obducens, continentur. Sed quis, niſi omni carminis ſuauitate ſublata, poëtae neget hoc, vt rem primum ſimpliciter exponere, mox eandem ornatius, grauius, copioſius, declarare poſſit.

263. *When, black'ning by degrees.*] We have here a deſcription of a ſecond tempeſt. It is obſerved that it is entirely different from that in the firſt book. By deſcribing the ſame ſubject with new circumſtances, the poet admirably diſplays the fruitfulneſs of his invention. SEGRAIS.

Purſue we now a ſurer, ſafer road,
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god.
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;
Then ſpread our ſails to catch the driving wind;
Forſake this realm; the ſparkling waves divide,
And the ſwift veſſels ſhoot along the tide.
Now vaniſh'd from our eyes the leſſening ground;
And all the wide horizon ſtretching round,
Above was ſky, beneath was ſea profound:
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
Charg'd with big ſtorms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
And darken'd all the main; the whirlwinds roar,
And roll the waves in mountains to the ſhore.
Snatch'd by the furious guſt, the veſſels keep
Their road no more, but ſcatter o'er the deep:
The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly;
And in a burſt of rain deſcends the ſky.
Far from our courſe was daſh'd the navy wide,
And dark we wander o'er the toſſing tide.
Not ſkilful Palinure in ſuch a ſea,
So black with ſtorms, diſtinguiſh'd night from day;
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way.
Three nights, without one guiding ſtar in view,
Three days, without the ſun, the navy flew;
The fourth, by dawn, the ſwelling ſhores we ſpy,
See the thin ſmokes, that melt into the ſky,
And blueiſh hills juſt opening on the eye.
We furl the ſails, with bending oars divide
The flaſhing waves, and ſweep the foamy tide.
Safe from the ſtorm the Strophades I gain,
Incircled by the vaſt Ionian main,
Where dwelt Celæno with her harpy train;
Since Boreas' ſons had chac'd the direful gueſts
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feaſts.

287. *From Phineus' palace.*] Phineus was a king of Thrace; or, as ſome ſay, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two ſons

Triſtius haud illis monſtrum, nec ſaevior ulla
Peſtis et ira deûm Stygiis ſeſe extulit undis.
Virginei volucrum voltus, foediſſima ventris
Proluvies, uncaeque manus, et pallida ſemper
Ora fame.
Huc ubi delati portus intravimus; ecce
Laeta boum paſſim campis armenta videmus,
Caprigenumque pecus, nullo cuſtode, per herbas.
Inruimus ferro, et divos ipſumque vocamus
In partem praedamque Jovem. tum litore curvo
Exſtruimuſque toros, dapibuſque epulamur opimis.
At ſubitae horrifico labſu de montibus adſunt
Harpyiae, et magnis quatiunt plangoribus alas,
Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia foedant
Inmundo: tum vox taetrum dira inter odorem.
Rurſum in ſeceſſu longo ſub rupe cavata,
Arboribus clauſi circum atque horrentibus umbris,
Inſtruimus menſas, ariſque reponimus ignem.
Rurſum ex diverſo caeli caeciſque latebris
Turba ſonans praedam pedibus circumvolat uncis,
Polluit ore dapes. ſociis tunc, arma capeſſant,
Edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum.

ſons to be torn out, to ſatisfy their mother-in-law. The gods puniſhed his cruelty; they ſtruck him with blindneſs, and ſent the Harpyes to him, which took the meat from his mouth. The Argonauts arrived in his country, and amongſt them Zetes and Calais, the ſons of Boreas. Theſe two winged princes delivered Phineus from the Harpyes, who had almoſt ſtarved him; and purſued them to the Strophades, where they gave over the purſuit. Apollonius has finely enlarged on this fable in his Argonautics, book ii. Theſe Harpyes were called out of hell, and ſeemed to have been of the number of the Furies: a permiſſion was given them to dwell on earth, to puniſh the wicked. CATROU.

303. *The monſter Harpyes.*] The greateſt part of the events included in the Æneid, are to be found in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus. He mentions with accuracy the courſe of the navigation of Æneas. He does not omit the fable of the Harpyes, the predictions uttered by Celænus, the eating up of the cakes, &c. As to the metamorphoſes of the ſhips into nymphs, if Dionyſius does not mention it, Virgil himſelf takes care to juſtify

But fiends to ſcourge mankind, ſo fierce, ſo fell,
Heav'n never ſummon'd from the depths of hell;
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure ſtill unclean;
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws;
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.
The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field,
And feeding flocks of goats, without a ſwain,
That range at large, and bound along the plain;
We ſeize, we ſlay, and to the copious feaſt
Call every god, and Jove himſelf a gueſt.
Then on the winding ſhore the tables plac'd,
And fate indulging in the rich repaſt;
When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On ſounding wings the monſter Harpyes flew.
They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
Or ſnatch the ſmoking viands from the board.
A ſtench offenſive follows where they fly,
And loud they ſcream, and raiſe a dreadful cry.
Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
And the cloſe ſhelter of a ſhady grove.
Once more prepare the feaſt, the tables raiſe;
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.
Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
But from a different quarter of the ſky;
With loathſome claws they ſnatch the food away,
Scream o'er our heads, and poiſon all the prey.
Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,
And with the direful monſters wage the war.

juſtify ſuch an abſurdity, by telling us, that it was an ancient tradition:

Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.

It ſeems that Virgil, aſhamed of ſuch a fairy tale, hath a mind to excuſe it by the common belief.

Many paſſages in Virgil conſidered in this view, are entirely vindicated againſt his critics, whoſe good ſenſe was miſled in that particular, by their inattention.

VOLTAIRE on epic poetry, p. 37.

Haud ſecus ac juſſi faciunt, tectoſque per herbam
Diſponunt enſis, et ſcuta latentia condunt.
Ergo ubi dilabſae ſonitum per curva dedere
Litora; dat ſignum ſpecula Miſenus ab alta
Aere cavo. invadunt ſocii, et nova proelia tentant,
Obſcaenas pelagi ferro foedare volucres.
Sed neque vim plumis ullam, nec volnera tergo
Accipiunt; celerique fuga ſub ſidera labſae
Semeſam praedam et veſtigia foeda relinquunt.
Una in praecelſa conſedit rupe Celaeno
Infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem:
Bellum etiam pro caede boum ſtratiſque juvencis,
Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis,
Et patrio Harpyias inſontis pellere regno?
Accipite ergo, animis atque haec mea figite dicta:
Quae Phoebo pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
Praedixit, vobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
Italiam curſu petitis, ventiſque vocatis
Ibitis Italiam, portuſque intrare licebit:
Sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem,
Quam vos dira fames noſtraeque injuria caedis
Ambeſas ſubigat malis abſumere menſas.
Dixit: et in ſilvas pennis ablata refugit.
At ſociis ſubita gelidus formidine ſanguis
Deriguit: cecidere animi: nec jam amplius armis,
Sed votis precibuſque jubent expoſcere pacem,

321. *Pour'd ſhrieking down.*] It required much art and delicacy in deſcribing the Harpyes, to impreſs *horror* and not *diſguſt* on the minds of the readers. Virgil has ſucceeded accordingly. His favourite writer Apollonius Rhodius furniſhed him with many hints on this ſubject.

345. *Thoſe very boards.*] It was an hiſtorical tradition, reported by D. of Halicarnaſſus and Strabo, that Æneas had been warned by the oracle, that they ſhould not be eſtabliſhed in Italy till after having been reduced to eat his own tables. Varro relates that Æneas received this prediction in the foreſt of Dodona. Virgil manages this adventure like a true poet; and

Cloſe in the graſs, obſervant of the word,
They hide the ſhining ſhield, and gleaming ſword.
Then, as the Harpyes from the hills once more
Pour'd ſhrieking down, and crowded round the ſhore,
On his high ſtand Miſenus ſounds from far
The brazen trump, the ſignal of the war.
With unaccuſtom'd fight we flew, to ſlay
The forms obſcene, dread monſters of the ſea.
But proof to ſteel their hides and plumes remain,
We ſtrike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
Who from the fragments wing th' aërial way,
And leave, involv'd in ſtench, the mangled prey;
All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock
Where perch'd ſhe ſate, the boding Fury ſpoke:
Then was it not enough, ye ſons of Troy,
Our flocks to ſlaughter, and our herds deſtroy?
But war, ſhall impious war your wrongs maintain,
And drive the Harpyes from their native reign?
Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.
To promis'd Italy your courſe you ply,
And ſafe to Italy at length ſhall fly;
But never, never raiſe your city there,
'Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
Imperious hunger urge you to devour
Thoſe very boards on which you fed before.
She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
With hearts dejected my companions ſtood,
And ſudden horrors froze their curdling blood.
Down drop the ſhield and ſpear; from fight we ceaſe,
And humbly ſue by ſuppliant vows for peace;

and he puts this oracle into the mouth of an Harpy. It here makes a fine epiſode. We ſhall ſee by and by the completion of this prophecy, which now detains the mind of the reader in ſuſpence.

CATROU.

Sive deae, ſeu ſint dirae obſcaenaeque volucres:
Et pater Anchiſes, paſſis de litore palmis,
Numina magna vocat, meritoſque indicit honores.
Dî, prohibete minas: dî, talem avertite caſum:
Et placidi ſervate pios. tum litore funem
Deripere, excuſſoſque jubet laxare rudentis.
Tendunt vela Noti: fugimus ſpumantibus undis,
Qua curſum ventuſque gubernatorque vocabant.
Jam medio adparet fluctu nemoroſa Zacynthos,
Dulichiumque, Sameque, et Neritos ardua ſaxis.
Effugimus ſcopulos Ithacae, Laërtia regna,
Et terram altricem ſaevi execramur Ulixi.
Mox et Leucatae nimboſa cacumina montis,
Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.
Hunc petimus feſſi, et parvae ſuccedimus urbi.
Anchora de prora jacitur. ſtant litore puppes.
Ergo inſperata tandem tellure potiti,
Luſtramurque Jovi, votiſque incendimus aras;
Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis.
Exercent patrias oleo labente palaeſtras
Nudati ſocii. Juvat evaſiſſe tot urbis
Argolicas, medioſque fugam tenuiſſe per hoſtis.
Interea magnum ſol circumvolvitur annum,
Et glacialis hiems aquilonibus aſperat undas.

365. *Rough Ithaca we ſhun, a rocky ſhore.*] To expreſs his contempt of the barrenneſs of Ithaca, Æneas calls it *Scopuli* Ithacæ, the rocks of Ithaca; and adds *Laërtia regna*, as if thoſe fruitleſs rocks were the boundaries of this kingdom. The terms *execramur* et *ſævi* Ulyſſei are very properly applied by the poet, to intimate his hero's deteſtation of ſo great an enemy to the Trojans as Ulyſſes: and there is a peculiar emphaſis in his curſing Ithaca merely becauſe it gave *birth* to Ulyſſes—terram *altricem* Ulyſſei.

377. *On Actian ſhores.*] *Nobilitamus* Actium promontorium *ludis*, &c. ſays Ruæus; and it may be true, ſays Dr. Trapp, but I rather take it by way of Hyppallage, Celebramus ludos littoribus,

And whether goddeſſes, or fiends from hell,
Proſtrate before the monſtrous forms we fell.
But old Anchiſes, by the beating floods,
Invok'd with ſacrifice the immortal gods;
And rais'd his hands and voice:—Ye pow'rs divine,
Avert theſe woes, and ſpare a righteous line.
Then he commands to cut the cords away;
With ſouthern gales we plow the foamy ſea.
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
With flying ſails we ſtem the murmuring tides.
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
Dulichian coaſts, and Samian hills we ſpy,
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the ſky.
Rough Ithaca we ſhun, a rocky ſhore,
And curſe the land that dire Ulyſſes bore.
Then dim Leucate ſwell'd to ſight, who ſhrouds
His tall aërial brow in ambient clouds;
Laſt opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of ſailors on the wintry main.
To this ſmall town, fatigu'd with toil, we haſte;
The circling anchors from the prows are caſt.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes reſtor'd,
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.
All bright in ſuppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wreſtling, and revive with joy
On Actian ſhores the ſolemn games of Troy.
Pleas'd we reflect that we had paſs'd in peace
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.
Meantime the ſun his annual race performs,
And bluſt'ring Boreas fills the ſea with ſtorms;

littoribus, &c. eſpecially ſince the change is ſo eaſy and natural. Though the literal ſenſe is here ſufficient; yet doubtleſs Virgil had a farther view to the ſports afterwards inſtituted by Auguſtus, in memory of his victory at Actium.

Aere cavo clipeum, magni geſtamen Abantis,
Poſtibus adverſis figo, et rem carmine ſigno:
Aeneas haec de Danais victoribus arma.
Linquere tum portus jubeo, et conſidere tranſtris.
Certatim ſocii feriunt mare, et aequora verrunt.
Protenus aërias Phaeacum abſcondimus arces,
Litoraque Epiri legimus, portuque ſubimus
Chaonio, et celſam Buthroti adſcendimus urbem.
Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris,
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis,
Conjugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi ſceptriſque potitum;
Et patrio Andromachen iterum ceſſiſſe marito.
Obſtupui; miroque incenſum pectus amore,
Conpellare virum, et caſus cognoſcere tantos,
Progredior portu, claſſis et litora linquens.
Sollemnis cum forte dapes, et triſtia dona,
Ante urbem in luco falſi Simoëntis ad undam
Libabat cineri Andromache, Maniſque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum: viridi quem ceſpite inanem,
Et geminas, cauſſam lacrimis, ſacraverat aras.
Ut me conſpexit venientem, et Troïa circum

383. *The warlike Abas.*] It is difficult to gueſs who this Abas might be. He ſeems however to have been a Grecian ſlain by Æneas in combat, from whom he took his buckler. Æneas fix'd it to the gate of Apollo's temple, with an inſcription: and that even in a Grecian city. This was to let the Grecians underſtand, that there ſtill remained revengers of Troy. We ſhould obſerve that this inſcription, which is only one line, is (after the manner of ancient inſcriptions) the moſt ſimple and ſhort imaginable. Euripides makes a fine uſe of this cuſtom, in the Phæniſſæ; where Jocaſta, after having aſked her ſon Polynices, what trophies he will erect in memory of having conquered his *own* country, adds,

Και σκυλα γραψεις πως ἐπ' Ιναχῳ ροαις;
Θηβας πυρωσας. ΤΑΣΔΕ ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ
ΑΣΠΙΔΑΣ ΕΘΗΚΕ.——— Ver. 578.

401. *Where a new Simois.*] Helenus and Andromache comforted themſelves for the loſs of Troy, in giving to a river of Epirus, the name of a Trojan river. CATROU.

I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
And thus inſcrib'd—Theſe arms with blood diſtain'd,
From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd;
Then, rous'd at my command, the ſailors ſweep
And daſh with bending oars the ſparkling deep.
Soon had we loſt Phæacia's ſinking tow'rs,
And ſkimm'd along Epirus' flying ſhores.
On the Chaonian port at length we fall;
Thence we aſcend to high Buthrotos' wall.
Aſtoniſh'd here a ſtrange report we found,
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
The captive prince, (victorious Pyrrhus dead,)
At once ſucceeded to his throne and bed;
And fair Andromache, to Troy reſtor'd,
Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.
With eager joy I left the fleet, and went
To hail my royal friends, and learn the ſtrange event.
Before the walls, within a gloomy wood,
Where a new Simois roll'd his ſilver flood;
By chance, Andromache that moment paid
The mournful offerings to her Hector's ſhade.
A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compoſe
Of living turf; and two fair altars roſe.
Sad ſcene! that ſtill provok'd the tears ſhe ſhed;
And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
She ſaw my Trojan arms and enſigns fly;

402. *By chance, Andromache.*] This unexpected meeting with Andromache (and at the tomb of Hector,) has an infinite beauty, and muſt be very pleaſing to the reader: her ſurprize at the ſight of the Trojan arms is naturally painted.

404. *An empty tomb.*] The bones of Hector were not depoſited in this tomb. It was empty, and therefore Virgil ſtyles it, *inanem:* it was literally what the Latins called *monumentum.*

CATROU.

It is probable Catrou might mean *Cenotaphium.*

Arma amens vidit; magnis exterrita monſtris
Deriguit viſu in medio: calor oſſa reliquit.
Labitur, et longo vix tandem tempore fatur:
Verane te facies, verus mihi nuntius adfers;
Nate dea? viviſne? aut ſi lux alma receſſit,
Hector ubi eſt? dixit, lacrimaſque effudit, et omnem
Inplevit clamore locum. vix pauca furenti
Subjicio, et raris turbatus vocibus hiſco.
Vivo equidem, vitamque extrema per omnia duco.
Ne dubita: nam vera vides.
Heu, qui te caſus dejectam conjuge tanto
Excipit? aut quae digna ſatis fortuna reviſit?
Hectoris Andromache Pyrrhin' connubia ſervas?
Dejecit voltum, et demiſſa voce locuta eſt:
O felix una ante alias Priameïa virgo,
Hoſtilem ad tumulum Trojae ſub moenibus altis
Juſſa mori, quae ſortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incenſa, diverſa per aequora vectae,
Stirpis Achilleae faſtus, juvenemque ſuperbum
Servitio enixae tulimus. qui deinde ſecutus
Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemonioſque Hymenaeos,

(320 ſqq.) Artem poëtae iam Scaligero III. Poët. 14. aliiſque obſeruatam facile agnoſcis. Andromache, caſta et pudica femina, virique amantiſſima, non niſi per ambages reſpondet. Felicem praedicat Polyxenam, quae ad Achillis tumulum caeſa ſeruitutem morte anteuerterit.

427. *To Pyrrhus' bed.*] Theſe words of Æneas would have been a ſevere reproach, if Andromache had been miſtreſs of her own fortune. Her ſlavery rendered her marriage with Pyrrhus excuſable; notwithſtanding which ſhe is ſtill confuſed, modeſtly caſts her eyes to the ground, and replies with a low voice; not anſwering his queſtion directly, but breaking out into that paſſionate exclamation, *O felix una, &c.* meaning Polyxena, who was ſacrificed by the Grecians to appeaſe the ghoſt of Achilles.

430. *Thrice bleſt Polyxena.*] Polyxena, the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, was beloved by Achilles; who, when he came to marry her in the temple of Apollo, was treacherouſly murdered by Paris during the ceremony of the nuptials. After the ſacking

So ſtrange a ſight aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey,
The princeſs trembles, falls, and faints away.
Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forſook,
And, ſcarce recover'd, thus at length ſhe ſpoke:
Ha!—is it true?—in perſon? and alive?
Still, doſt thou ſtill, oh! goddeſs-born, ſurvive?
Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,
Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?
Then, the big ſorrow ſtreaming from her eyes,
She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.
Few words to ſoothe her raging grief I ſay,
And ſcarce thoſe few, for ſobs, could find their way.
Ah! truſt your eyes, no phantoms here impoſe;
I live indeed, but drag a life of woes.
Say then, oh ſay, has fortune yet been juſt
To worth like yours, ſince Hector ſunk in duſt?
Or oh! is that great hero's conſort led
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?
To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,
While on the ground ſhe fixt her ſtreaming eyes:
Thrice bleſt Polyxena! condemn'd to fall
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;
Stabb'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.
Nor lots diſgrac'd her with a chain, like me,
A wretched captive, drag'd from ſea to ſea!
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave
A ſon to Pyrrhus, more than half a ſlave.
From me, to fair Hermione he fled
Of Leda's race, and ſought a Spartan bed;

ſacking of Troy, Achilles's ghoſt appeared, and demanded that Polyxena ſhould be ſacrificed to him: ſhe was accordingly ſlain upon his tomb by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles. The Hecuba of Euripides is founded on this ſubject; and the deſcription of Polyxena's manner of dying, related by the herald Talthybius in the third act, is very noble.

Me famulo famulamque Heleno tranſmiſit habendam.
Aſt illum ereptae magno inflammatus amore
Conjugis, et ſcelerum Furiis agitatus Oreſtes,
Excipit incautum, patriaſque obtruncat ad aras.
Morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita ceſſit
Pars Heleno: qui Chaonios cognomine campos,
Chaoniamque omnem Trojano a Chaone dixit:
Pergamaque, Iliacamque jugis hanc addidit arcem.
Sed tibi qui curſum venti, quae fata dedere?
Aut quiſnam ignarum noſtris deus adpulit oris?
Quid puer Aſcanius? ſuperatne, et veſcitur auras?
Quem tibi jam Troja * * * *
Ecqua tamen puero eſt amiſſae cura parentis?
Ecquid in antiquam virtutem animoſque virilis
Et pater Aeneas et avonculus excitat Hector?
Talia fundebat lacrimans, longoſque ciebat
Incaſſum fletus: cum ſeſe a moenibus heros
Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
Adgnoſcitque ſuos, laetuſque ad limina ducit,
Et multum lacrimas verba inter ſingula fundit.
Procedo, et parvam Trojam, ſimulataque magnis
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivom

445. *At Apollo's.*] Upon theſe lines of Virgil, Racine has built the ſtory of one of his beſt tragedies called Andromache; of which we have a tranſlation, with the addition of ſome original beauties, in the *Diſtreſt Mother*; written by Mr. Amb. Phillips, a poet by no means ſo contemptible as SWIFT and POPE endeavoured to make him. Seneca has a tragedy on the death of Aſtyanax, ſtuffed with bombaſt, and unnatural thoughts.

452. *Does yet Aſcanius live.*] In the original there is an hemiſtich follows this line. There are many other breaks or half lines in the Æneid; which circumſtance of itſelf, excluſive of other proofs, is ſufficient to evince that Virgil did not give the laſt finiſhing to this poem. There is not one hemiſtich in the Georgics or Eclogues which he left complete; nor in any other old Latin poem, that I know of. The ſpirit of correctneſs and exactneſs, ſo remarkable in this poet, would certainly have ſpread itſelf, if his death had not prevented it, thro' all his works.

My ſlighted charms to Helenus reſign'd,
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.
But fierce Oreſtes, by the Furies toſt
And mad with vengeance for the bride he loſt,
Swift on the monarch from his ambuſh flew,
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar ſlew.
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant ſlain,)
A portion of the realm, a large domain:
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.
But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs,
Led you, unknowing, to theſe friendly ſhores?
Does yet Aſcanius live, the hope of Troy?
Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?
Or glory's charms his little ſoul inflame,
To match my Hector's or his father's fame?
So ſpoke the queen with mingled ſobs and cries,
And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.
When lo! in royal pomp the king deſcends
With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.
Then to the town his welcome gueſts he led;
Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he ſaid.
Here in a foreign region I behold
A little Troy, an image of the old;
Here creeps along a poor penurious ſtream,
That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name:

458. *The king deſcends.*] Boſſu judiciouſly obſerves, that the reader of a poem is offended, when that is related to him which he already perfectly knows. This was not ſo great a fault in Homer's time. Virgil is more exact in this particular. Venus in the firſt book would not hear Æneas make a recital of his misfortunes; ſhe interrupts it to comfort him. And in the third book, when good manners obliged Æneas to relate his ſtory to Andromache, Helenus comes in very opportunely, and ſo hinders him from going on with his diſcourſe.

Adgnoſco, Scaeaeque amplector limina portae.
Nec non et Teucri ſocia ſimul urbe fruuntur.
Illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis.
Aulai in medio libabant pocula Bacchi,
Inpoſitis auro dapibus; pateraſque tenebant.
Jamque dies, alterque dies proceſſit; et aurae
Vela vocant, tumidoque inflatur carbaſus auſtro.
His vatem adgredior dictis, ac talia quaeſo:
Trojugena interpres Divôm, qui numina Phoebi,
Qui tripodas, Clarii laurus, qui ſidera ſentis,
Et volucrum linguas, et praepetis omina pennae:
Fare age (namque omnem curſum mihi proſpera dixit
Religio, et cuncti ſuaſerunt numine divi
Italiam petere, ac terras tentare repoſtas:
Sola novom dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno
Prodigium canit, ac triſtis denuntiat iras,
Obſcaenamque famem) quae prima pericula vito?
Quidve ſequens tántos poſſim ſuperare labores?
Hic Helenus, caeſis primum de more juvencis,
Exorat pacem Divôm, vittaſque reſolvit
Sacrati capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,
Ipſe manu multo ſuſpenſum numine ducit:
Atque haec deinde canit divino ex ore ſacerdos:

466. *A ſecond Scæan gate I claſp with joy.*] Thoſe who were going out to baniſhment, or about to travel into ſome diſtant country, were wont to embrace the pillars and threſholds of their houſes. This they alſo did at their return. Hence V. Flaccus, Arg. b. i.—*Patriaeque amplecti limina portae.*

This cuſtom they practiſed likewiſe in the colonies dependent upon their reſpective countries.

A ſecond Scæan gate I claſp with joy,
In dear remembrance of the firſt in Troy.
With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,
Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,
Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold;
And the vaſt feaſt was ſerv'd in maſſy gold.
Two days were paſt, and now the ſouthern gales
Call us aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.
A thouſand doubts diſtract my anxious breaſt,
And thus the royal prophet I addreſs'd:
Oh ſacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,
To ſpeak events, and ſearch the will of Heav'n,
The ſecret mind of Phœbus to declare
From laurels, tripods, and from every ſtar:
To know the voice of every fowl that flies,
The ſigns of every wing that beats the ſkies;
Inſtruct me, ſacred ſeer; ſince every god,
With each bleſt omen, bids me plow the flood,
To reach fair Italy, and meaſure o'er
A length of ocean to the deſtin'd ſhore:
The Harpy queen, and ſhe alone, relates
A ſcene of ſad unutterable fates,
A dreadful famine ſent from heaven on high,
With all the gather'd vengeance of the ſky:
Tell me, what dangers I muſt firſt oppoſe,
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.
Now, the due victims ſlain, the king implores
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;
Unbinds the fillets from his ſacred head,
Then, by the hand, in ſolemn ſtate he led
His trembling gueſt to Phœbus' fair abode,
Struck with an aweful reverence of the god.
At length, with all the ſacred fury fir'd,
Thus ſpoke the prophet, as the god inſpir'd:

Nate dea, (nam te majoribus ire per altum
Auſpiciis manifeſta fides: ſic fata deûm rex
Sortitur, volvitque vices: is vertitur ordo)
Pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hoſpita luſtres
Aequora, et Auſonio poſſis conſidere portu,
Expediam dictis. prohibent nam cetera Parcae
Scire Helenum, farique vetat Saturnia Juno.
Principio Italiam, quam tu jam rere propinquam,
Vicinoſque ignare paras invadere portus,
Longa procul longis via dividit invia terris.
Ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda,
Et ſalis Auſonii luſtrandum navibus aequor,
Infernique lacus, Aeaeaeque inſula Circes,
Quam tuta poſſis urbem conponere terra.
Signa tibi dicam: tu condita mente teneto.
Cum tibi ſollicito ſecreti ad fluminis undas
Litoreis ingens inventa ſub ilicibus ſus
Triginta capitum foetus enixa jacebit,
Alba, ſolo recubans, albi circum ubera gnati:
Is locus urbis erit: requies ea certa laborum.
Nec tu menſarum morſus horreſce futuros:
Fata viam invenient, aderitque vocatus Apollo.
Has autem terras, Italique hanc litoris oram,
Proxima quae noſtri perfunditur aequoris aeſtu,
Effuge: cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graiis.
Hic et Narycii poſuerunt moenia Locri,
Et Sallentinos obſedit milite campos

514. *Plunging oars.*] In the original *lentandus:* i. e. curvandus et flectendus: the oar being *lentus,* tough, and ſo made for *bending* not breaking.

521. *White mother.*] This circumſtance of finding a white ſow and her thirty young ones was founded, according to Varro, upon an ancient hiſtorical tradition. On their account, Alba, which Aſcanius built, had its name and origin. There is no fiction either in the geography, or in the antiquities and origin of the nations mentioned in this third book. Virgil had ſeen with his own eyes, the ſeas, the iſlands, the countries, ports, and cities, thro' which his hero paſſed. For he himſelf made the very ſame voyage, that he deſcribes Æneas to have made, on purpoſe that he might be more exact in his account.

See note on ver. 63. B. 8. CATROU.

Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides,
With proſperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
The firm decree of him who reigns above:
Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
Your future courſe with ſafety to purſue;
And, all theſe foreign floods and countries paſt,
To reach the wiſh'd Auſonian port at laſt.
The reſt the fates from Helenus conceal,
And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
Firſt then, that Italy, that promis'd land,
Tho' thy fond hopes already graſp the ſtrand,
(Tho' now ſhe ſeems ſo near,) a mighty tide,
And long, long regions from your reach divide.
Sicilian ſeas muſt bend your plunging oars;
Your fleet muſt coaſt the fair Auſonian ſhores,
And reach the dreadful iſle, the dire abode
Where Circe reigns; and ſtem the Stygian flood,
Before your fated city ſhall aſcend.
Hear then, and theſe auſpicious ſigns attend:
When, loſt in contemplation deep, you find
A large white mother of the briſtly kind,
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
Her ſwelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
There, there, thy town ſhall riſe, my godlike friend,
And all thy labours find their deſtin'd end.
Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,
That your fierce hunger ſhall your boards devour.
Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
And fate the myſtic riddle ſhall diſplay.
But theſe next borders of th' Italian ſhores,
On whoſe rough rocky ſides our ocean roars,
Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train
Poſſeſs thoſe realms that ſtretch along the main.
Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful ſeat;
There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete,

Lyctius Idomeneus: hic illa ducis Meliboei
Parva Philoctetae ſubnixa Petilia muro.
Quin, ubi tranſmiſſae ſteterint trans aequora claſſes,
Et poſitis aris jam vota in litore ſolves,
Purpureo velare comas adopertus amictu;
Ne qua inter ſanctos ignis in honore deorum
Hoſtilis facies occurrat, et omina turbet.
Hunc ſocii morem ſacrorum, hunc ipſe teneto:
Hac caſti maneant in religione nepotes.
Aſt ubi digreſſum Siculae te admoverit orae
Ventus, et anguſti rareſcent clauſtra Pelori;
Laeva tibi tellus, et longo laeva petantur
Aequora circuitu: dextrum fuge litus, et undas.
Haec loca vi quondam, et vaſta convolſa ruina
(Tantum aevi longinqua valet mutare vetuſtas)
Diſſiluiſſe ferunt; cum protenus utraque tellus
Una foret: venit medio vi pontus, et undis
Heſperium Siculo latus abſcidit, arvaque et urbis
Litore diductas anguſto interluit aeſtu.

538. *Here Philoctetes.*] Philoctetes was the ſon of Pæan, and the companion and friend of Hercules, who gave him in his laſt moments the famous poiſoned arrows; but Philoctetes being unfortunately bit by a ſerpent in his foot, the wound became very offenſive to the camp, and the Grecian army thinking the bite was a puniſhment from the gods, agreed to ſend Philoctetes into the ſolitary iſland of Lemnos. But the oracle afterwards declaring that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Hercules, he was brought back again by Ulyſſes and Neoptolemus; and hearing, after Troy was taken, of an inſurrection or rather rebellion of the Meliboei, he came into Italy; and either built, or fortified Petilia with walls. There is a moſt beautiful tragedy of Sophocles on this ſimple ſubject of Philoctetes's being brought back to the Grecian army by Ulyſſes: the ſubſtance and capital beauties of which have been tranſlated by Fenelon, and inſerted into the fifteenth book of his Telemachus: the lamentations of Philoctetes in the latter part of this tragedy, where he takes leave of his cave and ſolitary iſland, are extremely poetical; particularly, where he wiſhes great birds would come to carry him away; and where he regrets the loſs of his beloved bow. See ver. 1130. & 1161, &c.

Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,
And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.
Here Philoctetes, from Theſſalian ſhores,
Rears ſtrong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.
Soon as tranſported o'er the rolling floods,
You pay due vows in honour of the gods;
When on the ſhore the ſmoking altars riſe,
A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
Leſt hoſtile faces ſhould appear in ſight,
To blaſt and diſcompoſe the hallow'd rite.
Obſerve this form before the ſacred ſhrine,
Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.
When near Sicilian coaſts thy bellying ſails
At length convey thee with the driving gales;
Pelorus' ſtraits juſt opening by degrees;
Turn from the right; avoid the ſhores and ſeas.
Far to the left thy courſe in ſafety keep,
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
In length of ages from the continent;
With force convulſive burſt the iſle away;
Through the dread op'ning broke the thund'ring ſea:
At once the thund'ring ſea Sicilia tore,
And ſunder'd from the fair Heſperian ſhore;
And ſtill the neighbouring coaſts and towns divides
With ſcanty channels, and contracted tides.

543. *A purple veil.*] This veil with which the head was to be covered during ſacrifice, was a piece of hiſtory of which Virgil hath made a poetical uſe. Aurelius Victor relates, that Æneas ſacrificing on the ſhore of Italy, ſuddenly perceived Ulyſſes and his fleet approaching; and for fear of being known, covered his face with a purple veil. From this adventure, Virgil makes Helenus give Æneas a ceremonial precept, for all his poſterity. Such uſe does the poet make of the leaſt hiſtorical circumſtances in the life of his hero. CATROU.

Dextrum Scylla latus, laevom inplacata Charybdis
Obſidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vaſtos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rurſumque ſub auras
Erigit alternos, et ſidera verberat unda.
At Scyllam caecis cohibet ſpelunca latebris,
Ora exſertantem, et navis in ſaxa trahentem.
Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo
Pube tenus: poſtrema inmani corpore priſtis,
Delphinum caudas utero commiſſa luporum.
Praeſtat Trinacrii metas luſtrare Pachyni
Ceſſantem, longos et circum flectere curſus,
Quam ſemel informem vaſto vidiſſe ſub antro
Scyllam, et caeruleis canibus reſonantia ſaxa.
Praeterea, ſi qua eſt Heleno prudentia, vati
Si qua fides, animum ſi veris inplet Apollo,
Unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum
Praedicam; et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo.

563. *Charybdis on the left, &c.*] Virgil has copied this deſcription from the twelfth book of the Odyſſey; and I think equals Homer in it. The connoiſſeurs in painting are curious in obſerving how different maſters acquit themſelves in working upon the ſame ſubjects. In imitation of them, let us ſee how far below Virgil Ovid has fallen, in deſcribing Scylla and Charybdis!

Quid, quod neſcio qui mediis concurrere in undis
Dicuntur montes; ratibuſque inimica Charybdis
Nunc ſorbere fretum, nunc reddere, cinctaque ſaevis
Scylla rapax canibus Siculo latrare profundo.

How flat and puerile is this in compariſon of the majeſty and energy of,

Dextrum Scylla latus, laevom inplacata Charybdis
Obſidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite vaſtos
Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rurſumque ſub auras
Erigit alternos, et ſidera verberat unda.

Methinks we have been looking on a piece of Michael Angelo's, and one of Verrio's on the ſame ſubject. I cannot forbear tranſcribing Milton's noble and juſt deſcription of the allegorical figure of Sin, as it has a relation to this paſſage of Virgil.

Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours:
Thrice ſwallow'd in her womb, ſubſides the ſea,
Deep, deep as hell; and thrice ſhe ſpouts away
From her black bellowing gulphs, diſgorg'd on high,
Waves after waves, that daſh the diſtant ſky.
Lodg'd in a darkſom cavern's dreadful ſhade,
High o'er the ſurges Scylla rears her head:
Grac'd with a virgin's breaſt, and female looks,
She draws the veſſels on the pointed rocks.
Below, ſhe lengthens in a monſtrous whale,
With dogs ſurrounded, and a dolphin's tail.
But oh! 'tis far, far ſafer with delay
Still round and round to plow the watry way,
And coaſt Pachynus, than with curious eyes
To ſee th' enormous den where Scylla lies;
The dire tremendous fury to explore,
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her watry monſters roar.
Beſides, if Helenus the truth inſpires,
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires;
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' ſtrain,
Tho' oft repeated, I muſt urge again.

——About her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceaſing bark'd,
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If ought diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb
And kennel there: yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd
Within, unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore.
Par. Loſt, book ii. 654.

Milton ſeems to have taken the hint of this famous allegory from theſe words in St. James's epiſtle, i. 15. "When LUST "hath conceived, it bringeth forth SIN; and SIN, when it "is finiſhed, bringeth forth DEATH:" Where LUST, and SIN, and DEATH, are plainly perſonify'd. DEATH alſo, Θανατος, is introduced as a perſon in the Alceſtis of Euripides: Milton, it is well known, was a conſtant reader of this tragic poet, and I have ſometimes thought that he might borrow his *Thanatus* from Euripides.

Junonis magnae primum prece numen adora:
Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem
Supplicibus ſupera donis. ſic denique victor
Trinacria finis Italos mittere relicta.
Huc ubi delatus Cumaeam acceſſeris urbem,
Divinoſque lacus, et Averna ſonantia ſilvis;
Inſanam vatem aſpicies: quae rupe ſub ima
Fata canit, foliiſque notas et nomina mandat.
Quaecumque in foliis deſcripſit carmina virgo,
Digerit in numerum, atque antro ſecluſa reliquit.
Illa manent inmota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.
Verum eadem, verſo tenuis cum cardine ventus
Inpulit et teneras turbavit janua frondis;
Numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere ſaxo,
Nec revocare ſitus, aut jungere carmina curat.
Inconſulti abeunt, ſedemque odere Sibyllae.
Hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint diſpendia tanti:
Quamvis increpitent ſocii, et vi curſus in altum
Vela vocet, poſſiſque ſinus inplere ſecundos:
Quin adeas vatem, precibuſque oracula poſcas.
Ipſa canat, vocemque volens atque ora reſolvat.
Illa tibi Italiae populos, venturaque bella,
Et quo quemque modo fugiaſque feraſque laborem,
Expediet; curſuſque dabit venerata ſecundos.
Haec ſunt, quae noſtra liceat te voce moneri.
Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Trojam.

616. *Thus far I tell thee.*] Virgil repreſents the prophet Helenus, as reſtrain'd in his diſcoveries of what was to happen to Æneas, in his going from Italy. The great point in which he was thus reſtrain'd, was Æneas's delay at Carthage; and the danger that aroſe from it, of his quite breaking off his voyage, and ſettling in that city. Hence he ſays afterwards, "If Juno does not prevent it, you ſhall go from Sicily to "Italy." And 'tis true he did ſo; but that was after the ſecond time of his being at Sicily: and the whole affair of his being driven to the coaſt of Africa, and his ſtaying ſo long at Carthage (which happen'd after his firſt leaving Sicily) is totally

To Juno firſt with gifts and vows repair,
And vanquiſh heav'n's imperial queen with pray'r.
So ſhall your fleets in ſafety waft you o'er,
From fair Trinacria to th' Heſperian ſhore;
There when arriv'd you viſit Cuma's tow'rs,
Where dark with ſhady woods Avernus roars,
You ſee the Sibyl in her rocky cave,
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.
The dark decrees of fate the virgin ſings,
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.
The myſtic numbers, in the cavern laid,
Are rang'd in order by the ſacred maid;
There they repoſe in ranks along the floor;
At length a caſual wind unfolds the door;
The caſual wind diſorders the decrees,
And the looſe fates are ſcatter'd by the breeze.
She ſcorns to range them, and again unite
The fleeting ſcrolls, or ſtop their airy flight.
Then back retreat the diſappointed train,
And curſe the Sibyl they conſult in vain.
But thou more wiſe, thy purpos'd courſe delay,
Though thy raſh friends ſhould ſummon thee away;
And wait with patience, though the flattering gales
Sing in thy ſhrowds, and fill thy opening ſails.
With ſuppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,
In vocal accents all thy various fate.
Her voice the Italian nations ſhall declare,
And the whole progreſs of thy future war.
Thy numerous toils the propheteſs ſhall ſhow,
And how to ſhun, or ſuffer every woe.
With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
So ſhalt thou ſafely reach the diſtant ſhore:
Thus far I tell thee, but muſt tell no more.
Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
And raiſe the Trojan glory to the ſtars.

dropt by Helenus. All he tells him is, how he may eſcape the

Quae poſtquam vates ſic ore effatus amico eſt,
Dona dehinc auro gravia, ſectoque elephanto
Imperat ad navis ferri, ſtipatque carinis
Ingens argentum, Dodonaeoſque lebetas,
Loricam conſertam hamis auroque trilicem,
Et conum inſignis galeae, criſtaſque comantis,
Arma Neoptolemi. ſunt et ſua dona parenti.
Addit equos, additque duces:
Remigium ſupplet: ſocios ſimul inſtruit armis.
Interea claſſem velis aptare jubebat
Anchiſes, fieret vento mora ne qua ferenti.
Quem Phoebi interpres multo conpellat honore:
Conjugio Anchiſa Veneris dignate ſuperbo,
Cura deûm, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
Ecce tibi Auſoniae tellus: hanc adripe velis.
Et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare neceſſe eſt.
Auſoniae pars illa procul, quam pandit Apollo.
Vade, ait, ô felix gnati pietate. quid ultra
Provehor, ac fando ſurgentis demoror auſtros?
Nec minus Andromache, digreſſu maeſta ſupremo.

the other dangers in his voyage; and what he is to do, and where to fix, when he is got to Italy. SPENCE.

Prophecies ſhould be rarely introduced into a poem, becauſe they foreſtall the events of the action; except they are delivered with an air of obſcurity, and only hint obliquely at the future.

635. *Whom Venus led.*] Among other gallantries of Venus, it was ſaid ſhe had an amour with Anchiſes, as he was keeping his ſheep on Mount Ida. This adventure is deſcribed at large, and in the moſt glowing colours, in Homer's hymn to Venus. The fable was probably invented (ſays the Abbé Banier) to cloak ſome piece of gallantry, and to calm the jealouſy of Anchiſes's wife, who ſaw him too often frequent the banks of the river Simois, where he was probably ſmitten with the charms of ſome ſhepherdeſs, who was perhaps denominated Venus on account of her beauty. It would ſeem that it was that Venus whom Homer makes to have been the daughter of Dione, Il. ix. and who is mentioned by Cicero, De Nat. Deor. l. iii. The poets add, that Venus enjoined her gallant not

When thus my fates the royal ſeer foretold,
He ſent rich gifts of elephant and gold;
Within my navy's ſides large treaſures ſtow'd,
And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.
To me the monarch gave a ſhining mail,
With many a golden claſp, and golden ſcale;
With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore
A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
My father too with coſtly gifts he loads,
And ſailors he ſupplies to ſtem the floods,
And generous ſteeds, and arms to all my train,
With ſkilful guides to lead us o'er the main.
And now my ſire gave orders to unbind
The gather'd ſails, and catch the riſing wind;
Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic ſage
Addreſs'd with all the reverence due to age.
O favour'd of the ſkies! whom Venus led
To the high honours of her genial bed,
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
And twice preſerv'd thee from the flames of Troy:
Lo! to your eyes Auſonian coaſts appear;
Go—to that realm your happy voyage ſteer.
But far beyond thoſe regions you ſurvey,
Your coaſting fleet muſt cut the lengthen'd way.
Still, ſtill at diſtance lies the fated place,
Aſſign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.
Go then, he ſaid, with full ſucceſs go on,
Oh bleſt! thrice bleſt in ſuch a matchleſs ſon.
Why longer ſhould my words your courſe detain,
When the ſoft gales invite you to the main?
Nor leſs the queen, her love and grief to tell,
With coſtly preſents takes her ſad farewell.

not to ſpeak of this adventure, but that he not being able to keep the ſecret, was ſtruck with thunder, by which Servius ſays he loſt his ſight; others ſay, the wound he received thereby, could never be cloſed up.

Fert picturatas auri ſubtemine veſtis,
Et Phrygiam Aſcanio chlamidem : nec cedit honori,
Textilibuſque onerat donis, ac talia fatur :
Accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monumenta mearum
Sint, puer, et longum Andromachae teſtentur amorem,
Conjugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum,
O mihi ſola mei ſuper Aſtyanactis imago.
Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat ;
Et nunc aequali tecum pubeſceret aevo.
Hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis :
Vivite felices, quibus eſt fortuna peracta
Jam ſua : nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur.
Vobis parta quies : nullum maris aequor arandum :
Arva neque Auſoniae ſemper cedentia retro
Quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi Trojamque videtis,
Quam veſtrae fecere manus, melioribus (opto)
Auſpiciis ; et quae fuerit minus obvia Graiis.
Si quando Thybrim, vicinaque Thybridis arva
Intraro, gentique meae data moenia cernam,
Cognatas urbis olim, populoſque propinquos

659, 660. *I ſee My dear Aſtyanax revive in thee !*] This reflection of Andromache is delicate and moving. 'Tis the very voice of nature ; the mother appears in it ; eſpecially where ſhe adds with a ſigh,

Et nunc *aequali tecum pubeſceret* aevo !

It ſuggeſts to one, the delight ſhe would have felt to have ſeen Iülus and Aſtyanax together, engaged in friendſhip, and fond of the ſame purſuits ! After the deſtruction of Troy, the Grecian prieſt Calchas declared that the gods, to ſend them a favourable wind for their return, demanded that the ſon of Hector and Andromache muſt periſh. His mother concealed Aſtyanax, but Ulyſſes diſcovered him ; and he was thrown from the battlements of a high tower.

Seneca has written a tragedy on this ſubject ; which, like the reſt of that unnatural writer's compoſitions, is filled with far-fetched ſentiments, affected conceits, falſe ornaments, and declamation ; the bane of true tragedy.

661. *Such were his motions !*] Here we may remark the propriety of behaviour and the decorum which Virgil obſerves,

She gave my ſon a robe; the robe of old
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold:
With precious veſts ſhe loads the darling boy,
And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy.
Accept, dear youth, ſhe ſaid, theſe robes I wove
In happier days, memorial of my love.
This trifling token of thy friend receive,
The laſt, laſt preſent Hector's wife can give.
Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I ſee
My dear Aſtyanax revive in thee!
Such were his motions! ſuch a ſprightly grace
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face!
And had it pleas'd, alas! the pow'rs divine,
His blooming years had been the ſame as thine.
Thus then the mournful laſt farewell I took,
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair beſpoke:
Live you long happy in a ſettled ſtate;
'Tis our's to wander ſtill from fate to fate.
Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of eaſe,
Not doom'd to plow th' immeaſurable ſeas;
Nor ſeek for Latium, that deludes the view,
A coaſt that flies as faſt as we purſue.
Here you a new Scamander can enjoy;
Here your own hands erect a ſecond Troy:
With happier omens may ſhe riſe in peace,
And leſs obnoxious than the firſt to Greece!
If e'er the long-expected ſhore I gain,
Where Tyber's ſtreams enrich the flow'ry plain;
Or if I live to raiſe our fated town;
Our Latian Troy and yours ſhall join in one;

with relation to the characters of Helenus and Andromache. She is entirely taken up with Aſcanius, and the remembrance of her loſt Aſtyanax. She makes no preſents but to that young prince. Thoſe which Helenus gives are to Anchiſes and Æneas.

Epiro Heſperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,
Atque idem caſus; unam faciemus utramque
Trojam animis. maneat noſtros ea cura nepotes.
Provehimur pelago vicina Ceraunia juxta:
Unde iter Italiam, curſuſque breviſſimus undis.
Sol ruit interea, et montes umbrantur opaci.
Sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam
Sortiti remos, paſſimque in litore ſicco
Corpora curamus. ſeſſos ſopor inrigat artus.
Necdum orbem medium nox horis acta ſubibat:
Haud ſegnis ſtrato ſurgit Palinurus, et omnis
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat:
Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo,
Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyadas, geminoſque Triones,
Armatumque auro circumſpicit Oriona.
Poſtquam cuncta videt caelo conſtare ſereno;
Dat clarum e puppi ſignum: nos caſtra movemus,
Tentamuſque viam, et velorum pandimus alas.
Jamque rubeſcebat ſtellis Aurora fugatis,
Cum procul obſcuros colles humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates;
Italiam laeto ſocii clamore ſalutant.
Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera corona
Induit, inplevitque mero; divoſque vocavit
Stans celſa in puppi.

682. *The ſame their fates.*] The adventures of Æneas and Helenus had a great reſemblance. They were both the iſſue of Dardanus; both fugitives from Troy; one had founded a colony in Epirus, the other was going to do the ſame in Italy.

684. *The ſacred friendſhip.*] De La Cerda from Nennius (to both whom I refer the reader) is particular in ſhewing the friendſhip between theſe nations in after times; by which this prophecy (as they call it) was fulfilled: but ſure they forgot Pyrrhus king of Epirus, who was no great friend to the Romans. But hiſtory is not my buſineſs: what Æneas ſays may be regarded as his own reſolution, and as a wiſh to poſterity: and that is ſufficient. TRAPP.

711. *Achates criès.*] To make Achates a perſon of ſome weight and conſequence, whoſe character is generally inſignificant

In one ſhall center both the kindred ſtates,
The ſame their founder, and the ſame their fates!
And may their ſon to future times convey
The ſacred friendſhip which we ſign to-day.
We take to Italy the ſhorteſt road,
By ſteep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
Now the deſcending ſun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the ſhades of night;
When ſome by lot attend, and ply the oars,
Some, worn with toil, lie ſtretch'd along the ſhores;
There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repoſe, they ſunk in pleaſing ſleep.
Scarce half the hours of ſilent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forſakes his bed;
And every breath explores that ſtirs the ſeas,
And watchful liſtens to the paſſing breeze;
Obſerves the courſe of ev'ry orb on high,
That moves in ſilent pomp along the ſky.
Arcturus dreadful with the ſtormy ſtar,
The watry Hyads, and the northern car,
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
When all ſerene he ſaw th' etherial plain,
He gave the ſignal to the ſlumb'ring train.
We rouze; our opening canvas we diſplay,
And wing with ſpreading ſails the watry way.
Now every ſtar before Aurora flies,
Whoſe glowing bluſhes ſtreak the purple ſkies:
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood.
Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries;
And Italy, with ſhouts, the crowd replies.
My ſire, tranſported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine:

cant and unimportant, the poet has contrived that he ſhould be the perſon who firſt diſcovers Italy.

Di, maris ac terrae tempeſtatumque potentes,
Ferte viam vento facilem, et ſpirate ſecundi.
Crebreſcunt optatae aurae, portuſque pateſcit
Jam propior, templumque adparet in arce Minervae,
Vela legunt ſocii, et proras ad litora torquent.
Portus ab Eoo fluctu curvatur in arcum;
Objectae ſalſa ſpumant adſpargine cautes:
Ipſe latet. gemino demittunt brachia muro
Turriti ſcopuli, refugitque ab litore templum.
Quatuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine vidi
Tondentis campum late, candore nivali.
Et pater Anchiſes: Bellum, ô terra hoſpita, portas:
Bello armantur equi: bellum haec armenta minantur.
Sed tamen îdem olim currum ſuccedere ſueti
Quadrupedes, et frena jugo concordia ferre.
Spes et pacis, ait. tum numina ſancta precamur
Pallados armiſonae, quae prima accepit ovantis;
Et capita ante aras Phrygio velamur amictu:
Praeceptiſque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite
Junoni Argivae juſſos adolemus honores.
Haud mora: continuo perfectis ordine votis,
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum,
Grajugenûmque domos ſuſpectaque linquimus arva.
Hinc ſinus Herculei, ſi vera eſt fama, Tarenti
Cernitur. adtollit ſe diva Lacinia contra,

732. *War, cry'd my ſire.*] The character of Anchiſes is well ſupported to the laſt, throughout that ſhort part which he acts in the poem. Virgil repreſents him ſkilful in divination; before his departure from Troy, he foretold that Iülus ſhould be a king from the fire which ſurrounded his hair, B. ii. ver. 944. in this paſſage he foretells the arrival of the Trojans in Italy, from the ſight of theſe white horſes. The poet has painted him likewiſe with the natural infirmities of old age. Hence his weak memory makes him miſtake the import of the Delphic oracle: he thought that they were directed to ſail to Crete, becauſe Teucer, one of the founders of Troy, was a Cretan; and had forgotten that Dardanus, who was another founder of Troy, came from Italy. At the ſame time, Virgil has given him all the virtues of an old hero:

Ye gods! who rule the tempeſts, earth, and ſeas,
Befriend our courſe, and breathe a proſperous breeze.
Up ſprung th' expected breeze; the port we ſpy,
Near, and more near; and Pallas' fane on high,
With the ſteep hill, roſe dancing to the eye.
Our ſails are furl'd; and from the ſeas profound,
We turn the prows to land, while Ocean foams around.
Where from the raging eaſt the ſurges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow,
The port conceal'd within the winding ſhore,
Daſh'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar.
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,
With outſtretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coaſt the temple ſeems to fly.
Here firſt, a dubious omen I beheld;
Four milk-white courſers graz'd the verdant field,
War, cry'd my ſire, theſe hoſtile realms prepare;
Train'd to the fight, theſe ſteeds denounce the war.
But ſince ſometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain.
Then, as her temple rais'd our ſhouts, we paid
Our firſt devotions to the martial maid.
Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
We veil'd our heads at Juno's ſacred ſhrine;
And ſought heav'n's aweful queen with rites divine.
This done;—once more with ſhifting ſails we fly,
And cautious paſs the hoſtile regions by.
Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,
Renown'd, 'tis ſaid, from Hercules of old.
Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple roſe on high,
And proud Caulonian tow'rs ſalute the ſky.

ro: he is reſolved to periſh with his country; he makes his old-age a reaſon for his deſpiſing death; nothing but a prodigy could induce him to leave the city of Troy though in flames. CATROU.

Caulonisque arces, et navifragum Scylaceum.
Tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe, fractasque ad litora voces:
Exsultantque vada, atque aestu miscentur arenae.
Et pater Anchises: Nimirum haec illa Charybdis:
Hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
Eripite, ô socii: pariterque insurgite remis.
Haud minus ac jussi faciunt: primusque rudentem
Contorsit laevas proram Palinurus ad undas.
Laevam cuncta cohors remis ventisque petivit.
Tollimur in caelum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subducta ad Manis imos desidimus unda.
Ter scopuli clamorem inter cava saxa dedere:
Ter spumam elisam et rorantia vidimus astra.
Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit;
Ignarique viae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.
Portus ab accessu ventorum inmotus, et ingens
Ipse; sed horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla;
Adtollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit:

(568) Quam ornate! vesperi ventus cessat.

771. *But Ætna roars with dreadful.*] This description is worked up with great spirit and sublimity. Dr. Pearce, in his learned and judicious notes on Longinus, remarks, that the expression of *sidera lambit* in the fourth line of it, has the swell in it, which Longinus, Sect. 3. calls super-tragical. It is observable that Addison has taken no notice of those words in a translation he has made of this passage: Which translation of part of this third book of the Æneid is by no means worthy that author.

This description of Ætna seems to have been copied from a very sublime one of Pindar, which Mr. West hath nobly translated, and illustrated with observations, not to be omitted in this place.

"Now under sulph'rous Cuma's sea-bound coast,
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Ætna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of heav'n, for ever prest:

Forth

Then, near the rocky Scylacaean bay
For wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry way.
Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
From diſtant floods, Sicilian Ætna riſe;
And hear a thund'ring din, and dreadful roar
Of billows breaking on the rocky ſhore.
The ſmoaking waves boil high, on every ſide,
And ſcoop the ſands, and blacken all the tide.
Charybdis' gulph, my father cries, behold!
The direful rocks the royal ſeer foretold;
Ply, ply your oars, and ſtretch to every ſtroke:
Swift as the word, their ready oars they took;
Firſt ſkilful Palinure; then all the train
Steer to the left, and plow the liquid plain.
Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we riſe,
Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the ſkies.
Then, as the roaring ſurge retreating fell,
We ſhoot down headlong to the depths of hell.
Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears;
Thrice mount the foamy tides, and daſh the ſtars.
The wind now ſinking with the lamp of day,
Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way;
We reach the dire Cyclopean ſhore, that forms
An ample port, impervious to the ſtorms.
But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
Now hurls a burſting cloud of cinders high,
Involv'd in ſmoaky whirlwinds to the ſky;
With loud diſploſion, to the ſtarry frame
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame:

Forth from whoſe nitrous caverns iſſuing riſe
Pure liquid fountains of tempeſtuous fire,
And veil in ruddy miſts the noon-day ſkies,
While wrapt in ſmoke the eddying flames aſpire,
Or gleaming thro' the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

Thucydides, at the end of this third book, makes mention of three eruptions of Mount Ætna, the laſt of which, he ſays,

Interdum ſcopulos avolſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaeſtuat imo.
Fama eſt, Enceladi ſemiuſtum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque inſuper Aetnam
Inpoſitam, ruptis flammam exſpirare caminis;
Et, feſſum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam, et caelum ſubtexere fumo.
Noctem illam tecti ſilvis inmania monſtra
Perferimus: nec, quae ſonitum det cauſſa, videmus.
Nam neque erant aſtrorum ignes, nec lucidus aethra
Siderea polus; obſcuro ſed nubila caelo:
Et lunam in nimbo nox intempeſta tenebat.
Poſtera jamque dies primo ſurgebat Eoo,
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;

ſays, happen'd in the third year of the 88th Olymp. the former about fifty years before, that is, in the laſt year of the 76th, or the firſt year of the 77th Olymp. Of the date of the firſt eruption he makes no mention. Probably no more was known in his time about it, than that it was the firſt, and the only one, beſides the two above-mentioned, that had happened from the time of the Greeks firſt ſettling in Sicily, as he expreſsly tells us. This ode was compoſed in the 78th Olymp. about four or five years after the ſecond eruption mentioned by Thucydides. The city of Ætna founded on the ruins of Catana, was built by Hiero in the 76th Olymp. and ſtood in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, from which it derived its name. From all theſe conſiderations it appears, with how much propriety Pindar has here introduced a deſcription of the fiery eruptions of that burning mountain; one of which having happened ſo lately as four or five years before the writing this ode, could not but be very freſh in the memories of the inhabitants of the city of Ætna, whoſe territories, and even the town itſelf, were in great danger of being laid waſte and deſtroyed by the torrents of fire, which iſſued from the neighbouring mountain, or by the earthquakes, that uſually attended thoſe eruptions. With the ſame propriety therefore he cloſes his deſcription, with a prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple on Mount Ætna, imploring his favour and protection. The other beauties of this fine paſſage are ſo viſible and ſtriking, that I need not point them out to the judicious reader. I ſhall only obſerve, that Pindar is the firſt poet, that has given us a deſcription of theſe fiery eruptions of Mount Ætna;

Now from her bellowing caverns burſt away
Vaſt piles of melted rocks, in open day.
Her ſhatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
And deep as hell her burning center glows.
On vaſt Enceladus this pond'rous load
Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;
Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,
Through openings huge, the fierce tempeſtuous fires;
Oft as he ſhifts his ſide, the caverns roar;
With ſmoke and flame the ſkies are cover'd o'er,
And all Trinacria ſhakes from ſhore to ſhore.
That night we heard the loud tremendous ſound,
The monſtrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;
While in the ſhelt'ring wood we ſought repoſe,
Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult roſe.
For not one ſtar diſplays his golden light;
The ſkies lie cover'd in the ſhades of night;
The ſilver moon her glimmering ſplendor ſhrouds
In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.
Now fled the dewy ſhades of night away,
Before the bluſhes of the dawning day;

Ætna; which from Homer's having taken no notice of ſo extraordinary a phænomenon, is ſuppoſed not to have burned before his time." 1 Pyth. Ode, Dec. V.

787. *That night we heard.*] Nothing can more ſtrongly ſtrike the imagination, than theſe circumſtances of the wandering Trojans, ſheltered in a wood, upon an unknown coaſt, and hearing ſtrange and terrible noiſes, during the whole night, which was extremely dark and moonleſs, and not knowing from whence theſe dreadful ſounds came, or by what they might be occaſioned: and at day-break being ſuddenly ſurprized at the ghaſtly figure of a man, who at firſt runs towards them with great precipitation, ſeemingly to beg ſome aſſiſtance, but ſuddenly ſtops and ſtarts back at the ſight of Trojan arms and habits; at laſt recovering himſelf a little, reſolves to fling himſelf into their hands, let what will be the conſequence: who, when they have received him into a veſſel, gives them that dreadful narration of Polypheme, and informs them that this was the Cyclops iſland, and begs them therefore to leave it inſtantly, concluding moſt pathetically, that it would be ſome comfort to him, if he muſt die, to periſh by the hands of men, and not of monſters.

Cum ſubito e ſilvis, macie confecta ſuprema,
Ignoti nova forma viri miſerandaque cultu
Procedit, ſupplexque manus ad littora tendit.
Reſpicimus. dira illuvies, inmiſſaque barba,
Conſertum tegumen ſpinis: at cetera Graius,
Et quondam patriis ad Trojam miſſus in armis.
Iſque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troïa vidit
Arma procul; paullum aſpectu conterritus haeſit,
Continuitque gradum: mox ſeſe ad litora praeceps
Cum fletu precibuſque tulit. Per ſidera teſtor,
Per ſuperos, atque hoc caeli ſpirabile lumen;
Tollite me, Teucri: quaſcumque abducite terras.
Hoc ſat erit. ſcio me Danais e claſſibus unum,
Et bello Iliacos fateor petiiſſe Penates.
Pro quo, ſi ſceleris tanta eſt injuria noſtri,
Spargite me in fluctus, vaſtoque inmergite ponto.
Si pereo, hominum manibus periiſſe juvabit.
Dixerat: et genua amplexus, genibuſque volutans
Haerebat. qui ſit, fari, quo ſanguine cretus,
Hortamur; quae deinde agitet fortuna, fateri.
Ipſe pater dextram Anchiſes, haud multa moratus,
Dat juveni; atque animum praeſenti pignore firmat.
Ille haec, depoſita tandem formidine, fatur:
Sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Ulixi,
Nomen Achemenides, Trojam genitore Adamaſto
Paupere (manſiſſetque utinam fortuna!) profectus.

When, from the wood, ſhot ſudden forth in view
A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
The human form in meager hunger loſt;
The ſuppliant ſtranger, more than half a ghoſt,
Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coaſt.
We turn'd to view the ſight;—his veſt was torn,
And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
His beard hangs long, and duſt the wretch diſtains,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
In all beſides, a Grecian he appears,
And late a ſoldier in the Trojan wars.
Soon as our Dardan dreſs and arms he view'd,
In fear ſuſpended for a ſpace he ſtood;
Stood, ſtop'd, and paus'd; then, ſpringing forth, he flies
All headlong to the ſhore with pray'rs and cries:
Oh! by this vital air, the ſtars on high,
By every pitying pow'r who treads the ſky!
Ye Trojans, take me hence; I aſk no more;
But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful ſhore.
I own myſelf a Grecian, and confeſs
I ſtorm'd your Ilion with the ſons of Greece:
If that offence muſt doom me to the grave,
Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
I die contented, if that grace I gain;
I die with pleaſure, if I die by man.
Then kneel'd the wretch, and ſuppliant clung around
My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.
Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate:
Then by the hand my good old father took
The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd ſpoke.
Ulyſſes' friend, your empire to deſtroy,
I left my native Ithaca for Troy:
My ſire, poor Adamaſtus, ſent from far
His ſon, his Achaemenides, to war;
Oh! had we both our humble ſtate maintain'd,
And ſafe in peace and poverty remain'd!

Hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
Inmemores ſocii vaſto Cyclopis in antro
Deſeruere. domus ſanie dapibuſque cruentis,
Intus opaca, ingens. ipſe arduus, altaque pulſat
Sidera, (Dî, talem terris avertite peſtem)
Nec viſu facilis, nec dictu adſabilis ulli,
Viſceribus miſerorum et ſanguine veſcitur atro.
Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora noſtro,
Prenſa manu magna, medio reſupinus in antro
Frangeret ad ſaxum, ſanieque exſperſa natarent
Limina: vidi, atro cum membra fluentia tabo
Manderet, ac trepidi tremerent ſub dentibus artus.
Haud inpune quidem. nec talia paſſus Ulixes,
Oblituſve ſui eſt Ithacus diſcrimine tanto.
Nam ſimul expletus dapibus, vinoque ſepultus,
Cervicem inflexam poſuit, jacuitque per antrum
Inmenſus, ſaniem eructans ac fruſta cruento
Per ſomnum conmixta mero; nos, magna precati
Numina, ſortitique vices, una undique circum
Fundimur, ac telo lumen terebramus acuto
Ingens, quod torva ſolum ſub fronte latebat,
Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis inſtar;
Et tandem laeti ſociorum ulciſcimur umbras.
Sed fugite, ô miſeri, fugite, atque ab litore funem
Rumpite.

845. *The bodies he devours, &c.*] This epiſode of the companions of Ulyſſes maſſacred and devoured by Polypheme is drawn from the Odyſſey B. ix. The Roman poet relates the ſtory in terms more majeſtic and heroic than thoſe of the Greek. Beſides Virgil tells us that only two Grecians were devoured by the Cyclops, but Homer ſpeaks of four; ſo that the Roman poet exaggerates leſs than the Grecian.

Euripides has likewiſe deſcribed this ſavage action of the Cyclops, together with the manner of Ulyſſes making him drunk, and ſcooping out his eye. See Cyclops. ver. 395, &c. I take this opportunity of obſerving, that in this piece of Euripides there are many fine paſtoral and romantic circumſtances, but with a mixture of abominable obſcenity. It is the only piece that remains of the ſatyric drama of the ancients.

For me my friends forgetful left behind,
In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd.
Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
Lies wide and waſte, a ſolitary gloom!
With mangled limbs was all the pavement ſpread;
High as the ſtars he heaves his horrid head.
The tow'ring giant ſtalks with matchleſs might;
A ſavage fiend! tremendous to the fight.
(Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell
A fiend ſo direful to the depths of hell!)
For ſlaughter'd mortals are the monſter's food,
The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood.
Theſe eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
Stretch'd o'er the cavern with a dreadful ſtroke,
He ſnatch'd, he daſh'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
In one black torrent ſwam the ſmoking floor;
Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
The limbs yet ſprawling, dreadful to ſurvey!
Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.
  But mindful of himſelf, that fatal hour,
Not unreveng'd their death Ulyſſes bore.
For while the nodding ſavage ſleeps ſupine,
Gorg'd with his horrid feaſt, and drown'd in wine;
And ſtretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
Of human offals mixt with human blood:
Trembling, by lot we took our poſts around,
Th' enormous giant ſlumb'ring on the ground.
Then (ev'ry god invok'd who rules the ſky)
Plunge the ſharp weapon in his monſtrous eye;
His eye, that midſt his frowning forehead ſhone,
Like ſome broad buckler, or the blazing ſun.
Thus we reveng'd our dear companions loſt:
But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coaſt.

867. *But fly, ye Trojans.*] This break in Achaemenides's ſpeech is of an exquiſite beauty. In the midſt of his narration,

Nam qualis quantuſque cavo Polyphemus in antro
Lanigeras claudit pecudes, atque ubera preſſat,
Centum alii curva haec habitant ad litora volgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.
Tertia jam lunae ſe cornua lumine conplent,
Cum vitam in ſilvis, inter deſerta ferarum
Luſtra domoſque traho, vaſtoſque ab rupe Cyclopas
Proſpicio, ſonitumque pedum vocemque tremiſco.
Victum infelicem baccas lapidoſaque corna
Dant rami, et volſis paſcunt radicibus herbae.
Omnia conluſtrans, hanc primum ad litora claſſem
Conſpexi venientem. huic me, quaecumque fuiſſet,
Addixi: ſatis eſt, gentem effugiſſe nefandam.
Vos animam hanc potius quocumque abſumite leto.
Vix ea fatus erat: ſummo cum monte videmus
Ipſum inter pecudes vaſta ſe mole moventem
Paſtorem Polyphemum, et litora nota petentem: [tum.
Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens, quoi lumen adem-
Trunca manu pinus regit, et veſtigia firmat:
Lanigerae comitantur oves: ea ſola voluptas,
Solamenque mali. de collo fiſtula pendet.

tion, the fear of the Cyclops and the dangers he had juſt eſcaped, break in upon his mind, and ſtop him for a moment from finiſhing his account, to give the Trojans advice to fly immediately. The circumſtances that follow of his hearing the giant's footſteps, and loud voices, while he lay hid in dens and caves, are ſtrongly imagined.

895. *His flock.*] Some manuſcripts have not the following words *De collo fiſtula pendet.* There ſhould certainly be no ſtop after, *Solamenque mali,* which relates to his pipe. Mr. Upton makes the following remark on this paſſage. "De collo fiſtula pendet, comes in here after ſo dragging and heavy a manner, that ſome of the beſt editions leave it out. But ſurely the chief, if not only pleaſure, that Polyphemus, ſo famous for his rural ditties on Galatea, could now take, was in his oaten pipe; and would the paſtoral Virgil forget this? Let it be conſidered likewiſe that the verſes are a deſcription of the monſter, as then he appeared to Æneas, with a pine tree in his hand, and his flocks following him; but his ſolace was his rural pipe, all his pleaſure

For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
Range on theſe hills, and dwell along the ſhore,
As huge as Polypheme, the giant ſwain,
Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.
Now thrice the moon, fair empreſs of the night,
Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
Since in theſe woods I paſs'd the hours away,
In dens of beaſts, and ſavages of prey,
Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,
Heard their loud footſteps thund'ring on the ground,
With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the ſound.
Here every ſtony fruit I pluck for food,
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood.
While round I gaze, your fleet I firſt explore,
The firſt that touch'd on this deteſted ſhore;
To 'ſcape theſe ſavages, I flew with joy
To meet your navy, tho' it ſail'd from Troy.
If I but ſhun the cruel hands of theſe;
Do you deſtroy me by what death you pleaſe.
Scarce had he ſaid; when lo! th' enormous ſwain,
Huge Polyphemus, 'midſt his fleecy train,
A bulk prodigious! from the mountain's brow
Deſcends terrific to the ſhore below:
A monſter grim, tremendous, vaſt, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and ſtrong,
To guide his footſteps as he tower'd along.
His flock attends, the only joy he knows;
His pipe around his neck, the ſolace of his woes.

pleaſure was in muſic. See how Virgilian then theſe verſes will appear with the leaſt alteration.

——*Quæ ſola voluptas*
Solamenque mali, de collo fiſtula pendet."
Letter on Spenſer, to Mr. Weſt, pag. 29.

Poſtquam altos tetigit fluctus, et ad aequora venit,
Luminis effoſſi fluidum lavit inde cruorem,
Dentibus infrendens gemitu: graditurque per aequor
Jam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.
Nos trepidi procul inde fugam celerare, recepto
Supplice, ſic merito; tacitique incidere funem;
Verrimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.
Senſit, et ad ſonitum vocis veſtigia torſit.
Verum ubi nulla datur dextram adfectare poteſtas,
Nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare ſequendo;
Clamorem inmenſum tollit: quo pontus, et omnes
Intremuere undae, penituſque exterrita tellus
Italiae, curviſque inmugiit Aetna cavernis:
At genus e ſilvis Cyclopum et montibus altis
Excitum ruit ad portus, et litora conplent.
Cernimus adſtantis nequidquam lumine torvo
Aetnaeos fratres, caelo capita alta ferentis,
Concilium horrendum: quales cum vertice celſo
Aëriae quercus, aut coniferae cypariſſi
Conſtiterunt, ſilva alta Jovis, lucuſve Dianae.
Praecipites metus acer agit quocumque rudentis
Excutere, et ventis intendere vela ſecundis.

909. *Stretch'd his huge hand.*] The expreſſion, *dextram affectare*, in the original, has given the commentators much fruitleſs trouble to endeavour to make ſenſe of; though all the tranſlators agree in the meaning of the words, yet there is a peculiarity in the phraſe, which, for want of a parallel expreſſion in any other claſſic author, has never been ſufficiently cleared up. The reading propoſed by the Cambridge editor of *dextram adjectare*, if it were ſupported by any copies, as it is not, would be equally unaccountable.

912. *That Ocean ſhook.*] This is a moſt noble hyperbole, and by no means too bold, as ſome will have it; they forget not only the prerogative of poetry, but the real nature of fear; which always ſwells and heightens its object. TRAPP.

922. *So on ſome mountain.*] It is obſervable that this very ſhort ſimile is the only one in the third book. For my own part, I could wiſh there had been none longer than this, in the ſecond. It was on the ſubject of long, labour'd compariſons, that M. de la

Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood,
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain.
Then ſtalks enormous through the midmoſt tides;
And ſcarce the topmaſt ſurges reach his ſides.
Aboard, the well-deſerving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coaſt forſook;
Cut every cord with eager ſpeed away,
Bend to the ſtroke, and ſweep the foamy ſea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the ſound,
At firſt purſu'd us through the vaſt profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main.
With that, the furious monſter roar'd ſo loud,
That Ocean ſhook in ev'ry diſtant flood;
Trembled all Italy from ſhore to ſhore;
And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.
Rouz'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopian train
Ruſh'd from their woods and mountains to the main;
Around the port the ghaſtly brethren ſtand,
A dire aſſembly! covering all the ſtrand.
In each grim forehead blaz'd the ſingle eye;
In vain enrag'd the monſtrous race we ſpy,
A hoſt of giants tow'ring in the ſky.
So on ſome mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;
The aërial pines in pointed ſpires from far,
Or ſpreading oaks, majeſtic nod in air.
Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales
And ſpeeding winds direct the flutt'ring ſails.

la Motte uſed to ſay, that he thought Æneas by far too great a poet; and that he could not help feeling that impropriety thro' the whole of the ſecond and third books of the Æneid; where the hero is often no leſs florid and figurative in his narration, than the poet himſelf is in the reſt.

Contra juſſa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdin
Inter utramque viam, leti diſcrimine parvo,
Ni teneant curſus : certum eſt dare lintea retro.
Ecce autem Boreas anguſta ab ſede Pelori
Miſſus adeſt. vivo praetervehor oſtia ſaxo
Pantagiae, Megaroſque ſinus, Tapſumque jacentem.
Talia monſtrabat relegens errata retrorſum
Litora Achemenides, comes infelicis Ulixi.
Sicanio praetenta ſinu jacet inſula contra
Plemmyrium undoſum : nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama eſt huc Elidis amnem
Occultas egiſſe vias ſubter mare : qui nunc
Ore, Arethuſa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.
Juſſi numina magna loci veneramur : et inde
Exſupero praepingue ſolum ſtagnantis Helori.
Hinc altas cautes projectaque ſaxa Pachyni
Radimus, et fatis nunquam conceſſa moveri
Adparet Camerina procul, campique Geloi,
Inmaniſque Gela fluvii cognomine dicta.
Arduus inde Acragas oſtentat maxima longe
Moenia, magnanimûm quondam generator equorum,

938. *Theſe coaſts by Achæmenides were ſhown.*] What an exact obſerver of probability is Virgil! Here is an anſwer prepared to any one who might object, How ſhould Æneas, a perfect ſtranger, be ſo well acquainted with their coaſts, which neither he nor any of his fleet had ever before viſited or beheld? Why, ſays he, Achæmenides, whom they took up from the Cyclops' iſland, and who had lately paſſed the very ſame way, pointed the different countries to them as they paſſed along.

939. *Who follow'd, late.*] It was proper enough in a preceding paſſage, ver. 613. of this book for Achæmenides to ſpeak thus: but is it equally proper for Æneas to uſe the ſame words, and ſpeak thus of Ulyſſes? Upton thinks this hemiſtich an addition.

954. *The Camarinian marſh.*] The oracle forbad the inhabitants to drain this marſh; they neglected to obſerve it, and their enemies entering thro' the part that was drained, committed a great ſlaughter. Servius obſerves that this oracle was not delivered ſo early as the time in which Æneas lived, and that it is therefore a chronological error in the poet.

But Helenus forbids to plow the waves
Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.
As death ſtands dreadful 'midſt the dangerous road,
With backward courſe we plow the foamy flood;
When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze
Swells every ſail, and wafts us o'er the ſeas;
Firſt, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,
Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew:
Then, ſhooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,
And lowly Tapſus cut the watry way.
Theſe coaſts by Achæmenides were ſhown,
Who follow'd, late, Laërtes' wand'ring ſon:
Familiar with the track he paſt before,
He names the lands, and points out ev'ry ſhore.
An iſle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the ſides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis ſaid, Alphëus, from his ſource
In Elis' realms, directs his watry courſe:
Beneath the main he takes his ſecret way,
And mounts with Arethuſa's ſtreams to day:
Now a Sicilian flood his courſe he keeps,
And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
Admoniſh'd, I adore the guardian gods,
Then paſs the bounds of rich Helorus' floods,
Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
Whoſe rocks projecting ſtretch into the tide.
The Camarinian marſh I now ſurvey,
By fate forbidden to be drain'd away.
Then the Geloan fields with Gela came
In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name,
With her huge wall proud Agragas ſucceeds;
A realm, of old renown'd for generous ſteeds.

956. *Gela.*] It is difficult to ſay why Virgil calls Gela *immanis*.

Teque datis linquo ventis, palmoſa Selinus;
Et vada dura lego ſaxis Lilybeïa caecis.
Hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
Accipit. hic, pelagi tot tempeſtatibus actus,
Heu genitorem, omnis curae caſuſque levamen,
Amitto Anchiſen. hic me, pater optime, feſſum
Deſeris, heu, tantis nequidquam erepte periclis!
Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
Hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
Hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta viarum.
Hinc me digreſſum veſtris deus adpulit oris.
Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus
Fata renarrabat divôm, curſuſque docebat.
Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.

961.—*And left thy ſinking palms behind.*] The original ſays, *palmoſa* Selinus; the tranſlator has therefore added a poetical circumſtance, of the tops of the palm trees gradually ſinking and diſappearing as they ſailed along.

965. *The fatal port of Drepanum.*] This is a city in Sicily (ſays Segrais) called at preſent Trepano, where they ſtill ſhew the tomb of Anchiſes.

966. *Wretch as I was.*] Boſſu thinks it an inſtance of our poet's exquiſite judgment, that he doth not minutely and at length deſcribe the illneſs and death of Anchiſes: which he is of opinion would have too much retarded the action of the poem, and not have intereſted the reader in any extraordinary manner; and above all, it afforded no matter for poetical deſcription.

968. *Father*—] Here Virgil does not follow Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus, as uſual, who ſays Anchiſes arrived in Italy. But what part could Anchiſes have acted amid the wars that were to follow?

975. *And hence Heav'n led me.*] The original ſays *veſtris Deus adpulit oris.* My good genius, or the kind God led me; a compliment by the word *Deus* is, I think, meant to be paid the queen.—It is remarkable that the poet puts the ſoft expreſſion

From thee, Selinus, ſwift before the wind
We flew, and left thy ſinking palms behind;
By Lilybaeum's ſides our courſe purſu'd,
Whoſe rocks inſidious hide beneath the flood:
And reach (thoſe dangerous ſhelves and ſhallows paſt)
The fatal port of Drepanum at laſt.
Wretch as I was, on this deteſted coaſt,
The chief ſupport of all my woes, I loſt;
My dear, dear father—ſav'd, but ſav'd in vain
From all the tempeſts of the raging main.
Nor did the royal ſage this blow foretell;
Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell,
Among her frightful prodigies, foreſhow
This laſt ſad ſtroke, this unexpected woe.
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence Heav'n led me to your friendly ſhore.
Thus, while the room was huſh'd, the prince relates
The wond'rous ſeries of his various fates;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:
Then ceas'd; and ſought the bleſſings of repoſe.

preſſion *Deus* into the mouth of Æneas, tho' in reality it was a tempeſt that drove him hither.

976. *The prince relates.*] Catrou ſays, the beſt manuſcripts read—*Fataque narrabat* inſtead of—*Fata renarrabat*——.

979. *Then ceas'd.*] Segrais obſerves, that the fifteen hundred verſes which are contained in the ſecond and third book may be repeated in two hours. Æneas's recital did not appear prolix to Dido, neither can it to any reader of taſte. After the repoſe at the end of this book, the opening of the fourth book, if we paſs on to it immediately, has a fine effect; when we place the two lines together thus;

Conticuit tandem, factoque hic fine quievit.
At regina gravi jamdudum ſaucia curâ.—

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

EXCVRSVS I.

DE AENEAE ERRORIBUS.

CUM errores Aeneae magna cum doctrina perſequutus ſit poëta, vt ea penitus inſpiciatur, de curſu, quem Aeneas tenuit, paullo accuratius videbimus, adhibitis iis, quae ab aliis ſcriptoribus eadem de re erant tradita.

Ex portu Antandri Aeneas in altum euectus primum Helleſpontum claſſe petiit, et, vt tum nauigantium mos erat, ad oſtia Hebri appulit vrbemque *Aenum*, ſeu *Aeneadas*, vt poëta appellat, condidit III, 16—18. v. Excurſ. de Annis Errorr. Aen. a. 2. Dubitari enim non poteſt, eum de hac vrbe cogitaſſe, quandoquidem fabulam de Polydori vmbra ſubiicit, quae a vicina Cherſoneſo bene eo traduci potuit. v. Not. ad III, 13. Latius paullo Ouid. Met. XIII, 429. *Eſt, vbi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus, Biſtoniis habitata viris* etc. Sed in Cherſoneſo Polymneſtoris ſedem fuiſſe dubitari nequit. v. Eurip. Hecuba 569 ſqq. nam iiſdem locis Hecuba in canem fuit mutata. At Cynoſſema erat ad Helleſpontum apud Seſtum. v. Pollux V, 5. Intpp. Steph. Byzant. ad h. v. Cellar. Geogr. ant. Etſi non defuere, qui et in hoc diſcreparent, vti Dictys V, 16. ſed de communi fide, quam poëtae ſequuti ſunt, nunc quaeritur.

Habuit autem Virgilius in hoc conſentientes pleroſque e Romanis ſcriptoribus. Mela II, 2. *Eximia eſt Aenos ab Aenea profugo condita.* Plin. IV, 11. *Os Hebri—oppidum Aenos liberum cum Polydori tumulo, Ciconum quondam regio.* adde Solin. c. 10. et ibi Salmaſ. ſatis miſcentem ea, quae apponit. Etiam Ammian. XXII, 8. vbi v. Valeſ. cf. Seru.

Seru. ad III, 1 et 17. Nec tamen poëta huius opinionis auctor eſt putandus, ſed habuit veteres auctores, quos ſequeretur, inprimiſque Q. Lutatium, nam is in *Hiſtoriis* ſimilia tradiderat: *Aeneam primum Thraciam appulſum, Aenum ex ſuo nomine condidiſſe. dein cognita Polymneſtoris perfidia ex Polydori nece, inde digreſſum.*

Cur tamen poëta non Aenum ſed *Aeneadas* vrbis nomen prodidit? ſcilicet Aeneadas recte dixeris incolas, eorumque adeo nomine vrbem potuit inſignire, vt tot aliae vrbes, v. c. Gabii, Tarquinii, incolarum nomine deſignabantur. Sed adſciuit nomen hoc poëta, tanquam exquiſitius, ex alia narratione, quam et h. l. ſubiicere volumus.

Scilicet alia, eaque conſtantior ac verior, inter Graecos maxime, fama obtinuit, ad Cherſoneſum Pallenen Aeneam appuliſſe, ibique Aeniam (Αἴνειαν) vrbem condidiſſe. Inhabitabant illam tum Thraces *Cruſaei* vel *Croſſaei*, fidiſſimi Troianorum ſocii. Haec Dionyſius ex Hellanico docet lib. I, 47 et 49. cf. Herod. VII, 123. et ibi VV. DD. *Chryſeos Thracas* ſcriptum videas ap. Pompon. Sab. ad Aen. III. pr. ſed eius tota nota ex Dionyſio eſt deſcripta, ex eoque emendanda; vti altera ad v. 17. ex Herodoto l. c. Si mireris forte, cur inter Troianorum ſocios ab Homero illi Cruſaei non memorati ſint, tenendum, eos in Paeonum nomine latere videri ab Axio fl. euocatos Il. β, 848 ſq. In Pallene Aeneae appulſum etiam collocat Lycophron 1236—38. Nam, quam ille habitaſſe dicitur, *Rhaecelos* ad Ciſſum montem circa Aeniam ſita eſſe debuit. v. Schol. ad e. l. et VV. DD. ad Steph. h. v. et mox *Almopiam* pro Macedonia memorat. Hanc Aeniam *Aeneadas* quoque appellatas (Αἰνειάδας) ex Theone, vetere Lycophronis Scholiaſta, notauit Steph. Byz. in Αἴνεια. Veriorem hanc de Aenia Pallenes ab Aenea condita narrationem diximus, propterea quod vetuſtiorum auctorum fide nititur, et quod, quare in alteram mutata fuerit, facile intelligitur, quoniam nimirum Thraces etiam Pallenen tenuiſſe ignorabatur. Sed etiam altera illa

Thraciae

Thraciae Aenus iam ante Aeneam floruit, ſiquidem ex ea (Αἰνόθεν) Piros ad Troiam iam ante vrbis caſum adfuiſſe memoratur Il. δ, 520. Sunt autem tales circa ſimilis nominis vrbes errores ſatis frequentes, vt in hoc ipſo exemplo re inuerſa Conon Narr. 46. Pallenes Aeniam Aenum appellatam vult; et Tzetza ad Lycophr. l. c. vtramque confundit. Virgilio tamen propter Epiſodium de Polydori vmbra multo opportunior erat altera de Aeno Thraciae narratio, eamque adeo ſequutus eſt. Quippe fuit et ipſa vrbs olim non obſcura, condita mox iterum ab Aeolibus, ſeu Cumis ſeu Mitylene oriundis. v. Steph. Byz. in Αἶνος, Scymnus Chius 695. et Harpocrat. in eodem voc. ex Ephoro. Seruius autem ad v. 19. h. l. alios vrbis nomen ab Aeno, Vlyſſis ſocio deduxiſſe, ex Euphorione et Callimacho commemorat.

In Thracia, hoc eſt, Pallene, Aeneam vitam finiiſſe, nonnulli olim tradiderant apud Dionyſ. Halic. I, 49, et inter eos Cephalo (Cephalion) Gergethius (v. Excurſ. ad lib. II. pr.) et Hegeſippus περὶ Παλλήνης, a quo ſcriptore, cum id conſilio ſuſcepiſſet, accuratius haec tractata fuiſſe probabile fit; ſed idem vrbi ſuae heroëm quaſi proprium conſecrare hac morte voluiſſe videtur; quod toties factum in vetere hiſtoria notauit iam Dionyſ. Halic. egregio loco lib. I, 54. extr. (p. 43. 44.) Patrem Anchiſen, ibi ſepultum, ex Theone memorat Steph. Byz. in Αἴνεια.

Conon, cuius operam potiſſimum in fabulis de populorum et vrbium originibus (τοῖς ἐθνικοῖς) colligendis poſitam fuiſſe apparet, Narrat. XLVI. Aeneam narrat traiecto Helleſponto primum in Sinum Thermum (Thermaicum Macedoniae) peruenire, vbi patrem Anchiſen vita functum humat, oblatumque ſibi ab incolis regnum recuſat; *hinc*, inquit, *in terram Bruſiadem profectus* (εἰς τὴν Βρυσιάδα γῆν) omnibus, quibus vteretur, erat gratus et iucundus κατὰ χάριν τῆς Ἀφροδίτης. Mugiente ibi, quae ex Ida ipſum ſequebatur, boue, moniti a Veneris accepti memor imperium

rium ab incolis in se delatum suscipit, boueque Veneri mactata vrbem condit primum Aeniam (Αἴνειαν) appellatam. *Brusiadem* illam terram facile aliquis mutandam putet εἰς τὴν Κρουσιάδα ex Dionys. Halic. et Herodoto l. c. Sed Βρῆσις μοῖρα Μακεδονίας ἀπὸ Βρέσου, Ἡμαθίου παιδός, vt Steph. Byz. iam Galeo laudatus, et inter Thracas *Brysae* ap. Plin. IV, 11. s. 18.

Diuersam ab omnibus his rationem, quae tamen ad illa ipsa, quae memorata sunt, reuocari potest, ingressus erat is auctor, quem Schol. Il. ν, 459 exscripsit, *Troia*, inquit, *capta Aeneas sumto secum patre Anchise fugit, naufragioque circa Atho facto in interiora terrae est profectus* (ita accipio, ναυαγίῳ δὲ περιπεσὼν περὶ τὸν Ἄθω, ἀνῆει σὺν πατρί.) *Anchises quidem ad Calaurum montem iuxta Anthemum fluuium moritur et ab Aenea Pyanae, vbi etiamnum Anchisae dictum sepulchrum est, humatur; quo facto Aeneas, Veneris monitu, vrbem condidit, Aeneadem ab ipso appellatam. Mortuo vero Aenea natus ex eo filius clam ad nouam patris sedem accedit*, (videtur auctor sequutus esse eos, qui Ascanium in Troade relictum tradiderant) *et vrbe euersa, assumtisque colonis in Italiam concessit.* Anthemuntem vrbem Macedoniae cum agro nouimus; potuit etiam fluuius cum monte Calauro eodem loco esse supra Pallenen. In *Pyana* dubito an *Pydna* lateat. Sane etiam Strabo XIII. p. 608. paullo latius *ad Olympum montem* habitasse Aeneam dicit. Cissum montem supra e Lycophrone vidimus, et Atho Tzetza ad eundem v. 1263 nominat.

Ceterum hanc in Pallene sedem Aeneae respicit Liuius I, 1.—*primo in Macedoniam venisse*, et XL, 4. traductis iam a Cassandro Aeneatibus Thessalonicam—*proficiscuntur Thessalonica Aeneam ad statum sacrificium, quod conditori Aeneae cum magna ceremonia quotannis faciunt. Portus* etiam *Aeneae* in Pallene memoratur ab eodem XLV, 30.

Ex Thracia in Delum insulam Troiani delati, III, 69 sqq. Hoc idem Dionys. Hal. I, 50 habet: *Cum e Pallene*, inquit, *soluissent, in insulam Delum venerunt, quum*

quum Anius in ea regnaret; et in hac insula, dum res eius florerent et aedificia starent, (misere autem deuastata est insula ab Archelao, Mithridatis duce. v. Viri docti Exerc. de Delo in Misc. Obss. Vol. VII. c. 9.) *multa indicia visebantur, quae Aeneae et Troianorum in eam aduentum testabantur.*

Anius hic in veterum poëtarum mythis fuit celebratissimus, etiam filiabus Oenotropis, vt docent, quae apud Ouid. XIII Met. 640 sqq. Lycophronem Cass. 570 et Schol. ad e. l. et versus sqq. Seruium ad III. Aen. 80. Dictyn lib. I. fine legi possunt. Nam nos haec tantum attingimus. Est tamen haec ex antiquissimis fabulis, si quidem Pherecydem (modo Syrium intelligere licet) et Cypria Epe de iis laudat Tzetza l. c. Ad eundem Anium refer loca Suidae in Ταυροπόλαι. Apollinis et Creüsae filius proditur Anius apud Cononem Narrat. 41. eiusque filius Andrus, insulae ab ipso appellatae conditor. v. ibid. Ouid. l. l. v. 649.

Anii filiam ab Aenea in matrimonium ductam, secundum alios violatam, Anium partu edidisse, Seruius ad III, 80 narrat. Prius illud e Graecis scriptoribus nonnullis etiam Dionys. Halic. I, 59. commemorat, nomen puellae, insuper addit, *Launam* (nisi *Lauiniam* vel *Lauiniam* ipse Dionysius scripserat) fuisse; nauigasse eam cum Troianis in Italiam, dante hoc Aeneae precibus Anio patre; erat enim fatidica et sapiens mulier; cumque inter nouam vrbem condendam morbo fuisset exstincta, et in eo ipso loco sepulta, in vxoris memoriam nomen eius vrbi indidisse. Similia Q. Lutatius narrauerat; vnde excripta in Orig. Gent. Rom. c. 9.

Delo digressos Troianos per medias Cyclades statim ad Cretam deducit Virgilius. Ad historiae veritatem comparatum est, quod vrbs *Pergamea* vel *Pergamum* ab iis in Creta conditur III, 132. 3. Relicti in ea nonnulli ex sociis ibid. v. 190. De vrbe hac cf. Seru. ad e. l. et Meurs. in Creta lib. I. c. 13. Inter *oppida Cretae insignia*

Pergamum

Pergamum enumerat Plin. II, 12. 20. Quod in Creta peſtilens annus ſuperuenit, ingenioſe poëta ex iis effinxit, quae Idomeneo a Troia reduci eueniſſe, quaeque Cretam de priſtinis opibus deieciſſe memorantur, v. Herodot. VII, 171. Eodem alludit Dictys VI, 11, cuius figmenta raro antiquioris alicuius fabulae vel auctoritatis fundo deſtituta deprehendas.

Sedis in Creta tentatae Dionyſ. I, 50. non meminit, ſed vbi de Delo memorauerat, *Deinde*, inquit, *in aliam inſulam Cythera, quae ante Peloponneſum eſt ſita, venerunt templumque Veneri condiderunt.* Hoc cum ad Aeneae pietatem tam adcommodatum eſſet, Veneriſque omnino opera tam frequens in Aeneide ſit, a Virgilio neglectum, mireris forte. Nec facile ignorare doctiſſimus poëta id potuit, ſed derelictum ab ipſo ſuſpicor propterea, quoniam, cum ſimilem fere religionem mox ad Actium erat enarraturus, taedium effugere voluit.

Quod Cytheris nonnulli tribuerunt, id alii ad continentem tranſtuliſſe videntur. Nam ex aduerſo inſulae, ad litus Laconicae, in ſinu Boeatico, vbi circa Maleam flexeris, fuerunt aliquando duae vrbes, mox in Boeas collectae, *Etia* vel *Etias*, et *Aphrodiſias*; vtramque ab Aenea conditam fama ferebat, *cum ille in Italiam fugeret et in hunc ſinum tempeſtate fuiſſet delatus.* Nomen alteri a Venere, Aeneae matre, *alteri ab Etide vel Etiade Aeneae* filia. v. Pauſan. III, 22, extr.

Ad eadem loca referendum videtur, quod Dionyſ. I, 50. Troianos a Cytheris ſoluentes in Peloponneſi promontorio amiſiſſe Cinaethum narrat, a quo illud appellatum *Cinaethium.* Videtur id eſſe, quod Pauſan. III, 22. in eodem ſinu Boeatico poſt Promontorium, Aſini maxillam, tradit *Cinadi monumentum*; Ἔστι δὲ καὶ μνῆμα Κινάδου, νεὼς τῆς Μενελάου καὶ ὗτος κυβερνήτης ἦν. Variauit et in hoc fabula.

Alia fuit fabula de Aeneae ad Arcadiam acceſſu et Anchiſae in iis locis ſepultura. Fuiſſe ſcilicet aliquem ſuſpicor poëtam, qui haec ita tractauerit, aut famam, quae

ita haec ferret, vt, cum Samothraciae, adeoque et Troianorum, origines priſca aliqua narratione ad Arcades referrentur, (v. Dionyſ. I, 61, 68, 69, vbi de Penatibus agit, vnde etiam explicanda illa Arcadum et Troianorum συγγένεια c. 50 memorata, quam renouaſſe dicuntur tum Troiani.) Aeneam cum Anchiſe in antiquas Arcadiae ſedes reduceret, cum ſors eſſet data, *vt antiquam matrem exquireret.* (vt Aen. II, 96.) Certe ex alio Pauſaniae loco lib. VIII, 12. f. diſcimus, *Anchiſium montem* (ἡ Ἀγχισία ὄρος) et *Anchiſae ſepulcrum* inter Mantineam et Orchomenum Arcadiae monſtratum fuiſſe. *Cum enim in ſinu Boeatico*, quem modo nominauimus, *eſcendiſſent, Anchiſes in ea loca quacunque de cauſſa profectus diem ſuum obiit ibique eſt ſepultus—Adiacent Anchiſae ſepulcro templi, quod Veneri dicatum fuit, ruinae.* Conſentanea his occurrunt apud Dionyſ. Halic. I, 49. nam et ibi pars ſcriptorum Aeneam in Arcadiam adduxiſſe memoratur, vt *Orchomenum* et *Neſum* inhabitaret et *Caphias* conderet, a Capy Troiano dictas (hoc et Strabo habet lib. XIII. p. 608. A. at Stephanus Byz. in Καφύαι a Capy, Anchiſe patre,) ſed alii eum ibi mortuum, alii in Italiam diſceſſiſſe tradiderant, inter illos quidem *Araethus* (ita enim legendum pro Ἀρίσθῳ, Ἀραίθῳ γράψαντι τὰ Ἀρκαδικά, ex Schol. Apollonii Arg. II, 500, etiam apud Hygin. Aſtron. II, 1. *Arie-thus Tegeates hiſtoriarum ſcriptor* leg. *Araethus* v. ib. Muncker.) inter hos autem *Agathyllus Arcas*, cuius elegos apponit Dionyſ. l. c. in quibus Aeneas Neſo duas filias elocaſſe memoratur. Emendandus ex illo loco Pompon. Sab. ad III, 276.

Inſula *Zacynthus* eſt ex aduerſo Elidis. Etiam ad hanc adpuliſſe narrat Dionyſ. I, 50. et erant Zacynthii quoque cognationis iure iuncti Troianis. *Dardanum enim, Iouis et Electrae Atlantidis filium duos ex Batea filios ſuſcepiſſe tradunt, Zacynthum et Erichthonium; quorum alter ex Aeneae maioribus erat, Zacynthus vero inſulae conditor.* Omnia haec, etſi fabularum ambagibus inuoluta, eo tamen

tamen pertinere videntur, quod Troiani et insulae huius, vt ceterorum locorum, incolae haberent aliquam antiquitus cognationem; erant scilicet, nisi fallimur, omnes ex Pelasgorum stirpe orundi. Sed de his alibi. *Commorantur hic aliquod temporis spatium Troiani, et indigenarum humanitate inuitati et aduersa nauigatione impediti. Veneri in templo, quod ibi exstruxerant, sacrificium faciunt, quod ad hoc vsque tempus Zacynthii publice faciunt, et cum alia tum etiam cursus certamina iunioribus proponunt. Victoriae praemium autem accipit is, qui templum primus ingreditur. Cursus autem hic Aeneae et Veneris appellatur; et adstant amborum statuae.*

Faciunt et haec ad poëtae nostri artem agnoscendam. Zacynthum ille tantum nomine attigit lib. III, 270; narrationis moram vero fecit nullam nisi in Strophadibus adiacentibus, quippe quas videbat ornatum ex antiquis de Harpyis fabulis admittere. Porro, quae historia de ludis in insula Zacyntho ab Aenea celebratis tradiderat, ea ad Actium magna cum laude transtulit, vt Augustum Actiacorum ludorum auctorem, hoc tanquam blandimento demereri videretur.

A Zacyntho *Troiani per altum nauigantes ad Leucaden adpulerunt, quem locum Acarnanes adhuc tenebant. Atque hic quoque Veneri templum exstruxerunt, quod nunc est in parua insula inter fossam* (διορύχτα) *et vrbem.* (cf. Strabo X. p. 451 D.) *Vocatur Veneris Aeneadis templum.* Dionys. l. c. et apud Seru. ad III, 279: *Varro templum Veneri ab Aeneae conditum, vbi nunc Leucate,* (ita lego pro *Leucatem*) *dicit; quamuis Menander et Turpilius comici a Phaone Lesbio id templum conditum dicant.* Poëta tamen et hoc neglexit vti, sed Apollinem solum memorauit v. 274. 5. scilicet ne toties templa Veneri condita memorando taedium lectori faceret. Aeniam ad Acheloum (v. Strab. X. p. 450. C.) a nemine vidi ad Aeneam vel ad Troianos referri.

At

At de Actio non neglexit poëta. *Quum ad Actium appuliſſent, ad ſinus Ambracii promontorium ſtationem habuerunt Troiani. Inde in vrbem Ambraciam venerunt, in qua regnabat Ambrax, Dexameni f. Herculis n.* (v. Hudſ.) *et vtroque in loco huius aduentus veſtigia remanent: apud Actium quidem Veneris Aeneadis templum, et prope hoc alterum Magnorum Deorum; quae nunc etiam aetate mea exſtant;* ait Dionyſ. l. c. *Ambraciae vero eiuſdem deae templum, et Aeneae ſacellum, prope paruum theatrum, in quo etiam eſt parua operis antiqui ſtatua, quae dicitur Aeneae, eamque ſacrificiis colebant ſacerdotes, quas ipſi amphipolos vocabant* (αἱ καλέμεναι παῤ αὐτοῖς ἀμφίπολοι). Ergo poëtae inuento hoc loco debentur ludi ab Aenea inſtituti, et ſuſpenſus clipeus, in cuius tamen conſecratione poëta aliquid habuiſſe videtur, quod ſequutus eſt; Nam Seru. ad III, 287: *Sciendum tamen,* inquit, *hunc clipeum ab Aenea apud Samothraciam in templo conſecratum, quod poëta per tranſitum tetigit.*

Quod ſequitur de appulſu ad Epirum, id a poëta diuerſo plane ab aliis modo eſt tractatum ornatumque. Nam apud Dionyſ. Halic. I, 51. *ex Ambracia cum nauibus quidem Anchiſes oram legendo Buthrotum Epiri portum ſubit. At Aeneas et cum eo lectiſſimi quique totius exercitus, duorum dierum itinere per terram confecto, Dodonam perueniunt, deum conſulturi. Atque hic in Troianos cum Heleno incidunt. Accepto deinde de colonia deducenda reſponſo, deo dona Troiana dicarunt, cum alia tum etiam crateres aeneos, quorum nonnulli adhuc ſuperſunt literis antiquiſſimis inſcripti, quae donorum dicatorum auctores teſtantur; et quatuor ferme dierum itinere confecto ad claſſem apud Buthrotum redierunt.* Vides hic, quae poëta ex priorum auctorum narratione in ſuum vſum conuerterit, et quibus ipſe ea variauerit. Heleni occurſum eiuſque vaticinium v. 374 ſqq. a Dodona Buthrotum traduxit, omninoque hic ſuauiſſimum epiſodium de Andromache intexuit. Donaria templi dona diſcedentium

dentium tam ornate expoſita peperiſſe videntur v. 464 ſqq. Quominus autem Dodonaeo oraculo, quo quis non parum ſuauitatis et ornamenti carmini accedere potuiſſe exiſtimet, vteretur, ſimile de Delio oraculo iam ante accurate tractatum epiſodium reuocaſſe videtur poëtam. *Troianos oraculum* (et quidem id, quod ab Harpyis edi maluit Virgilius v. 255 lib. III. de ambeſis menſis) *a Dodonaeo Ioue apud Epirum accepiſſe*, Varro quoque narrauerat Rer. Diuinar. II. ap. Seru. ad III, 256. Adiungendus iis alius locus, qui ex eodem libro II. petitus eſſe debet, apud Seru. ad III, 349: *Multi putant*, ait Seruius, *Aeneam* de ea veniſſe (f. non deueniſſe) *ad Epirum, et ibi haec loca per licentiam poëticam eſſe conficta. Varro Epiri ſe fuiſſe dicit, et omnia loca hiſdem dicl nominibus, quae poëta commemorat, ſe vidiſſe. Idem etiam Varra Troiam Epiri ab Aenea, ſiue a comitibus eius*, Biopatora *nuncupatam docet, vbi Troiana claſſis Aeneam* (Dodona reuertentem) *exſpectaſſe ſocioſque caſtra in tumulis habuiſſe memoratur, quae ex illo tempore* Troiana *appellantur*; *vnde apparet, diuinum poëtam aliud agentem verum ſemper attingere.* Egregia grammatici obſeruatio. Erat vtique apud Buthrotum collis, in quo Aeneas caſtra habuerat, *Troia* appellatus, (vt Dionyſ. ap. Hudſon. ex Vatic. lectione reſtituendus p. 40. l. 32.) et ad mare *portus Anchiſae* dictus, (ibid.) vnde, cum templum Veneri et eo loco dedicaſſent, Ionium mare traiiciunt, habentes ſecum nauigationis comites ac duces non paucos ex illis oris et cum his Patronem Thurium cum amicis, quorum Patron quidem ad Aluntium Siciliae conſedit, reliqui, deductis in Italiam ſociis, domum redierunt. Quae in memoriam beneficii huius Romani in Acarnanes contulerint, iam ad III, 500. notatum eſt.

Fit tandem traiectus ad Italiae litus. Dicat aliquis, quorſum Aeneas tam longo errore per mare Ionium vſque ad ſinus Adriatici oras, vnde mox Italiae litus ac tota Sicilia legenda claſſe fuit, ſiue a Virgilio ſiue ab antiqui-

oribus poëtis deductus eſt, cum a Creta breue ac rectum iter verſus Italiam et Latium eſſet? Sed et tota antiquitas ita tradiderat, et quicunque illo tempore ex Graecia, multo magis ex Aſia, ſoluentes Italiam adire dicti ſunt, oram eius Orienti obuerſam acceſſerunt, quippe quae tum Graecis ſola erat nota et frequentata; eum, quae magis ad Occidentem ſita eſſent, inter terras tantum non incognitas tum haberentur. Itaque poëta egregie fabulam ſuam antiquitatis fidei attemperaſſe videri debet, cum, audito per ſomnum a Penatibus Italiam eſſe petendam, (v. III, 163 ſq.) ad inferioris Italiae partem exteriorem Aeneas curſum dirigit, nec niſi ab Heleno vate edoctus mente tandem aſſequitur, ad interiores Italiae oras ſe a fatis duci. (v. III, 381 ſqq.)

Ceterum etiam in hac errorum Aeneae parte multa fabuloſa a Graecis adſperſa fuiſſe intelligitur, quippe quibus hoc erat propoſitum, vt fabulam multorum ingenio operaque tritam variarent et ornarent; nec argumentum ab eo conſilio abhorrens. Et primum quidem narrationes fuerunt variae de occurſu modo *Vlyſſis* *, modo *Diomedis* †, in hoc Italiae litore; ſed breuitatis ſtudio loca tantum indicabimus. Ex antiquiſſimo autem ſcriptore, qui συναγωγὴν τῶν ἱερειῶν ἐν Ἄργει ſcripſerat, Dionyſ. I, 72. memorat Aeneam ſtatim ex Moloſſis cum Vlyſſe in Italiam traieciſſe. Singulare plane eſt quod Dictys lib. V. extr. *Ita coactus*, inquit, *cum omni patrimonio a Troia nauigat Aeneas, deuenitque ad mare Adriaticum, multas interim gentes barbaricas praeteruectus: vbi cum his, qui ſecum nauigauerant, ciuitatem condit, appellatam Corcyram Me-*

* Ex M. Octauio Victor. Orig. G. R. c. 12. Lycophr. v. 1242 ſq. et al. adde Ryck. de prim. Ital. inc. p. 449. f. Schottus ad Proclum p. 22. in calce Obſſ. hum. et al.

† Solin. c. 2. Seru. ad Aen. III, 407 et al. Plutarch. Qu. Rom. T. II. Opp. p. 266 C. et al. Super Palladio a Diomede Aeneae reddito multa fabulantur ſeriores Graeci: Malala p. 207. Cedren. Comp. H. p. 135.

Lacinium. Sed de inſula hac ſinus Adriatici accuratius diſpiciemus ad Apollon. Arg. 571.

Traiectu ad Italiae litus circa promontorium Sallentinum vel Iapygium facto ſecundum Virgilium III, 530 ſqq. *Portum Veneris* ad Caſtrum Mineruae ſubeunt Troiani et Palladi Iunonique ſacra faciunt. Similia prorſus inuenies ap. Dionyſ. Hal. I, 51. qui et haec habet, in locis his Italiae, quae Aeneas praeternauigauit, *aduentus ſui multa eum reliquiſſe veſtigia cum alia tum etiam phialam aeream in templo Iunonis literis antiquis Aeneae nomen, qui deae donarat, declarantem.* Templum hoc *Iunonis Laciniae* eſt infra Crotonem. Fuit et in his locis Siris olim vrbs Troianorum colonia credita, mox Heracleenſium nauale, in qua Palladium Iliacum dedicatum indigenae monſtrabant. v. Strabo lib. VI. p. 264 A.

Tandem in Siciliam perueniunt Troiani et ad Drepana aſcenſum faciunt.

EXCVRSVS XVI.

III, 623 ſqq. *Vidi egomet, duo de numero cum corpora noſtro — Frangeret ad ſaxum, ſanieque exſperſa natarent Limina; vidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo Manderet et tepidi tremerent ſub dentibus artus.*

Haec et quae inf. 632. leguntur, poſt alios Homio, Viro Ill. ſunt reprehenſione digna viſa, quod non modo horrorem, ſed et nauſeam foeditate ſua et auerſationem facerent. Faciunt vtique noſtro ſenſu; ſed faciunt ſimul horrorem; et hominum belli caedibus rapiniſque adſuetorum ſenſus potuit eſſe obtuſior, ſtomachuſque minus faſtidiens. Nam quod haec inter conuiuium, coram femina regina, narrantur, id poëta nos ab initio ſtatim animo retinere noluit, ſed totam narrationem ad ſui carminis lectores magis, quam ad Didonis et Poenorum auditionem attemperauit. Sed omnino in fabulis antiquis tam laute ac ſuperbe poëtae nec verſantur nec verſari iis neceſſe

eſt; nec nobis legentibus magis licet philoſophica aliqua ſubtilitate vti; alioqui frigeret tota de Polyphemo et quot non Homericae Virgilianaeque fabulae! In Polyphemi forma ac robore, verbi cauſſa, ſunt multa, quae ſibi repugnant, multa abſurda, ſi ſubtilius iudicium adhibeas; ſed phantaſiae ſenſuſque voluptati iſta ſcripta, non philoſophico acumini. cf. ſup. ad v. 250—252. Homerus multo atrocius ſpectaculum, et carnificinam verius, exhibuerat; ſed alios homines, aliud ſeculum, quod reſpiceret, habebat. Ouidius ab omni atrocitate alieniſſimus non tamen horrendum hoc Polyphemi ſpectaculum Metamorphoſeon lib. XIV, iterum exhibere dubitauit. Euripides autem in Cyclope Satyrici dramatis natura tueri ſe poteſt. Vide v. 380 ſqq. Sane Theocriteus Cyclops paullo humaniore cultu exhibetur Idyll. XI.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido *diſcovers to her ſiſter her paſſion for* Æneas, *and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment.* Juno, *with the conſent of* Venus, *raiſes a ſtorm, which ſeparates the hunters, and drives* Æneas *and* Dido *into the ſame cave, where their marriage is ſuppoſed to be compleated.* Jupiter *diſpatches* Mercury *to* Æneas, *to warn him from* Carthage. Æneas *ſecretly prepares for his voyage.* Dido *finds out his deſign, and, to put a ſtop to it, makes uſe of her own and her ſiſter's entreaties, and diſcovers all the variety of paſſions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, ſhe contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.*

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

AENEIDOS

LIBER IV.

AT regina gravi jam dudum ſaucia cura
Volnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multuſque recurſat
Gentis honos. haerent infixi pectore voltus,
Verbaque: nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
Poſtera Phoebea luſtrabat lampade terras,
Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;
Cum ſic unanimam adloquitur male ſana ſororem:
Anna ſoror, quae me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent!
Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes!
Quem ſeſe ore ferens! quam forti pectore, et armis!

In the third book, Virgil ſeems to have diſplayed his ſkill in deſcriptive poetry: but this fourth book is entirely devoted to the pathetic. And indeed he hath exhauſted the ſubject; no author ever moved the paſſions of pity and terror in ſo great a degree. The origin and progreſs of the paſſion of love, its various effects on the mind, its doubts, and hopes, and fears, and jealouſies, its pleaſures and pains, till it ends in the deepeſt deſpair, were never ſo forcibly, ſo elegantly, or naturally deſcribed. Great part of this whole book is borrowed from the third of Apollonius Rhodius. "The only anſwer," ſays M. Voltaire, "which is to be made to ſuch obſervations is, that "the fourth book of Virgil is too great a maſterpiece to be but "a copy. 'Tis juſt as ſome people ſay, Milton hath ſtolen "his poem from an Italian ſtroller, named Andreino." It is

VIRGIL's ÆNEID.

THE

FOURTH BOOK.

BUT love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much ſhe revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden reſt,
Lodg'd in her ſoul, and imag'd in her breaſt.
The morn had chas'd the dewy ſhades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;
When to her ſiſter thus the royal dame
Diſclos'd the ſecret of her growing flame.
Anna, what dreams are theſe that haunt my reſt?
Who is this hero, this our godlike gueſt?
Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms;
How great a prince! and how renown'd in arms!

is however undeniable that Virgil has borrowed largely from Apollonius's deſcription of Medea's paſſion; which I believe he did, not from any barrenneſs of invention, but from a love of a beautiful original. Virgil was capable of writing as well even if he had never ſeen Apollonius.

3. *Much ſhe revolves the hero's deeds divine.*] Dido endeavours to perſuade herſelf, that it was the exalted merit and virtue of the hero, not his perſon, that ſhe was fond of: the uſual and natural artifice of this infinuating paſſion of love!

Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus eſſe deorum.
Degeneres animos timor arguit. heu, quibus ille
Jactatus fatis! quae bella exhauſta canebat!
Si mihi non animo fixum inmotumque ſederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem ſociare jugali,
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertaeſum thalami taedaeque fuiſſet;
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpae.
Anna, fatebor enim; miſeri poſt fata Sichaei
Conjugis, et ſparſos fraterna caede Penatis,
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animumque labantem
Inpulit. agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammae.
Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentis umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante pudor quam te violo, aut tua jura reſolvo.
Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi vinxit, amores
Abſtulit. ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.
Sic effata ſinum lacrimis inplevit obortis.

35. *But oh! may earth.*]
There are ſome delicate ſtrokes of nature in the cautious manner in which Dido reveals her new-born paſſion to her ſiſter. But what follows in the ſolemn proteſtations ſhe makes, that ſhe was immoveably reſolved never to marry again, is inimitably juſt and natural; and the true picture of a widow's reſolutions. The reader of taſte will likewiſe be charmed with the arguments her ſiſter uſes to perſuade her to indulge her paſſion and marry again: 'tis impoſſible to think of more ſtrong and weighty ones; eſpecially where ſhe puts Dido in mind, that ſhe is ſurrounded with enemies, that nothing could give her kingdom more ſtrength than a confederacy with the Trojans, that even prudence would direct her to take a huſband, if for no other reaſon, yet that he might be a kind of protector to her infant kingdom againſt her brother's anger: and laſtly, that the very gods ſeemed to have intereſted themſelves in this affair, and that for her part ſhe could not help believing that Juno herſelf had driven the Trojan fleet on purpoſe to her coaſts. The excuſes ſhe ſuggeſts to Dido, and the cauſes of delay ſhe would have her make uſe of to Æneas are likewiſe admirable: "Tell him that it is utterly impoſſible to undertake ſo dangerous a voyage in the wintry ſeaſon, and that his fleet

Sure he deſcends from ſome celeſtial kind;
For fear attends the low degenerate mind.
But oh! what wars, what battles he relates!
How long he ſtruggled with his adverſe fates!
Did not my ſoul her purpoſe ſtill retain,
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again,
Since from my widow'd arms the murdering ſword
Untimely ſnatch'd my firſt unhappy lord;
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—
Forgive my frailty—but I ſeem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakneſs of my mind.
For oh! my ſiſter, unreſerv'd and free
I truſt the ſecret of my ſoul to thee;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother ſlain,
Daſh'd with his blood the conſecrated fane,
And ſtain'd the gods; my firm reſolves, I own,
This graceful prince has ſhook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
Too like the tokens of my former flame.
But oh! may earth her dreadful gulf diſplay,
And gaping ſnatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,
Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the ſhades of hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep ſhades of everlaſting night;
Ere, ſacred honour! I betray thy cauſe
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.
No!—my firſt lord, my firſt ill-fated ſpouſe,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
Then, by her riſing grief o'erwhelm'd, ſhe ceas'd:
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breaſt.

fleet wants refitting." It is obſervable that Medea alſo imparts her paſſion to her ſiſter Chalieope. Apollonius, 3. 3. 616.

Anna refert: O luce magis dilecta ſorori,
Solane perpetua maerens carpere juventa?
Nec dulcis gnatos, Veneris nec praemia noris?
Id cinerem aut manis credis curare ſepultos?
Eſto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti:
Non Libyae, non ante Tyro deſpectus Iarbas,
Ductoreſque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit. placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
Nec venit in mentem, quorum conſederis arvis?
Hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus inſuperabile bello,
Et Numidae infreni cingunt, et inhoſpita Syrtis:
Hinc deſerta ſiti regio, lateque furentes
Barcaei. quid bella Tyro ſurgentia dicam,
Germanique minas?
Dîs equidem auſpicibus reor et Junone ſecunda
Huc curſum Iliacas vento tenuiſſe carinas.
Quam tu urbem, ſoror, hanc cernes! quae ſurgere regna
Conjugio tali! Teucrûm comitantibus armis,
Punica ſe quantis adtollet gloria rebus!
Tu modo poſce deos veniam, ſacriſque litatis
Indulge hoſpitio, cauſſaſque innecte morandi:
Dum pelago deſaevit hiems, et aquoſus Orion,

65. *Here proud Gætulian.*] This is an exact deſcription of Africa, and the manners of its inhabitants in the earlier times. It may be amuſing to compare it with SALLUST's towards the beginning of the Jugurthine war.

Siſter, the fair replies, whom far above
The light of heav'n, or life itſelf I love;
Still on your bloom ſhall endleſs ſorrow prey,
And waſte your youth in ſolitude away?
And ſhall no pleaſing theme your thoughts employ?
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
Think you ſuch cares diſturb your huſband's ſhade,
Or ſtir the ſacred aſhes of the dead?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
With juſt diſdain you paſs'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore.
But will you fly the hero you approve?
And ſteel your heart againſt a prince you love?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls ſurround?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air,
Whoſe ſwarthy ſons are terrible in war;
There the dread Syrtes ſtretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
Here parch'd with thirſt a ſmoking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians riſe.
Why ſhould I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
The war juſt burſting from the gates of Tyre?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan ſhore.
From ſuch a marriage, ſoon your joyful eyes
Shall ſee a potent town and empire riſe.
What ſcenes of glory Carthage muſt enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
Go then, propitiate Heav'n; due off'rings pay;
Careſs, invite your godlike gueſt to ſtay,
And ſtudy ſtill new cauſes of delay.
Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wintry main;

Quaſſataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.
His dictis incenſum animum inflammavit amore,
Spemque dedit dubiae menti, ſolvitque pudorem.
Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
Exquirunt: mactant lectas de more bidentis
Legiferae Cereri, Phoeboque, patrique Lyaeo:
Junoni ante omnis, quoi vincla jugalia curae.
Ipſa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido,
Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit:
Aut ante ora deûm pinguis ſpatiatur ad aras,
Inſtauratque diem donis; pecudumque recluſis
Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit exta.
Heu vatum ignarae mentes! quid vota furentem,
Quid delubra juvant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, ac tacitum vivit ſub pectore volnus.
Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur
Urbe furens: qualis conjecta cerva ſagitta,
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Creſia fixit
Paſtor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum
Neſcius. illa fuga ſilvas ſaltuſque peragrat
Dictaeos: haeret lateri letalis arundo.

86. *Theſe words ſoon.*] Boſſu makes ſome ſenſible remarks on the progreſs of Dido's paſſion and guilt. This princeſs at firſt entertains Æneas with vows and prayers which ſhe puts up to the gods with a ſincere piety. Becauſe then ſhe was innocent and at quiet. She begins to love Æneas contrary to the vow ſhe had made to the manes of her firſt huſband, which to her were a kind of deity. She begins at the ſame time to ſuppoſe that theſe manes are no longer concerned about her, and lay no obligation upon her to keep her vows. Laſt of all, being more corrupted, ſhe becomes guilty of impiety againſt the gods: and ſeeing that Æneas was about to leave her by their order, ſhe would perſuade him that they are quite ignorant and unconcerned at what is done here on earth. Not that ſhe was really and abſolutely perſuaded of ſo impious a maxim: the poet was too judicious to make ſo great and ſo ſtrange an alteration in the manners of this queen, in ſo ſhort

That ſtill unrigg'd his ſhatter'd veſſels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure ſo rough a ſky.
  Theſe words ſoon ſcatter'd the remains of ſhame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the riſing flame.
With ſpeed they ſeek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celeſtial pow'r:
Selected ſheep with holy rites they ſlay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the ſnowy heifer ſtands,
Amid the ſhrines, a goblet in her hands;
Between the horns ſhe ſheds the ſacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
Moves round the fane in ſolemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.
Then hovering o'er, the fair conſults in vain
The panting entrails of the victims ſlain:
But ah! no ſacred rites her pain remove;
Prieſts, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?
With paſſion fir'd, her reaſon quite o'erthrown,
The hapleſs queen runs raving thro' the town.
Soft flames conſume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies feſtering in her heart.
So ſends the heedleſs hunter's twanging bow
The ſhaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
Stung with the ſtroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart ſtill rankling in the wound!

ſhort a time. 'Tis her paſſion which makes her ſpeak thus. This, in ſhort, is the beginning of impiety, which naturally happens to thoſe, whoſe vices and paſſions are violent; and which at laſt leads them into downright atheiſm.
Boſſu, B. v. c. 2.

Nunc media Aenean ſecum per moenia ducit,
Sidoniaſque oſtentat opes, urbemque paratam.
Incipit effari, mediaque in voce reſiſtit.
Nunc eadem, labente die, convivia quaerit,
Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
Poſt, ubi digreſſi, lumenque obſcura viciſſim
Luna premit, ſuadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos:
Sola domo maeret vacua, ſtratiſque relictis
Incubat. illum abſens abſentem auditque videtque:
Aut gremio Aſcanium genitoris imagine capta
Detinet, infandum ſi fallere poſſit amorem.
Non coeptae adſurgunt turres; non arma juventus
Exercent, portuſve aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta, minaeque
Murorum ingentes, aequataque machina caelo.
Quam ſimul ac tali perſenſit peſte teneri
Cara Jovis conjux, nec famam obſtare furori;

114. *Now the fond princeſs.*] If the reader be not void of all taſte and ſenſibility, pity and humanity, he muſt be inexpreſſibly moved, by the following circumſtances of Dido's behaviour: by her carrying Æneas thro' the town, and tempting him to ſettle in a city already begun to be built; by her beginning to ſpeak and ſuddenly ſtopping ſhort and faultering; by her making ſtill new feaſts and entertainments for her lover; by her deſiring to hear his ſtory again and again; by her attention to every ſyllable he ſpoke; by her remaining in the hall after the gueſts were gone, and lying upon the couch where he ſat; by her thinking ſhe ſtill hears his voice, and ſtill ſees his perſon, and by her fondly careſſing Aſcanius.

137. *No more the tow'rs, unfiniſh'd.*] The moral here is equally juſt and noble: nothing can more ſtrongly repreſent the pernicious conſequences of this violent paſſion; the neglect it occaſions of all uſeful and neceſſary affairs; the indolence and ſtupor into which it caſts all the faculties of mind and body; and how it damps and deſtroys all the noble and worthy purſuits and aims of mankind. To this purpoſe Lucretius ſays finely, that when a man is deeply in love,

Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt;
Languent officia, atque aegrotat fama vacillans. B. 4. 1117.

What a change of conduct has this paſſion ſuddenly wrought upon

Now the fond princeſs leads her hero on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town;
Diſplays her pompous tow'rs that proudly riſe,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
Now as ſhe tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops ſhort,—and faulters, check'd by conſcious ſhame:
Now, at the cloſe of evening, calls her gueſt,
To ſhare the banquet, and renew the feaſt:
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan ſtory that ſhe heard before;
Then to diſtraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue.
But when the ſetting ſtars to reſt invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
When all the gueſts retire to ſoft repoſe;
Left in the hall, ſhe ſighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears,
In fancy ſees her abſent prince, and hears
His charming voice ſtill ſounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Aſcanius on her lap ſhe took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd;
In vain!—the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfiniſh'd, riſe in air:
The youth, undiſciplin'd, no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war;
The works and battlements neglected lie,
And the proud ſtructures ceaſe to brave the ſky.
The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her ſoul; and honour pleads in vain.

upon our unfortunate queen! The imperial works in which ſhe was engaged with ſuch earneſtneſs are all at a ſtand! ſhe, who was ſo buſy and intent upon finiſhing her city, and bent her whole thoughts and ſoul upon that glorious deſign, now thinks of nothing but freſh parties of pleaſure with her lover, and by what kinds of diverſions and amuſements ſhe may beſt detain her beloved ſtranger!

Talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla refertis
Tuque puerque tuus: magnum et memorabile nomen;
Una dolo divôm ſi femina victa duorum eſt.
Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te moenia noſtra
Suſpectas habuiſſe domos Carthaginis altae.
Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
Quin potius pacem aeternam pactoſque Hymenaeos
Exercemus? habes, tota quod mente petiſti.
Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per oſſa furorem.
Communem hunc ergo populum, paribuſque regamus
Auſpiciis: liceat Phrygio ſervire marito,
Dotaliſque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.
Olli (ſenſit enim ſimulata mente locutam,
Quo regnum Italiae Libycas averteret oras)
Sic contra eſt ingreſſa Venus: Quis talia demens
Abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello?
Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna ſequatur.
Sed fatis incerta feror, ſi Juppiter unam
Eſſe velit Tyriis urbem Trojaque profectis,
Miſcerive probet populos, aut foedera jungi.
Tu conjux: tibi fas animum tentare precando.
Perge: ſequar. Tum ſic excepit regia Juno:

144. *This Juno ſaw.*] The Juno of the Æneid is formed upon the Juno of the Iliad. This is viſible. But ſee what Virgil in imitating hath added of his own. Juno, beſides her hatred againſt the Trojans, excited by the judgment of Paris, and the rape of Ganymede (both ſo injurious to her beauty) appears particularly animated againſt Æneas for ſpecial reaſons, which render her character proper for the Æneid; and which raiſe Virgil far above the rank of thoſe ſervile copiers, who can only follow their author, ſtep by ſtep. Juno knew, ſays he, that the Roman power was to become fatal to Carthage, her favourite city, which ſhe would gladly have made miſtreſs of the world. This makes a new incentive to her againſt a people, ſhe had already ſo many other reaſons to hate; and this gives Virgil an opportunity of exalting the glory of his country, by recalling into the minds of his readers, the greateſt events to be found in hiſtory.

L'abbé Fraguier, Memoires de Literature, tome ii.

This Juno ſaw, and thus the bride of Jove
In guileful terms addreſs'd the queen of love:
A high exploit indeed! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
You, and your ſon have worthily purſu'd!
Two gods a ſingle woman have ſubdu'd!
To me your groundleſs jealouſies are known,
And dark ſuſpicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why goddeſs, to what aim or end
In laſting quarrels ſhould we ſtill contend?
Hence then from ſtrife reſolve we both to ceaſe,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace.
To crown your wiſh, the queen with fond deſire
Dies for your ſon, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal ſway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to ſeal the glad accord,
And royal Dido ſerve this Phrygian lord.
To whom the queen; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
The goddeſs labouring, in the dark diſguiſe,
To Libyan ſhores from Latium to convey
The deſtin'd ſeat of univerſal ſway;)
Who this alliance madly would deny?
Or war with thee, dread empreſs of the ſky?
And oh! that fortune in the work would join,
With full ſucceſs to favour the deſign!
But muſt I doubt, O goddeſs, if the fates,
Or Jove permit us to unite the ſtates.
You, as his conſort, your requeſt may move,
And ſearch the will, or bend the mind of Jove.
Go then—your ſcheme before the father lay;
Go;—and I follow, where you lead the way.

165. *The deſtin'd ſeat.*] Theſe lines contain a direct and moſt indiſputable proof, that Virgil introduced this epiſode of Dido, with a view to the rivalſhip that exiſted betwixt Carthage and Rome.

Mecum erit iſte labor. nunc, qua ratione, quod inſtat,
Confieri poſſit, paucis (adverte) docebo.
Venatum Aeneas unaque miſerrima Dido
In nemus ire parant, primos ubi craſtinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiiſque retexerit orbem.
His ego nigrantem conmixta grandine nimbum,
Dum trepidant alae, ſaltuſque indagine cingunt,
Deſuper infundam, ac tonitru caelum omne ciebo.
Diffugient comites, et nocte tegentur opaca:
Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
Devenient. adero, et, tua ſi mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo.
Hic Hymenaeus erit. Non adverſata petenti
Adnuit, atque dolis riſit Cytherea repertis.
Oceanum interea ſurgens Aurora relinquit.
It portis jubare exorto delecta juventus,
Retia rara, plagae, lato venabula ferro,
Maſſylique ruunt equites, et odora canum vis.
Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
Poenorum exſpectant: oſtroque inſignis et auro
Stat ſonipes, ac frena ferox ſpumantia mandit.
Tandem progreditur, magna ſtipante caterva,
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:
Quoi pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.

195. *But ſmil'd.*] Venus in this and the foregoing paſſage line 161. is repreſented as a compleat miſtreſs of cunning, and poſſeſſed of the keeneſt diſcernment. Whether the poet has concealed any allegory, by giving the queen of beauty theſe qualities, the ladies, to whom I leave it, muſt determine.

201. *The queen engag'd in dreſs.*] She was ſpending a great deal of time (ſays old Servius) to adorn herſelf to the utmoſt of her power that ſhe might appear more charmingly beautiful to Æneas. And at laſt when ſhe does actually make her appearance after this delay, our expectations are fully anſwered, and ſhe comes forth as lovely a figure as we can conceive.

207. *Back in a golden caul.*] If modern fine ladies, who are apt to think the dreſſes worn at preſent, more elegantly fancied

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,
To gain the god, the ſovereign of the ſkies.
Then heed my counſel—when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the ſhades of night;
The prince and queen, tranſfix'd with amorous flame,
Bend to the woods to hunt the ſavage game:
There, while the crowds the foreſt-walks beſet,
Swarm round the woods, and ſpread the waving net;
The ſkies ſhall burſt upon the ſportive train
In ſtorms of hail, and deluges of rain:
The gather'd tempeſt o'er their heads ſhall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry ſide ſhall fly the ſcattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the ſame cave for ſhelter ſhall repair
The Trojan heroe and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourſelf in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
The goddeſs gave conſent, the compact bound,
But ſmil'd in ſecret at the fraud ſhe found.
Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,
Maſſylian hunters with the ſteely ſpear,
Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the ſylvan war.
The queen engag'd in dreſs,—with reverence wait
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
Her ſteed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
At length ſhe comes, magnificently dreſt
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian veſt:
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her ſide;
A golden claſp her purple garments binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds.

fancied, and becoming, than any that can be imagined, would not be offended at the liberty I take; I would obſerve, that

Nec non et Phrygii comites, et laetus Iulus,
Incedunt. ipſe ante alios pulcherrimus omnis
Infert ſe ſocium Aeneas, atque agmina jungit.
Qualis, ubi hibernam Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta
Deſerit; ac Delon maternam inviſit Apollo,
Inſtauratque choros: mixtique altaria circum
Creteſque Dryopeſque fremunt, pictique Agathyrſi:
Ipſe jugis Cynthi graditur, mollique fluentem
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque inplicat auro;
Tela ſonant humeris. haud illo ſegnior ibat
Aeneas: tantum egregio decus enitet ore.
Poſtquam altos ventum in montis, atque invia luſtra:
Ecce ferae ſaxi dejectae vertice caprae
Decurrere jugis: alia de parte patentis
Tranſmittunt curſu campos, atque agmina cervi
Pulverulenta fuga glomerant, montiſque relinquunt.

this hunting-dreſs of Dido is far more graceful and becoming to the perſon than any dreſs which ever appeared in a chace on Windſor foreſt. Compare this picture of Dido, with Spenſer's Huntreſs. Fairy Q. B. ii. l. 3. Stan. 21. to Stan. 32.

215. *As when from Lycia bound.*] This compariſon is of an exquiſite beauty; and might give a full idea of the gracefulneſs of Apollo to a ſtatuary or painter; there is ſomething very elegant in the image of

His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold.

A painter might execute in colours every part of this deſcription, except the circumſtance contained in the laſt line.

His golden quiver rattling as he goes.

This adds life to the whole figure, and is one of the reaſons of the ſuperiority of poetry to painting.

It muſt be obſerved likewiſe that there is a ſecret beauty in this compariſon, which a paſſage in Suetonius ſuggeſts. Auguſtus, it ſeems, affected to be thought like Apollo; there is therefore a peculiar propriety and addreſs in the poet, in his comparing Æneas (by whom Auguſtus was undoubtedly meant) to that god. And it ſeems to have been an uſual piece of flattery in the courtly writers of that time to compare the emperor (who was in reality beautiful) to Apollo. I would not aſſert (ſays Mr. Spence) that Virgil had the famous figure of the Apollo Belvidere in his eye, in writing this compariſon: but thus much is plain; that they both relate to the Apollo Venator, ſet off more than he is uſually in that character; that

Next with the youthful Trojans to the ſport
The fair Aſcanius iſſues from the court.
But far the faireſt, and ſupremely tall,
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outſhines them all.
As when from Lycia bound in wintry froſt,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the ſmiling coaſt,
The beauteous Phoebus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
The god majeſtic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
So mov'd Æneas; ſuch his charming grace;
So glow'd the purple bloom, that fluſh'd his godlike face.
Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
And ſtorm'd the covert of the ſavage game;
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
From rock to rock, and ſought the fields below.
Here the fleet ſtags, chas'd down the tow'ring ſteep,
In clouds of duſt through the long valley ſweep:

both in the poet, and in the marble, this god is repreſented as the ſtandard of beauty; that this divine beauty of his, and his motion, are the two principal points aimed at by Virgil in this ſimilitude, and the two chief things that ſtrike one in viewing the Apollo Belvidere; and on the whole, that if the one was not copied from the other, they are at leaſt ſo much alike, that they may very well ſerve to give a mutual light to each other. Polymetis, Dial. viii.

It may be added, that this compariſon is manifeſtly borrowed from Apollonius, B. i. Arg. where it is introduced on occaſion of Jaſon marching out to launch the ſhip Argo.

224. *His golden quiver rattling.*] This is copied from Homer's figure of Apollo, Iliad. 1. ver. 76. but as Dr. Clarke finely and acutely obſerves, has not the beauty and propriety of the original. Homer ſays the arrows rattled,

Αυτη κινηθειτος ———

Venuſtior in eo Homeri hic quam Virgilii elocutio, quòd IRATI *deſcribitur inceſſus, paulo utique inaequabilior.*

At puer Aſcanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo: jamque hos curſu, jam praeterit illos,
Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvom deſcendere monte leonem.
Interea magno miſceri murmure caelum
Incipit. inſequitur commixta grandine nimbus.
Et Tyrii comites paſſim, et Trojana juventus,
Dardaniuſque nepos Veneris, diverſa per agros
Tecta metu petiere. ruunt de montibus amnes.
Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt. prima et Tellus et pronuba Juno
Dant ſignum; fulſere ignes, et conſcius aether
Connubiis: ſummoque ululârunt vertice Nymphae.
Ille dies primus leti primuſque malorum
Cauſſa fuit. neque enim ſpecie famave movetur,
Nec jam furtivom Dido meditatur amorem:
Conjugium vocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

234. *The young Aſcanius.*] This circumſtance is natural; Virgil for ever ſuits the manners to the age of the perſons he introduces.

248. *The Trojan heroe and the royal fair.*] Steele, in the Tatlers, obſerves the great judgment and exactneſs of Virgil in dropping the epithet he uſually applies to his hero, *pius* Æneas, and calling him only *Dux* Trojanus, now he is entering upon the adventure of the cave. 'Tis ſaid, that Addiſon communicated this remark to Steele, and by Steele's making uſe of it in the Tatler, firſt diſcovered him to be the author of thoſe papers.

252. *The nymphs run.*] If ever Virgil (ſays M. Segrais) ſhewed his addreſs in making things underſtood only by glancing at and lightly touching upon them; it is doubtleſs in this paſſage, at which it was ſo eaſy to make a falſe ſtep. All the commentators praiſe his modeſty and his delicacy.

257. *Her paſſion ſtands avow'd.*] The love with which Dido is ſeized for Æneas, and that of Calypſo for Ulyſſes, are at bottom much the ſame thing; as are alſo the orders that Jupiter ſends to Æneas to leave Carthage, and that ſent to Ulyſſes to leave Calypſo: But whoever takes the trouble to compare theſe paſſages together exactly, will find what may be expected from a great genius, when he comes after one of the ſame character; all the difference there neceſſarily is between an inventor and one who improves upon an invention. In fact, Calypſo

While there, exulting, to his utmoſt ſpeed
The young Aſcanius ſpurs his fiery ſteed,
Outſtrips by turns the flying ſocial train,
And ſcorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:
The hopes of glory all his ſoul inflame;
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.
Meantime loud thunders rattle round the ſky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempeſt, fly;
While floods on floods, in ſwelling turbid tides,
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd ſides.
The young Aſcanius, and the hunting train,
To cloſe retreats fled diverſe o'er the plain.
To the ſame gloomy cave with ſpeed repair
The Trojan heroe and the royal fair.
Earth ſhakes, and Juno gives the nuptial ſigns;
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto ſhines:
With light'nings all the conſcious ſkies are ſpread;
The nymphs run ſhrieking round the mountain's head.
From that ſad day, unhappy Dido! roſe
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
Nor fame nor cenſure now the queen can move,
No more ſhe labours to conceal her love.
Her paſſion ſtands avow'd; and wedlock's name
Adorns the crime, and ſanctifies the ſhame.

lypſo is enamour'd of Ulyſſes. She loves him paſſionately; for tho' immortal, yet ſhe is not proof againſt the paſſions of mortals: She gives way to her inclination, and does not even obſerve the laws of modeſty. Dido's love to Æneas is quite otherwiſe managed. 'Tis love himſelf, it is Cupid, who at the deſire of his mother Venus, aſſumes the form of Aſcanius, in order to deceive Dido more eaſily. Two divinities are employed to efface out of her mind the memory of her firſt ſpouſe, and to blow up afreſh the ſentiments in her heart, which ſhe thought ſhe had buried in the grave of Sichæus.

Egregiam vero laudem, &c.

Ulyſſes, by the order of the gods, abandons Calypſo. She

Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbis;
Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, viresque adquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese adtollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
Illam Terra parens, ira inritata deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
Progenuit; pedibus celerem, et pernicibus alis.
Monstrum horrendum, ingens: quoi quot sunt corpore plumae,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.
Nocte volat caeli medio terraeque per umbras
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno.
Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbis;
Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.

pines with regret, she addresses her plaints to Heaven; but all her complaining and her grief is but for the loss of a man, and being deprived of her pleasure. The character Homer gives to Calypso, by becoming so easily enamour'd of Ulysses, gives his hero no personal pre-eminence over Æneas. Dido's complaints are in another strain; she deplores her stained glory, her having sullied that reputation which had formerly exalted her name to heaven:

Te propter Libycae.——

She thinks of the contempt with which neighbouring princes must look upon her, having so often despised them. The image of Sichaeus, that moving tender image, is ever present to her mind, and in the miserable condition she is now in, she has nothing left to desire but death:

Quin morere, ut merita es——

She dies, and the recital of her death presents us with such natural beauties and touching images, that we must have recourse to the most pathetic among the Greek tragedies, to find any thing to be compared with the end of the fourth book of the Æneid. What art, what dexterity is there in marking out by the rage of Dido the source of the implacable hatred between the Carthaginians and Romans!

Exoriare aliquis &c.

L'abbé Fraguier, Memoires de Literature, tome ii.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way.
Fame, the ſwift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new ſtrength and vigour as ſhe goes.
Firſt ſmall with fear, ſhe ſwells to wond'rous ſize,
And ſtalks on earth, and tow'rs above the ſkies;
Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth
Produc'd the laſt of her gigantic birth;
A monſter huge, and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thouſand piercing eyes and liſt'ning ears;
And with a thouſand mouths and babbling tongues appears.
Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth ſhe flies;
No golden ſlumbers ſeal her watchful eyes;
On tow'rs of battlement ſhe ſits by day,
And ſhakes whole towns with terror and diſmay;
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
Reports a truth, or publiſhes a lye.

259. *Now Fame, tremendous fiend!*] The deſcription of this allegorical perſon of Fame is undoubtedly beautiful, but perhaps is rather too long. Addiſon is of opinion that theſe ſhadowy figures ſhould have no ſhare in the action of an epic poem, and on theſe principles ſeems to condemn the fine allegory of Sin and Death in Milton.

This ſublime image,

And ſtalks on earth, and tow'rs above the ſkies,

is literally copied from Homer's noble deſcription of Diſcord, which Longinus ſo greatly admires, Sect. ix. ſaying the ſpace between heaven and earth marks out the vaſt reach and capacity of Homer's ideas, Iliad. iv. ver. 443. There is a thought of equal ſublimity in the Wiſdom of Solomon: "Thy almighty word leaped down; it touched the heaven, but it ſtood upon the earth." C. xviii. ver. 15, 16.

Haec tum multiplici populos ſermone replebat
Gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat:
Veniſſe Aenean Trojano ab ſanguine cretum,
Quoi ſe pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido:
Nunc hiemem inter ſe luxu, quam longa, fovere
Regnorum inmemores, turpique cupidine captos.
Haec paſſim dea foeda virûm diffundit in ora.
Protenus ad regem curſus detorquet Iarban,
Incenditque animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.
Hic Hammone ſatus rapta Garamantide Nympha,
Templa Jovi centum, latis inmania regnis,
Centum aras poſuit, vigilemque ſacraverat ignem,
Excubias divôm aeternas, pecudumque cruore
Pingue ſolum, et variis florentia limina ſertis.
Iſque amens animi, et rumore accenſus amaro,
Dicitur ante aras, media inter numina divôm,
Multa Jovem manibus ſupplex oraſſe ſupinis;
Juppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Mauruſia pictis
Gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,
Aſpicis haec? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,

290. *This monarch ſprung from Ammon's.*] Jupiter Ammon was the only god whom the Garamantians adored, and the Garamantians were the people who bordered nigheſt on Æthiopia. Their ſituation was on the eaſtern ſide of that country which is now called Zaara. The famous temple of Jupiter Ammon was very much frequented on account of the oracles that were given out there. Lucan and Quintus Curtius have written very different deſcriptions of it, the one in the ninth book of his Pharſalia, the other in the fourth book of his hiſtory. CATROU.

295. *And watch'd the hallow'd everlaſting fire.*] Plutarch mentions, as an hiſtorical fact, this lamp that was for ever burning before the altar of Jupiter Ammon. Virgil takes care to borrow from hiſtory every thing that can adorn and enrich his poem. Here is one inſtance of his great learning. CATROU.

302. *Almighty Jove! to whom our Mooriſh line.*] There is a noble fire and fierceneſs in this bold ſpeech of Iarbas: The taunts and revilings he throws even upon Jupiter himſelf, are quite in the ſpirit of an enraged African, a haughty prince, and

Now both ſhe mingled with malignant joy,
And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led
The godlike ſtranger to her bridal bed;
That both, indulging to their ſoft deſires,
And deaf to cenſure, melt in amorous fires;
From every thought the cares of ſtate remove,
And the long winter paſs'd away in love.
This tale the Fury glories to diſplay,
Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
With jealous rage the furious prince inſpires,
And all his ſoul with indignation fires.
This monarch ſprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race,
The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his ſire;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlaſting fire;
With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the ſoil with conſecrated gore.
Amid the ſtatues of the gods he ſtands,
And, ſpreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with deſpair,
Prefers in bitterneſs of ſoul his pray'r.
Almighty Jove! to whom our Mooriſh line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feaſt on painted beds; ſay, father, ſay,
If yet thy eyes theſe flagrant crimes ſurvey.

and abandon'd lover. The contempt with which he ſpeaks of Æneas is admirably expreſs'd; eſpecially what relates to his dreſs and habit, which 'tis natural to imagine this rough, Mooriſh king, muſt hold in great diſdain.

Et nunc ille Paris, cum *ſemiviro* comitatu,
Maeoniâ *mentum* mitrâ crinemque *madentem*
Subnexus, rapto potitur———

The words *ſemiviro*—*mentum* and *madentem*, have much force, in the original, and are preſerved by the tranſlator.

Nequidquam horremus? caecique in nubibus ignes
Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miſcent?
Femina, quae noſtris errans in finibus urbem
Exiguam pretio poſuit, quoi litus arandum,
Quoique loci leges dedimus, connubia noſtra
Repulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
Et nunc ille Paris cum ſemiviro comitatu,
Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
Subnexus, rapto potitur. nos munera templis
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.
Talibus orantem dictis, araſque tenentem
Audiit omnipotens, oculoſque ad moenia torſit
Regiâ, et oblitos famae melioris amantis.
Tum ſic Mercurium adloquitur, ac talia mandat:
Vade, age, gnate, voca Zephyros, et labere pennis:
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc
Exſpectat, fatiſque datas non reſpicit urbis,
Adloquere, et celeris defer mea dicta per auras.
Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
Promiſit, Graiûmque ideo bis vindicat armis:
Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem
Italiam regeret, genus alto ab ſanguine Teucri
Proderet, ac totum ſub leges mitteret orbem.
Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
Nec ſuper ipſe ſua molitur laude laborem;

339. *And give the world the law.*] In the original there is an expreſſion of ſuch force and energy, that, as Catrou obſerves, it is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate; Italiam *gravidam imperiis*. From that time Rome was deſtined to bring forth empires. In truth, in the time of Auguſtus, Rome was the miſtreſs of almoſt all thoſe countries and regions which compoſed the empires of the Babylonians, the Medes, the Perſians, and the Greeks.

Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When thro' the ſkies the pealing thunders roar?
Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle thro' the dark aërial hall?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown,
Rais'd on a purchas'd ſpot a ſlender town;
On terms ourſelf preſcrib'd, was glad to gain
A barren tract that runs along the main;
The proffer'd nuptials of thy ſon abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord.
And lo! this ſecond Paris come again,
With his unmanly, ſoft, luxurious train,
In ſcented treſſes and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his raviſh'd prize, away;
While ſtill in vain we bid thy altars flame,
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.
Him, as he graſp'd his altars, and prefer'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his aweful eye,
Where, careleſs of their fame, the lovers lie.
The god, that ſcene offended to ſurvey,
Charg'd with his high command the ſon of May:
Fly, fly, my ſon, our orders to perform;
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid ſtorm;
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear
Our aweful mandate through the fields of air,
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian ſtate,
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
Not ſuch a prince, the beauteous queen of love
(When twice ſhe ſav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
A prince ſhe promis'd who by deeds divine
Should prove he ſprung from Teucer's martial line;
Whoſe ſword imperial Italy ſhould awe,
A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
If no ſuch glories can his mind inflame,
If he neglects his own immortal fame;

Aſcanione pater Romanas invidet arces?
Quid ſtruit; aut qua ſpe inimica in gente moratur?
Nec prolem Auſoniam, et Lavinia reſpicit arva?
Naviget. haec ſumma eſt: hic noſtri nuntius eſto.
Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio: et primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea: quae ſublimem alis, ſive aequora ſupra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit. hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentis, alias ſub Tartara triſtia mittit;
Dat ſomnos adimitque, et lumina morte reſignat.
Illa fretus agit ventos, et turbida tranat
Nubila: jamque volans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, caelum qui vertice fulcit;
Atlantis, cinctum adſidue quoi nubibus atris
Piniferum caput et vento pulſatur et imbri:
Nix humeros infuſa tegit: tum flumina mento
Praecipitant ſenis, et glacie riget horrida barba.
Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Conſtitit: hinc toto praeceps ſe corpore ad undas

350. *Swift at the word, the dutcous ſon.*] The deſcription of this celeſtial meſſenger is far excelled by our inimitable countryman, who indeed, in many particulars, has outdone his maſters, Homer and Virgil, in his picture of the angel Raphael.

——Six wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dip'd in heav'n: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's ſon he ſtood
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Par. Loſt. B. v. 276.

Neither Raphael, nor Guido, have painted a more graceful figure.

What has his heir the young Aſcanius done?
Why ſhould he grudge an empire to his ſon?
What ſcheme, what proſpect can the chief propoſe,
So long to loiter with a race of foes?
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the deſtin'd Latian ſhore?
Haſte—bid him ſail—be this our will; and bear
With ſpeed this mandate through the fields of air.
Swift at the word, the duteous ſon of May
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
Firſt round his feet the golden wings he bound,
That ſpeed his progreſs o'er the ſeas profound,
Or earth's unmeaſur'd regions, as he flies,
Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the ſkies.
Then graſp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghoſts
From hell, or drives them to the Stygian coaſts,
Invites or chaſes ſleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes thoſe eyes that death had ſeal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds ſublimely rode
Thro' heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky ſides he ſpies,
Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he ſhrouds
His ſhady forehead in ſurrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is cruſted o'er;
From his bleak brows the guſhing torrents pour;
Out-ſpread, his mighty ſhoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlaſting ſnow.
Here on pois'd pinions ſtoop'd the panting god;
Then, from the ſteep, ſhot headlong to the flood.

363. *Atlas, whoſe head ſupports the ſtarry ſkies.*] This deſcription of Atlas, as a perſon, is very ſublime and pictureſque. There is a famous ſtatue of Atlas, in the Farneſe palace at Rome, ſupporting the globe of the heavens. From this deſcription in Virgil, ſays Mr. Spence in his Polymetis, one might form a very good idea for a mountain-ſtatue; as perhaps it was, originally, taken from one.

Miſit; avi ſimilis, circum quae litora, circum
Piſcoſos ſcopulos humilis volat aequora juxta.
Haud aliter, terras inter caelumque, volabat
Litus arenoſum Libyae, ventoſque ſecabat
Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles.
Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem
Conſpicit: atque illi ſtellatus jaſpide fulva
Enſis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
Demiſſa ex humeris: dives quae munera Dido
Fecerat, ac tenui telas diſcreverat auro.
Continuo invadit: Tu nunc Carthaginis altae
Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem
Exſtruis? heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum!
Ipſe deûm tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, caelum ac terras qui numine torquet:
Ipſe haec ferre jubet celeris mandata per auras.

375. *So, from his kindred mountain.*] Theſe verſes in the original were thus altered by Dr. Bentley.

Terras inter coelumque, *legebat*
Littus arenoſum Libyæ——

And Dr. Clarke highly commends this emendation. NOTES. Il. Lib. v. ver. 769.

389. *To whom the god.*] Upon Mercury's being ſent to haſten Æneas from Carthage, Dryden breaks out into the following ſtrange exclamation. Oh! how convenient is a machine ſometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was conſtrained to uſe it here, or the honeſty of this hero would be ill-defended. Mr. Spence has ſolidly and judiciouſly refuted this objection. "I muſt own to you, that this very machine laſt mentioned, the introducing Mercury to oblige Æneas to purſue his voyage to Italy, which Dryden ſpeaks of as ſuch a forced one, ſeems to me to be particularly eaſy and obvious, and very well adapted. What the vulgar believed to be brought about by the will of their gods, the poets deſcribed as carried on by a viſible interpoſition of thoſe gods; and this to me ſeems the whole myſtery of the machinery of the ancients.—When the gods are thus introduced in a poem, to help on any fact with which they are particularly ſuppoſed to be concerned, I call that machinery eaſy and obvious: and when the god thus introduced

is

As the ſwift ſea-mew, for the fiſhy prey,
In low excurſions ſkims along the ſea,
By rocks and ſhores, and wings th' aërial way;
So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſkies;
Thus through the parting air his courſe he bore,
And, gliding, ſkimm'd along the Libyan ſhore.
Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame:
The riſing domes employ his idle hours;
Th' unfiniſhed palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.
A ſword all ſtarr'd with gems, and ſpangled o'er
With yellow jaſpers, at his ſide he wore;
A robe refulgent from his ſhoulders flow'd,
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimſon glow'd;
The work of Dido; whoſe unrivall'd art
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.
To whom the god:—Theſe hours canſt thou employ
To raiſe proud Carthage, heedleſs prince of Troy?
Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
And form a ſtate, forgetful of thy own?
The Lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
With this command diſpatch'd me from above;

is the moſt proper that could be employed on that particular occaſion, I call it well adapted. This I take to be the caſe in Virgil's introducing Mercury, on the occaſion abovementioned. It was a ſuppoſed fact, among the Romans, that Æneas came into Italy in conſequence of the will of Heaven, and the expreſs order of the gods, declared in oracles and prophecies. What they thus ſuppoſed, Virgil realizes. The Fates, or will of Heaven, in Virgil, is Jupiter giving his orders; and the declaration of it to Æneas is expreſſed by Mercury, (the uſual meſſenger of the will of Heaven) coming down to him; and giving him the orders he had from Jupiter. This machinery then is both obvious and well adapted: and we may add, that it could ſcarce be better timed, than when Æneas was at the greateſt ſtop he met with in his whole voyage to Italy; and when he was moſt in danger of quitting his deſign."

Polymetis, pag. 319. Dial. xx.

Quid ſtruis? aut qua ſpe Libycis teris otia terris?
Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,
Nec ſuper ipſe tua moliris laude laborem;
Aſcanium ſurgentem, et ſpes heredis Iuli
Reſpice; cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus
Debentur. Tali Cyllenius ore locutus
Mortalis viſus medio ſermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.
At vero Aeneas aſpectu obmutuit amens,
Adrectaeque horrore comae, et vox faucibus haeſit.
Ardet abire fuga, dulciſque relinquere terras,
Adtonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
Heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem
Audeat adfatu? quae prima exordia ſumat?
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partiſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Haec alternanti potior ſententia viſa eſt:
Mneſthea Sergeſtumque vocat, fortemque Cloanthum:
Claſſem aptent taciti, ſocios ad litora cogant;
Arma parent, et, quae rebus ſit cauſſa novandis,
Diſſimulent. ſeſe interea, quando optima Dido
Neſciat, ac tantos rumpi non ſperet amores,
Tentaturum aditus, et quae molliſſima fandi
Tempora; qui rebus dexter modus. Ocius omnes
Imperio laeti parent, ac juſſa faceſſunt.

415. *Mneſtheus and brave Cloanthus.*] The critics on ſtyle have obſerved that Virgil, when he mentions the anceſtors of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Memmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verſe too much, by their common and familiar uſe, into Sergeſtus, Mneſtheus, and Cloanthus. We find in our Engliſh writers (ſays Addiſon) how much the proper name of one of our countrymen pulls down the language that ſurrounds it, and familiariſeth a whole ſentence. For our ears are ſo often uſed to it, that we find ſomething vulgar and common in the ſound and cant; and

What are thy hopes from this thy long delay?
Why thus in Libya paſs thy hours away?
If future empire ceaſe thy thoughts to raiſe,
Or the fair proſpect of immortal praiſe;
Regard Aſcanius, prince, the royal boy;
The laſt, the beſt ſurviving hope of Troy;
To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking left him gazing there;
And all the fluid form diſſolv'd in air.
The prince aſtoniſh'd ſtood, with horror ſtung;
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:
Struck and alarm'd with ſuch a dread command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
But ah! with what addreſs ſhall he begin,
How ſpeak his purpoſe to the raving queen?
A thouſand thoughts his wavering ſoul divide,
That turns each way, and ſtrains on ev'ry ſide:
A thouſand projects labouring in his breaſt,
On this at laſt he fixes as the beſt:
Mneſtheus and brave Cloanthus he commands
To rig the fleet, to ſummon all the bands
In ſecret ſilence to the ſhore, and hide
The ſudden cauſe, that bids them tempt the tide.
Then while fair Dido, ſick with fond deſire,
Thinks ſuch a boundleſs love can ne'er expire,
Himſelf the proper meaſures will prepare
To move the queen, and ſeize with watchful care
The ſofteſt moments to addreſs the fair.
With ſpeed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey.

fancy the pomp and ſolemnity of ſtyle too much humbled and depreſſed by it.

Diſſertation on ancient and modern learning.

At regina dolos (quis fallere poſſit amantem?)
Praeſenſit, motuſque excepit prima futuros;
Omnia tuta timens. eadem inpia fama furenti
Detulit armari claſſem, curſumque parari.
Saevit inops animi, totamque incenſa per urbem
Bacchatur. qualis conmotis excita ſacris
Thyias, ubi audito ſtimulant trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnuſque vocat clamore Cithaeron.
Tandem his Aenean compellat vocibus ultro:
Diſſimulare etiam ſperaſti, perfide, tantum
Poſſe nefas? tacituſque mea decedere terra?
Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
Quin etiam hiberno moliris ſidere claſſem,
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum,
Crudelis? quid ſi non arva aliena domoſque
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret;
Troja per undoſum peteretur claſſibus aequor?
Mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas, dextramque tuam te,
(Quando aliud mihi jam miſerae nihil ipſa reliqui)
Per connubia noſtra, per inceptos Hymenaeos;
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam

440. *Could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler.*] She begins with bitter revilings, but ſoon ſoftens her tone, and falls into the moſt tender expoſtulations; begging him at leaſt not to depart in the wintry ſeaſon; reminding him of all their former fondneſs, and the vows they had made to each other; of the danger ſhe expoſed herſelf to, for his ſake; of the loſs of her fame and reputation on his account; of the deſtruction that will befal her kingdom by Pygmalion; of her being forced to Iarbas's bed; concluding, that if notwithſtanding all theſe moving conſiderations he is reſolved to go, yet ſhe begs him to ſtay at leaſt,

Till in my regal hall I may ſurvey
Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play.

450. *Would'ſt thou thy ſails.*] Ruæus with all the phlegmatic formality of a critic by profeſſion, hath divided this animated ſpeech into three parts; which he calls, PROPOSITIONEM, CONFIRMATIONEM, and PERORATIONEM.

But ſoon the fraud unhappy Dido ſpies;
(For what can 'ſcape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in ſafety fears with wild affright?)
She firſt diſcern'd the meditated flight;
And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys,
The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the ſeas.
Mad with deſpair, and all her ſoul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:
So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies,
And ſhakes her ivy ſpear and raves around,
While the huge mountain echoes to the ſound.
At length, by potent love and grief oppreſs'd,
The queen, her recreant lover, firſt addreſs'd:
And could'ſt thou hope, diſſembler, from my ſight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?
In ſuch baſe ſilence from my realms to ſail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy veſſels launch'd, while winter ſweeps
With the rough northern blaſt the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! ſay, if Troy herſelf had ſtood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'ſt thou thy ſails in ſtormy ſeas employ,
And brave the ſurge to gain thy native Troy?
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I ſhed, the hand you gave;
(For theſe ſtill mine, and only theſe remain;
The tears I ſhed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By thoſe late ſolemn nuptial bands I plead,
By thoſe firſt pleaſures of the bridal bed;
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You ſigh'd, and prais'd theſe now-neglected charms;

Dulce meum; miſerere domus labentis, et iſtam
Oro, ſi quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
Te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni
Odere, infenſi Tyrii: te propter eundem
Extinctus pudor, et, qua ſola ſidera adibam,
Fama prior. quoi me moribundam deſeris, hoſpes?
Hoc ſolum nomen quoniam de conjuge reſtat.
Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater
Deſtruat, aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas?
Saltem ſi qua mihi de te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
Ante fugam ſuboles, ſi quis mihi parvolus aula
Luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret;
Non equidem omnino capta ac deſerta viderer.
Dixerat. ille Jovis monitis inmota tenebat
Lumina, et obnixus curam ſub corde premebat.
Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quae plurima fando
Enumerare vales, numquam, regina, negabo
Promeritam: nec me meminiſſe pigebit Eliſſae;
Dum memor ipſe mei, dum ſpiritus hos regit artus.
Pro re pauca loquar. neque ego hanc abſcondere furto
Speravi, ne finge, fugam; nec conjugis umquam
Praetendi taedas, aut haec in foedera veni.

476. *Some princely boy, ſome young Æneas play.*] I believe (ſays Bayle) our counteſſes and marchioneſſes would think they expreſſed themſelves too much like city dames, ſhould they ſay as the queen of Carthage does in Virgil,

——*Si quis mihi parvulus aulâ*
Luderet Æneas——

This is ſpoken in the ſpirit of the French critics; whoſe faſtidious delicacy and falſe refinements render them incapable of reliſhing the lovely ſimplicity of the ancients, and make them deſpiſe the faithful paintings of nature. They would have every thing exactly conformable to modern manners and cuſtoms.

Moſt of the complaints of de la Motte, Perrault, Fontenelle, and other unjuſt cenſurers of the ancients, are entirely occaſioned by their making no allowances for the very different practices and cuſtoms of different ages and nations.

If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply,
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire;
For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;
For thee I lost my honour and my fame,
That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.
Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,
My barbarous guest!—but ah!—my spouse no more!
What—shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!—had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offspring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could survey
Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;
Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!
I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.
She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground;
By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;
At length the hero thus in brief replies.
Your bounties, queen, I never can forget,
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame,
My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:—By stealth I ne'er design'd
To leave your hospitable realm behind;
Forbear the thought;---much less in Libyan lands,
A casual guest, to own the bridal bands.

483. *Your bounties,*] Ruæus again in the spirit of his former note, observes that this answer of Æneas consists of three parts; which he calls, CONFESSIONEM, NEGATIONEM, and EXCUSATIONEM.

Me ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auſpiciis, et ſponte mea conponere curas;
Urbem Trojanam primum dulciſque meorum
Reliquias colerem: Priami tecta alta manerent;
Et recidiva manu poſuiſſem Pergama victis.
Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynaeus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciae juſſere capeſſere ſortes.
Hic amor, haec patria eſt. te ſi Carthaginis arces
Phoeniſſam, Libycaeque adſpectus demeret urbis;
Quae tandem, Auſonia Teucros conſidere terra,
Invidia eſt? et nos fas extera quaerere regna.
Me patris Anchiſae, quotiens humentibus umbris
Nox operit terras, quotiens aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis ac turbida terret imago.
Me puer Aſcanius, capitiſque injuria cari,
Quem regno Heſperiae fraudo, et fatalibus arvis.
Nunc etiam interpres divôm Jove miſſus ab ipſo
(Teſtor utrumque caput) celeris mandata per auras
Detulit. ipſe deum manifeſto in lumine vidi
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hauſi.
Deſine meque tuis incendere teque querelis:
Italiam non ſponte ſequor.
Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, et ſic accenſa profatur:

500. *There lies my country.*] Æneas's reaſon for leaving Dido is the very ſtrongeſt that could have been given to an heathen; "He had repeated commands from Heaven to leave her, and "therefore could not ſtay."

The reaſon why it ſounds ſo weak to many of the modern critics muſt be; either from thoſe who were then looked upon as gods, being now ſeen in a ridiculous light; or from our critics not having ſo ſtrong a notion of the interpoſition of providence, as the heathens had.

I don't remember that any one of thoſe critics has ever obſerved, that this ſpeech is left unfiniſhed by Virgil: and yet a good-natured critic, that was not ſatisfied with the reaſons given

Had fate allow'd me to conſult my eaſe,
To live and ſettle on what terms I pleaſe;
Still had I ſtay'd in Aſia, to enjoy
The dear, dear relics of my native Troy:
Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
A ſecond Ilion for my vanquiſh'd train.
But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
Thither, inſpir'd by oracles, I move,
There lies my country, and there lies my love.
If you your riſing Carthage thus admire
In theſe ſtrange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
Why ſhould not Teucer's race be free to gain
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
Oft as the ſtars diſplay their fiery light,
And earth lies cover'd in the ſhades of night,
My father's angry ſpirit blames my ſtay,
Stalks round my bed, and ſummons me away.
Long has Aſcanius call'd me hence in vain,
By me defrauded of his deſtin'd reign.
And now, ev'n now, the meſſenger of Jove
(Both gods can witneſs) ſhot from heav'n above:
Charg'd with the Thunderer's high commands he flew,
The glorious form appear'd in open view:
I ſaw him paſs theſe lofty walls, and hear
His aweful voice ſtill murmuring in my ear.
Then ceaſe, my beauteous princeſs, to complain;
Nor let us both be diſcompos'd in vain:
From theſe dear arms to Latium forc'd away;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I muſt obey.

Thus while he ſpoke, with high diſdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every ſide,
That glance in ſilence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, ſhe began:

given by Æneas, might well ſay; that Virgil probably had others in reſerve, had he lived to complete his work.
SPENCE.

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admôrunt ubera tigres.
Nam quid dissimulem, aut quae me ad majora reservem?
Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
Num lacrimas victus dedit, aut miseratus amantem est?
Quae quibus anteferam? jam jam nec maxima Juno,
Nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
Nusquam tuta fides. ejectum litore, egentem
Excepi, regni demens in parte locavi.
Amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi.
Heu furiis incensa feror! nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres divôm fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor est: ea cura quietos
Sollicitat. neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.
I, sequere Italiam ventis: pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
Supplicia hausurum scopulis, et nomine Dido
Saepe vocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens:
Et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.

532. *Did he once deign.*] Here is a charming instance of the poet's exquisite art: He makes Dido in the height of her passion, turn suddenly from addressing Æneas in the second person, to speak of him in the third, as if he were absent,

Genuit te cautibus—— 366. She then suddenly speaks in the third,
Num fletu ingemuit? —— 369. down to ver. 380. when she turns to him again, in the second person,

——*Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.*
I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas. 380.

After her passion is worked up to the greatest height imaginable, and becoming too violent for her to support, the poet very naturally describes her fainting away, and carried off by her attendants.

Perfidious monſter! boaſt thy birth no more;
No hero got thee, and no goddeſs bore.
No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,
By tigers nurs'd, and ſavages of prey;
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
For why, ah! why the traitor ſhould I ſpare?
What baſer wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
Did he once deign to turn his ſcornful eyes?
Did he once groan at all my piercing ſighs?
Dropp'd he one tear in pity to my cries?
Calm he look'd on, and ſaw my paſſion burſt.
Which, which of all his inſults was the worſt?
And yet great Jove and Juno from the ſky
Behold his treaſon with a careleſs eye;
Guilt, guilt prevails; and juſtice is no more.
The needy wretch juſt caſt upon my ſhore,
Fool as I was! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed;
From inſtant death I ſav'd his famiſh'd train,
His ſhatter'd fleet I ſtor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah I rave;—my ſoul the furies fire;
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
With all his oracles forbids to ſtay;
And now through air with haſte the ſon of May
Conveys Jove's orders from the bleſt abodes;
A care well worthy to diſturb the gods!
Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;
Go, ſeek new kingdoms through the watry way:
But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
Reward thy guilt, and daſh thee on the rocks;
Then ſhalt thou call, amid the howling main,
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;
For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the ſky,
Flaſh in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
When death's cold hand my ſtruggling ſoul ſhall free,
My ghoſt in every place ſhall wait on thee;

Audiam, et haec manis veniet mihi fama ſub imos.
His medium dictis ſermonem abrumpit, et auras
Aegra fugit, ſeque ex oculis avertit et aufert;
Linquens multa metu cunctantem, et multa parantem
Dicere. ſuſcipiunt famulae, conlabſaque membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, ſtratiſque reponunt.
At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit, et dictis avertere curas;
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore;
Juſſa tamen divôm exſequitur, claſſemque reviſit.
Tum vero Teucri incumbunt, et litore celſas
Deducunt toto navis. natat uncta carina:
Frondentiſque ferunt ramos, et robora ſilvis
Infabricata, fugae ſtudio.
Migrantis cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentis:
Ac veluti ingentem formicae farris acervum
Cum populant, hiemis memores, tectoque reponunt;
It nigrum campis agmen, praedamque per herbas
Convectant calle anguſto: pars grandia trudunt
Obnixae frumenta humeris: pars agmina cogunt,
Caſtigantque moras: opere omnis ſemita fervet.
Quis tibi tunc, Dido, cernenti talia ſenſus?
Quoſve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
Proſpiceres arce ex ſumma, totumque videres
Miſceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor?

571. *Stung with the pains.*] The ſtruggle in Æneas's mind between his paſſion for Dido, and his regard to the commands of Jupiter, are here pointed out. However Æneas may be blamed, yet ſurely the moral intended by the poet of conquering a paſſion that retarded his grand deſign, is an uſeful one; and I have frequently wondered on this account that his forſaking Dido ſhould be made an objection to our hero's conduct.

My vengeful ſpirit ſhall thy torments know,
And ſmile with tranſport in the realms below.
With that, abrupt ſhe took her ſudden flight;
Sick of the day, ſhe loaths the golden light;
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to ſay
Ten thouſand things, diſdainfully away;
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
The fainting princeſs to the regal bed.
But though the pious hero tries with care,
And melting words, to ſoothe her fierce deſpair,
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
Still he regards the high commands of Jove;
Repairs the fleet; and ſoon the buſy train
Roll down the lofty veſſels to the main.
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;
Whole trees they bring, unfaſhion'd from the wood,
And leafy ſaplings to ſupply their oars,
Pour from the town, and darken all the ſhores.
So when the piſmires, an induſtrious train,
Embody'd, rob ſome golden heap of grain,
Studious, ere ſtormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darkſom cells the treaſur'd prey;
In one long track the duſky legions lead
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
With force conjoin'd heave ſome huge grain along:
Some laſh the ſtragglers to the taſk aſſign'd,
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.
At that ſad proſpect, that tormenting ſcene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes ſurvey'd the tumult on the ſhore;
When on the floods thou heard'ſt the ſhouting train
Plow with reſounding oars the watry plain?

Inprobe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, et ſupplex animos ſubmittere amori:
Ne quid inexpertum fruſtra moritura relinquat.
Anna, vides toto properari litore: circum
Undique convenere: vocat jam carbaſus auras:
Puppibus et laeti nautae inpoſuere coronas.
Hunc ego ſi potui tantum ſperare dolorem,
Et perferre, ſoror, potero. miſerae hoc tamen unum
Exſequere, Anna, mihi. ſolam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere ſenſus:
Sola viri mollis aditus, et tempora noras.
I, ſoror, atque hoſtem ſupplex adfare ſuperbum:
Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exſcindere gentem
Aulide juravi, claſſemve ad Pergama miſi:
Nec patris Anchiſae cinerem manisve revelli.
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in auris?
Quo ruit? extremum hoc miſerae det munus amanti:
Exſpectet facilemque fugam, ventoſque ferentis.
Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro;
Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat.

603. *Siſter, behold.*] Here is a fine turn of paſſion. Dido's laſt ſpeech was full of rage, anger, indignation, at her diſcovery of Æneas's deſign to leave her: now ſhe ſoftens her ſtyle, and falls into all the humble and ſupplicating arguments ſhe could invent. The poet artfully makes the reader take notice of the change,

Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, et ſupplex animos ſubmittere amori. 413.

How moving is that part of this ſpeech, where ſhe deſires her ſiſter to tell Æneas, that ſhe now does not preſume to detain him from his voyage and keep him from his deſtined ſettlement, but that ſhe only begs him to ſtay a little longer at Carthage, till ſhe had learnt in ſome meaſure to ſubdue her grief; and overcome the unexpected blow; and till her bad fortune was grown more familiar to her mind!

613. *In all his thoughts.*] It is the true language of deſpairing love, to make the perſon ſo affected imagine, that every body elſe is preferred before itſelf, and to expreſs itſelf with a kind of *pathetic envy* at ſuch ſuperior happineſs.

To what ſubmiſſions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee?
Once more ſhe flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
Tries all her ſuppliant female arts again
Before her death;—but tries 'em all in vain:
Siſter, behold, from every ſide they pour
With eager ſpeed, and gather to the ſhore.
Hark—how with ſhouts they catch the ſpringing gales,
And crown their ſhips, and ſpread their flying ſails.
Ah! had I once foreſeen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
For thy deſpairing, dying ſiſter's ſake.
For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I ſee,
Lays open all his ſecret ſoul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Go then, dear ſiſter, as a ſuppliant go,
Tell, in the humbleſt terms, my haughty foe,
I ne'er conſpir'd at Aulis to deſtroy,
With vengeful Greece, the hapleſs race of Troy;
Nor ſent one veſſel to the Phrygian coaſt,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's ſacred duſt.
From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer ſeas and ſofter gales
To ſmooth the floods, and fill his opening ſails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he diſclaims no more:
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous Latium, and his deſtin'd reign.

630. *From beauteous Latium.*] By this epithet ſhe acknowledges

Tempus inane peto, requiem ſpatiumque furori;
Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.
Extremam hanc oro veniam: miſerere ſororis:
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte remittam.
Talibus orabat, taliſque miſerrima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror: ſed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.
Fata obſtant, placidaſque viri deus obſtruit auris.
Ac velut, annoſo validam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
Eruere inter ſe certant, it ſtridor; et alte
Conſternunt terram concuſſo ſtipite frondes:
Ipſa haeret ſcopulis: et, quantum vertice ad auras
Aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
Haud ſecus adſiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
Tunditur, et magno perſentit pectore curas.
Mens inmota manet: lacrimae volvontur inanes.
Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: taedet caeli convexa tueri.
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat;
Vidit, turicremis cum dona inponeret aris,
(Horrendum dictu) latices nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſaque in obſcenum ſe vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.

ledges the excellence of that country from which ſhe now profeſſes to detain her lover no longer.

639. *He ſtands.*] This behaviour is ſurely perfect heroiſm; though not according to the rules of modern honour and gallantry. The poet nobly inſtructs us, to break away, at all events, from an improper and vicious paſſion.

663. *This horrid omen.*] Theſe prodigies of the wine turned into blood, which Dido ſecretly obſerved (a very ſtriking circumſtance) and of Sichæus's voice, of the ſcreams of the owl, the ancient predictions, and her melancholy dreams, are all admirably calculated to raiſe terror and pity, and muſt deeply affect every reader that has a feeling heart. The circumſtance of

For ſome ſmall interval of time I move,
Some ſhort, ſhort ſeaſon to ſubdue my love;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy ſtate,
I grow at laſt familiar with my fate:
This favour if he grant, my death ſhall pleaſe
His cruel ſoul, and ſet us both at eaſe.
Thus pray'd the queen; the ſiſter bears in vain
The moving meſſage, and returns again.
He ſtands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For Jove and Fate had ſtopp'd the hero's ears.
As o'er th' aërial Alps ſublimely ſpread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempeſts blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the ſound,
Tho' all his ſcatter'd honours ſtrow the ground,
Safe in his ſtrength, and ſeated on the rock,
In naked majeſty defies the ſhock:
High as the head ſhoots tow'ring to the ſkies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies.
Thus is the prince beſieg'd by conſtant pray'rs:
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his ſoul remain,
And tears are ſhed, and vows preferr'd in vain.
Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows;
Now bent on fate, and harraſs'd with her woes,
She loathes the day, ſhe ſickens at the ſky,
And longs, in bitterneſs of ſoul, to die.
To urge the ſcheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen ſhe ſurvey'd:
While to the gods ſhe pour'd the wine, ſhe view'd
The pure libation turn'd to ſable blood.
This horrid omen to herſelf reveal'd,
Ev'n from her ſiſter's ears ſhe kept conceal'd;

of the voice has been finely imitated by Pope, where Eloiſa ſays,

Praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum
Conjugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
Velleribus niveis et feſta fronde revinctum.
Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Viſa viri; nox cum terras obſcura teneret:
Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Saepe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces.
Multaque praeterea vatum praedicta piorum
Terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipſe furentem
In ſomnis ferus Aeneas: ſemperque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, ac Tyrios deſerta quaerere terra.
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, et duplicis ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcaenis agitatus Oreſtes;
Armatam facibus matrem et ſerpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine Dirae.

In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound:
Come, ſiſter, come, it ſaid or ſeem'd to ſay,
Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!

681. *So Pentheus rav'd.*] Euripides, the moſt pathetic of all tragic writers whatever, ſeems particularly to have excelled in painting madneſs: Virgil has copied this ſimile from two of his tragedies: he has tranſlated the very words: και μην ὁραν μοι δυο μεν ἡλιους δοκω, δισσας δι Θηβας. *Et vero videre mihi duos quidem ſoles videor, dupliceſque Thebas.* This paſſage is found in the Bacchantes of Euripides. I have frequently wondered, that Longinus never quoted this deſcription of the madneſs of Pentheus as an inſtance of the ſublime. The deſcription of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for ſecretly inſpecting their myſteries, is worked up with the greateſt fire, and the trueſt poetical enthuſiaſm. And there is not a finer paſſage throughout the Greek tragedies. Theocritus has likewiſe nobly deſcribed this event. Longinus greatly admires the paſſage of Euripides from which Virgil imitated this deſcription; and indeed human imagination can ſcarce conceive any thing painted ſo ſtrongly.

Ω μητιες, ἱκετευω σε μη πιθεσθε μοι
Τας αἱματωπεις και δρακοντωδεις κορας.
Λυται γαρ, αυται φλησιον θρωσκουσι μοι.

Yet more—a temple, where ſhe paid her vows,
Roſe in the palace to her former ſpouſe;
A marble ſtructure; this ſhe dreſs'd around
With ſnowy wool; with ſacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night ſucceeds the day,
Her huſband ſeems to ſummon her away.
Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
In one ſad length of melancholy ſtrains;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By preſcient ſages, and the ſeers of old;
Now ſtern Æneas, her eternal theme,
Haunts her diſtracted ſoul in ev'ry dream;
In ſlumber now ſhe ſeems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And ſeeks her Tyrians o'er the waſte in vain.
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He ſaw the Furies from the deeps ariſe;
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright ſuns with rival glories blaze.
So bounds the mad Oreſtes o'er the ſtage,
With looks diſtracted, from his mother's rage;
Arm'd with her ſcourge of ſnakes ſhe drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, purſues her murdering ſon;
He flies, but flies in vain;—the Furies wait,
And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate.

A circumſtance follows, which is moſt wonderfully moving, and which none of the critics (not even P. Brumoy) has taken any notice of. Oreſtes is held down upon a couch by his fond ſiſter Electra, pierced with grief to ſee him in that diſtracted condition, and he miſtakes her in his madneſs for one of his tormentors, and cries out; "Away, thou art one of my Furies, that perpetually haunt me, who haſt now graſped me round my middle, that thou mayſt hurl me down into hell." The Greek is inimitable.

Μεθες με ωσα των εμων Ερινυων,
Μισον μ' οχμαζεις, ως βαλης εις Ταρταρον.

Ergo ubi concepit Furias evicta dolore,
Decrevitque mori; tempus ſecum ipſa modumque
Exigit, et maeſtam dictis adgreſſa ſororem,
Conſilium voltu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat:
Inveni, germana, viam, (gratare ſorori)
Quae mihi reddat eum, vel eo me ſolvat amantem.
Oceani finem juxta, ſolemque cadentem,
Ultimus Aethiopum locus eſt, ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet ſtellis ardentibus aptum;
Hinc mihi Maſſylae gentis monſtrata ſacerdos:
Heſperidum templi cuſtos, epulaſque draconi
Quae dabat, et ſacros ſervabat in arbore ramos;
Spargens humida mella ſoporiferumque papaver.
Haec ſe carminibus promittit ſolvere mentis,
Quas velit; aſt aliis duras inmittere curas:
Siſtere aquam fluviis, et vertere ſidera retro:
Nocturnoſque ciet manis. mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, et deſcendere montibus ornos.
Teſtor, cara, deos, et te, germana, tuumque
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artis.
Tu ſecreta pyram tecto interiore ſub auras
Erige, et arma viri, thalamo quae fixa reliquit
Inpius, exuviaſque omnis, lectumque jugalem,
Quo perii, ſuperinponas. abolere nefandi
Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monſtratque ſacerdos.
Haec effata ſilet. pallor ſimul occupat ora.
Non tamen Anna novis praetexere funera ſacris

703. *There lives a prieſteſs.*] Virgil ſeems to have had in his eye the Sorcereſs which Medea ſpeaks of in Apollonius, B. iii.

Κυρη τις μεγαροισιν ενιτρεφε τ' αιηταο,
Την Εκατη περι αλλα θεα δαι τετιμησασθαι
Φαρμακα, ὁς' ηπειρος τε φυει, και νηκυτον ὑδωρ.
Τοισι και ακαματοιο πυρος μειλισσει αυτμην,
Και ποταμους ιστησι αφαρ κελαδηνα ρεοντας,
Αστρα τε, και μηνης ιερης επιδησε κελευθους.

At length diſtracted, and by love o'ercome,
Reſolv'd on death, ſhe meditates her doom;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due meaſures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her ſad ſiſter ſhe with ſmiles addreſs'd,
Hope in her looks, but anguiſh at her breaſt:
Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find
The ſole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my ſoul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again.
Near Ocean's utmoſt bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the ſtarry ſkies;
There lives a prieſteſs of Maſſylian ſtrain,
The guardian of the rich Heſperian fane;
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowſy ſeed,
That round the tree his ſhining volumes roll'd
To guard the ſacred balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love;
Roll back the ſtars; ſtop rivers as they flow;
And call grim ſpectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footſteps groans the trembling ball:
But witneſs thou, and all ye gods on high,
With what regret to magic rites I fly.
Go then, erect with ſpeed and ſecret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and ſpread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed.
The ſacred dame commands me to deſtroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.
Thus with diſſembling arts the princeſs ſpoke:
A deadly paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched ſiſter once divine
Theſe rites could cover ſuch a dire deſign,

Germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
Concipit, aut graviora timet, quam morte Sichaei.
Ergo juſſa parat.
At regina pyra penetrali in ſede ſub auras
Erecta ingenti, taedis atque ilice ſecta,
Intenditque locum ſertis, et fronde coronat
Funerea: ſuper exuvias, enſemque relictum,
Effigiemque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.
Stant arae circum, et crinis effuſa ſacerdos
Tercentum tonat ore deos, Erebumque, Chaoſque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae.
Sparſerat et latices ſimulatos fontis Averni:
Falcibus et meſſae ad lunam quaeruntur ahenis
Pubentes herbae, nigri cum lacte veneni:
Quaeritur et naſcentis equi de fronte revolſus,
Et matri praereptus amor.
Ipſa mola, manibuſque piis, altaria juxta,
Unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veſte recincta,
Teſtatur moritura deos, et conſcia fati
Sidera: tum, ſi quod non aequo foedere amantis
Curae numen habet, juſtumque memorque precatur.
Nox erat; et placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem

735. *Amidſt her altars.*] That no circumſtance of horror might be wanting to introduce the fate of this unhappy princeſs; to prodigies ſucceeds magic. The diſmal ſolemnity and infernal religion of which, exceedingly heighten the terror in the cataſtrophe of this tragedy. Thus far Dr. Trapp. One may here obſerve, the great ſuperiority of Virgil's judgment to that of Lucan, who in his dreadful deſcription of the incantations of Erictho has given full ſcope to the wildneſs of his extravagant imagination; exciting horror inſtead of terror. The ſame may be ſaid of the incantations introduced by DRYDEN and LEE into their unnatural Tragedy, OEDIPUS, where the *Gothic* enchantments are blended with the *Claſſic*. The *former* of which are perhaps more ſtriking and better calculated for poetic deſcription than the *latter*.

755. *'Twas night; and, weary.*] This exquiſite deſcription can never be ſufficiently admired. Virgil deſcribes minutely and at length the profound calm, quiet, and ſtillneſs of the night, in order to render the cruel diſturbances and agonies of the reſtleſs queen more affecting by ſuch a contraſt. *At*

Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd ſpouſe;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked ſky.
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the ſtructure round;
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
Next big with death, the ſword and robe ſhe ſpread,
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.
Amidſt her altars, with diſhevel'd hairs,
Her horrid rites the prieſteſs now prepares.
Thund'ring ſhe calls, in many a dreadful ſound,
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
(The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods.
The place ſhe ſprinkled, where her altars ſtood,
With ſtreams diſſembled from Avernus' flood,
And black envenom'd herbs ſhe brings, reap'd down
With brazen ſickles, by the glimmering moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
That from the young eſtrange the parent mare.
Now with a ſacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar ſtands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare.
She calls on every ſtar in ſolemn ſtate,
Whoſe guilty beams ſhine conſcious of her fate:
She calls to witneſs every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.
'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In ſoft repoſe the whole creation lay.

non infelix animi Phœniſſa—is one of the fineſt turns that ever entered the imagination of a poet. Virgil never makes a deſcription for the ſake of the fine verſes it may contain, or to ſhew his talent of painting well, but always in order to heighten ſome paſſion, and further the action of the poem. He took the hint of this deſcription of the profound quiet of night, oppoſed to Dido's reſtleſſneſs, from Apollonius Rhodius, B. iv. V. 1058, &c.

Corpora per terras, ſilvaeque et ſaeva quierant
Aequora: cum medio volvontur ſidera labſu,
Cum tacet omnis ager: pecudes, pictaeque volucres,
Quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aſpera dumis
Rura tenent, ſomno poſitae ſub nocte ſilenti
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.
At non infelix animi Phoeniſſa, neque umquam
Solvitur in ſomnos, oculiſve aut pectore noctem
Accipit, ingeminant curae: rurſuſque reſurgens
Saevit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aeſtu.
Sic adeo inſiſtit, ſecumque ita corde volutat:
En quid ago? rurſumne procos inriſa priores
Experiar? Nomadumque petam connubia ſupplex,
Quos ego ſim toties jam dedignata maritos?
Iliacas igitur claſſis atque ultima Teucrûm
Juſſa ſequar? quiane auxilio juvat ante levatos,
Et bene apud memores veteris ſtat gratia facti?
Quis me autem (fac velle) ſinet; ratibuſne ſuperbis
Inviſam accipiet? neſcis heu, perdita, necdum
Laomedonteae ſentis perjuria gentis?

771. *What ſhall I do?*] The image of this unhappy princeſs, reaſoning with herſelf in the dead of night, is deeply moving. She turns her thoughts on every ſide to try if ſhe can meet with ſuccour or relief, but finds it impoſſible. She firſt thinks of applying to her former lovers, but ſoon rejects that expedient as abſurd. Next ſhe talks of accompanying the Trojans, but finds this every jot as unreaſonable; and one reflection which awakens her pride, is extremely natural——

Suppoſe I went with them,——
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.

Neither, continues ſhe, could I poſſibly perſuade the Tyrians to purſue them as enemies.——Nothing can be done! no expedient can avail me!

Quin morere, ut merita es——547.

Her endeavouring afterwards to lay the fault on her ſiſter is a fine touch of nature. And her concluding that all her misfortune

The murmurs of the groves and ſurges die,
The ſtars roll ſolemn through the glowing ſky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding ſilence reigns,
The flocks lie ſtretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious ſavages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fiſhes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkneſs, ſhare
In ſleep, a ſoft forgetfulneſs of care;
All but the hapleſs queen;—for love denies
Reſt to her thoughts, and ſlumber to her eyes.
Her paſſions grow ſtill fiercer, and by turns
With love ſhe maddens, and with wrath ſhe burns.
The ſtruggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus ſhe vents the tempeſt of her ſoul:
  What ſhall I do?—ſhall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I diſdain'd before?
Or, ſlighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the Trojans baſe commands obey,
Their ſlave, their ſuppliant, through the watry way?
Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid
By Troy already ſtand ſo well repaid!
And yet ſuppoſe I were inclin'd to go;
The haughty ſailors would but mock my woe.
Haſt thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
The perjur'd ſons of proud Laomedon?

fortunes are owing to the breach of her vows is beyond expreſſion charming.

Non ſervata fides cineri promiſſa Sichæo. 551.

I cannot forbear adding, that this ſoliloquy, tho' pretty long, is yet extremely natural. How different from the generality of ſoliloquies introduced by the modern writers of tragedy! The management of which kind of ſpeeches requires the utmoſt caution and care to make them appear natural; and ſurely they ſhould be introduced as ſeldom as poſſible. Virgil in this paſſage thought of the Medea of Euripides.

Quid tum? ſola fuga nautas comitabor ovantis?
An Tyriis, omnique manu ſtipata meorum
Inferar? et quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli,
Rurſus agam pelago, et ventis dare vela jubebo?
Quin morere, ut merita es; ferroque averte dolorem.
Tu lacrimis evicta meis, tu prima furentem
His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hoſti.
Non licuit thalami expertem ſine crimine vitam
Degere more ferae, talis nec tangere curas?
Non ſervata fides, cineri promiſſa Sichaeo.
Tantos illa ſuo rumpebat pectore queſtus.
Aeneas celſa in puppi, jam certus eundi,
Carpebat ſomnos, rebus jam rite paratis.
Huic ſe forma dei voltu redeuntis eodem
Obtulit in ſomnis, rurſumque ita viſa monere eſt;
Omnia Mercurio ſimilis, vocemque coloremque,
Et crinis flavos, et membra decora juventae:
Nate dea, potes hoc ſub caſu ducere ſomnos?
Nec, quae te circum ſtent deinde pericula, cernis?
Demens! nec zephyros audis ſpirare ſecundos?
Illa dolos, dirumque nefas ſub pectore verſat,
Certa mori, varioque irarum fluctuat aeſtu.
Non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare poteſtas?
Jam mare turbari trabibus, ſaevaſque videbis
Conlucere faces, jam fervere litora flammis;
Si te his adtigerit terris Aurora morantem.
Eja age, rumpe moras. varium et mutabile ſemper

803. *To whom again.*] To juſtify Æneas's departure ſtill more, another meſſenger is ſent from heaven to hurry him away, who tells him that if he does not ſet out immediately while the wind is favourable, he, and his whole fleet, will be deſtroyed by the Tyrians, whom Dido is animating to revenge.

What!—ſhall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em through the deeps with ſword and fire,
With all my armies, all the ſons of Tyre?
But can I draw to ſea thoſe Tyrian bands
I drew reluctant from their native lands?
Die then as thou deſerv'ſt; in death repoſe;
The ſword, the friendly ſword, ſhall end thy woes.
You firſt, dear ſiſter, by my ſorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me raſhly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in deſpair.
Oh! had I learn'd like ſavages to rove,
And never known the woes of bridal love!
I prov'd unfaithful to my former ſpouſe,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppreſt,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breaſt.
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtleſs ſleep the hero paſt the night.
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks and voice the ſame,
And thus alarms the ſlumb'ring prince once more;
What—canſt thou ſleep in this important hour?
Nor all thy dangers canſt thou yet ſurvey?
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the ſea?
Mad as thou art!—determin'd on her doom,
She forms deſigns of miſchiefs yet to come.
Then fly her fury while thou yet canſt fly,
Before Aurora gilds the purple ſky;
Fly,—or the floods ſhall ſoon be cover'd o'er
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the ſhore,
And direful brands with long-projected rays,
Shall ſet the land and ocean in a blaze.
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
Riſe, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.

Femina. ſic fatus nocti ſe inmiſcuit atrae.
Tum vero Aeneas, ſubitis exterritus umbris,
Conripit e ſomno corpus, ſocioſque fatigat:
Praecipites vigilate, viri, et conſidite tranſtris:
Solvite vela citi. deus aethere miſſus ab alto,
Feſtinare fugam, tortoſque incidere funis,
Ecce iterum ſtimulat. ſequimur te, ſancte deorum,
Quiſquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.
Adſis ô, placiduſque juves, et ſidera caelo
Dextra feras. dixit: vaginaque eripit enſem
Fulmineum, ſtrictoque ferit retinacula ferro.
Idem omnis ſimul ardor habet; rapiuntque ruuntque:
Litora deſeruere: latet ſub claſſibus aequor.
Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et caerula verrunt.
Et jam prima novo ſpargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile:
Regina e ſpeculis, ut primum albeſcere lucem
Vidit, et aequatis claſſem procedere velis,
Litoraque, et vacuos ſenſit ſine remige portus;
Terque quaterque manu pectus percuſſa decorum,
Flaventiſque abſciſſa comas, Pro Juppiter ibit

825. *Seize, ſeize.*] In the firſt book of Virgil, ſays the judicious Boſſu, Æneas appears to be perfectly pious, and more ready to execute the will of the gods, than any other thing whatever. In the fourth book a very difficult choice is propoſed to him; on one ſide, gratitude, love, natural tenderneſs, and ſeveral weighty conſiderations, engage him not to part from Dido; on the other ſide, an expreſs order of the gods commands him to Italy. Before any one ſees what ſide he will adhere to, and on what he will reſolve, that which he has already ſaid and done, ought to have demonſtrated what his will, and what his inclinations are, and to what he will determine his conduct. His former ſpeeches which diſcover to one his future reſolutions are the poetical manners; theſe make one foreſee that he would leave Dido and obey the gods; he does ſo; the manners then are poetically good, and duly and juſtly delineated. Chap. iv. B. 4.

839. *Now o'er the glittering lawns, &c.*] Let us admire this fine ſtroke of nature. The queen who had ſpent the night in diſquietude,

This ſaid, at once he took his rapid flight,
Diſſolv'd in air, and mingled with the night.
The hero ſtarts from ſleep in wild ſurprize,
Struck with the glorious viſion from the ſkies,
And rouſes all the train: Awake, unbind,
And ſtretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind;
Seize, ſeize your oars; the god deſcends again,
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.
Whoe'er thou art, thou bleſt celeſtial guide,
Thy courſe we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy ſacred orders we obey;
And may thy friendly ſtars direct the way!
Sudden, he drew his ſword as thus he ſaid,
And cut the haulſers with the flaming blade;
With the ſame ardor fir'd, the ſhouting train
Fly, ſeize their oars, and ruſh into the main.
At once the floods with ſhips were cover'd o'er,
And not one Trojan left upon the ſhore;
All ſtretching to the ſtroke, with vigour ſweep
The whitening ſurge, and plow the ſmoking deep.
Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora ſpread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the watry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And ſaw th' abandon'd port, and empty ſhore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs of deſpair
Beat her white breaſt, and tore her golden hair.

diſquietude, poſſeſſed with a thouſand alarming fears that her lover would leave her, riſes at the very firſt glimpſe of day-light, (ut *primum albeſcere* lucem vidit) and aſcends a high watch-tower to view whether her fears were well-grounded or not, and the firſt thing that ſtruck her eye was the navy in full ſail.

845. *Thrice her fierce hands in madneſs.*] This action of the unhappy queen is exceedingly moving and pathetic; and is a moſt proper introduction to the paſſionate ſpeech that follows. Boſſu has ſome judicious obſervations on this paſſage. That which

Hic, ait: et noſtris inluſerit advena regnis?
Non arma expedient, totaque ex urbe ſequentur,
Diripientque rates alii navalibus? ite,
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quae mentem inſania mutat?
Infelix Dido! nunc te fata inpia tangunt.
Tum decuit, cum ſceptra dabas. en dextra fideſque!
Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare Penatis:
Quem ſubiiſſe humeris confectum aetate parentem!
Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, et undis
Spargere? non ſocios, non ipſum abſumere ferro
Aſcanium, patriiſque epulandum adponere menſis?
Verum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuiſſet.
Quem metui moritura? faces in caſtra tuliſſem,
Inplêſſemque foros flammis, gnatumque patremque
Cum genere exſtinxêm, memet ſuper ipſa dediſſem.
Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras,

which is ſo rare among the orators is common among the poets: they abound in inſtances of this kind, where one may ſee the paſſion prepared, and kept up by the action. Dido begins her ſpeech, "O Jupiter! what, ſhall this ſtranger go off? &c. This is no ſurprize to the hearers; they were ſo well prepared for it, that they would have wondered if the beginning of this ſpeech had been leſs paſſionate. The practice of Seneca is quite contrary. If he has any recital to make, which ought to imprint ſome great paſſion or other; he takes away both from his perſonages and his audience all the inclinations they might have towards it. If they are poſſeſſed with the ſorrow, fear, and expectation of ſome dreadful thing: he will begin by a fine and elegant deſcription of ſome place or other, which only ſerves to ſhew the copiouſneſs and the over-luxuriant wit of a poet without judgment. In the Troades, Hecuba and Andromache wanted to hear of the barbarous death of Aſtyanax, whom the Greeks had thrown from the top of an high tower. It mightily concerned them indeed to know, that among the crowd that flocked from all quarters to that ſad ſpectacle, ſome there were who ſtood on the ruins of the old decayed buildings, others whoſe legs trembled under them, becauſe they were mounted ſo high.

Thoſe who have the patience to ſpeak or hear ſuch idle ſtuff, are ſo little inclined to weep, that they ſtand in need of notice, as the mercenary mourners of old had, when it is time to begin uttering their lamentations.

Then ſhall the traitor fly, ye gods! (ſhe ſaid)
And leave my kingdom, and inſulted bed?
And ſhall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run there, and launch my navies on the ſea.
Fly, fly with all your ſails, ye ſons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I ſaid?—ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave—what madneſs turns my brain?
Now can you, Dido, at ſo late a time,
Reflect with horror on your former crime?
Well had this rage been ſhown, when firſt you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore,
His gods and relics from the Phrygian ſhore!
And ſafe convey'd his venerable ſire
On his own ſhoulders through the Trojan fire!
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Baſe wretch! to every monſter of the ſea?
Stab all his friends, his darling ſon deſtroy,
And to his table ſerve the murder'd boy?
For, bent on death, and valiant from deſpair,
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
No—but my flames had redden'd all the ſeas;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
Deſtroy'd the race, the father and the ſon,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
Thou, glorious ſun! whoſe piercing eyes ſurvey
Theſe worlds terreſtrial in thy fiery way,

864. *Monſter of the ſea.*] This is finely added, the original ſays only, *undis ſpargere.*

865. *Son deſtroy.*] As Atreus did the ſons of Thyeſtes his brother, a famous ſubject among the ancient tragedians. M. Crebillon hath written a noble tragedy on this ſubject, and hath found a method of ſoftening the extreme horror of the ſtory, yet in ſuch a manner as ſtill to excite terror and pity, to a great degree.

873. *Thou, glorious ſun!*] After all the foregoing rage and madneſs, and variety of paſſion, expreſſed in the moſt rapid ſtyle,

Tuque harum interpres curarum, et conſcia Juno,
Nocturniſque Hecate triviis ululata per urbis,
Et Dirae ultrices, et dî morientis Eliſſae,
Accipite haec, meritumque malis advertite numen,
Et noſtras audite preces. ſi tangere portus
Infandum caput ac terris adnare neceſſe eſt,
Et ſic fata Jovis poſcunt; hic terminus haeret:
At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, conplexu avolſus Iuli,
Auxilium inploret, videatque indigna ſuorum
Funera: nec, cum ſe ſub leges pacis iniquae
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur:
Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena.
Haec precor: hanc vocem extremam cum ſanguine fundo.
Tum vos, ô Tyrii, ſtirpem et genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite noſtro
Munera. nullus amor populis, nec foedera ſunto.
Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanios ferroque ſequare colonos,
Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt ſe tempore vires:

ſtyle, with ſhort quick ſentences, queſtions, exclamations, &c. in the very next words, between which and the following ſhe muſt be imagined to have pauſed, and panted, and taken breath; ſhe cools and ſettles, falls into the long and ſlow ſtyle, and prays for plagues upon the head of her falſe lover, with ſuch religious formality, and ſolemnity of horror, as is enough to chill one's blood, while one reads it.

Sol, qui terrarum flammis, &c. 607.

And ſo goes on curſing and imprecating to the end of the ſpeech. TRAPP.

I muſt add that the fineſt part of theſe curſes begins with that majeſtic line

Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor. 625.

It is an uſual practice in the ancient tragedians, to make their heroes call upon the ſun juſt before they died. There is a very ſublime inſtance of this in the Ajax of Sophocles: the ſpeech that hero makes to the ſun juſt before he falls upon his ſword is worth the peruſal of the reader of taſte; eſpecially where he bids the ſun ſtop in his career, when he comes over his country, and related his calamities to his aged father and mother.

And thou, O Juno! bend thy aweful head,
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,
Whoſe rites nocturnal through the ſtreets reſound,
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
If to the deſtin'd port the wretch muſt come,
If ſuch be Jove's unalterable doom:
Still let him wander, toſs'd from place to place,
Far from his country, and his ſon's embrace,
By barbarous nations harraſs'd with alarms;
And take the field with unſucceſsful arms;
For foreign aid to diſtant regions fly,
See all his friends a common carnage lie;
And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,
A peace more ſhameful than his paſt defeat;
Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
But fall, by murderous hands untimely ſlain,
And lie unburied on the naked plain!
This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
With her laſt blood, and her laſt gaſping breath!
Oh! —in the ſilent grave when Dido lies,
Riſe in thy rage, thou, great avenger, riſe!
Againſt curs'd Troy, go mighty ſon of Tyre,
Go, in the pomp of famine, ſword, and fire!
And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
In future times, purſue the Dardan ſtate.
No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
Pay this laſt duty to your princeſs' ſhade;
Fight, when your pow'r ſupplies ſo juſt a rage;
Fight now, fight ſtill, in every diſtant age;

Συ δ' ω τον αιπυν ηρανον διφρηλατων,
Ηλιε, πατρωαν την εμην ὁταν χθονα
Ιδης, επισχων χρυσωνατον ηνιαν,
Αγγειλον ατας τας εμας μορον τ' εμον
Γεροντι πατρι, τη τε δυσηνῳ τροφῳ. Sophoc. Ajax, ver. 856.

897. *Thou, great avenger.*] This plainly points out Annibal.

Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Inprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipſique nepoteſque.
Haec ait, et partis animum verſabat in omnis;
Inviſam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem.
Tum breviter Barcen nutricem adfata Sichaei;
Namque ſuam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:
Annam, cara, mihi, nutrix, huc ſiſte ſororem:
Dic corpus properet fluviali ſpargere lympha,
Et pecudes ſecum et monſtrata piacula ducat:
Sic veniat. tuque ipſa pia tege tempora vitta.
Sacra Jovi Stygio, quae rite incepta paravi,
Perficere eſt animus, finemque inponere curis;
Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammae.
Sic ait. illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anilem.
At trepida, et coeptis inmanibus effera Dido,
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculiſque trementis
Interfuſa genas, et pallida morte futura,
Interiora domus inrumpit limina, et alto

923. *Now to the fatal court.*] To paint, is not only to deſcribe things; but to repreſent the circumſtances of them, in ſuch a lively ſenſible manner, that the hearer ſhall fancy he almoſt ſees them with his eyes. For inſtance: if a dry hiſtorian were to give an account of Dido's death, he would only ſay; ſhe was overwhelmed with ſorrow after the departure of Æneas; and that ſhe grew weary of her life: ſo ſhe went up to the top of her palace; and lying down on her funeral pile, ſhe ſtabbed herſelf. Now theſe words would inform you of the fact; but you do not ſee it. When you read the ſtory in Virgil, he ſets it before your eyes. When he repreſents all the circumſtances of Dido's deſpair; deſcribes her wild rage; and death already ſtaring in her aſpect: when he makes her ſpeak at the ſight of the picture and ſword that Æneas left, your imagination tranſports you to Carthage; where you ſee the Trojan fleet leaving the ſhore, and the queen quite inconſolable. You enter into all her paſſions, and into the ſentiments of the ſuppoſed ſpectators. It is not Virgil you then hear: you are too attentive to the laſt words of unhappy Dido, to think of him. The poet diſappears: and we ſee only what he deſcribes; and hear thoſe only whom he makes to ſpeak. Such is the force of a natural imitation, and

of

By land, by ſea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from ſon to ſon, eternal war!
This ſaid, ſhe bends her various thoughts to cloſe
Her hated life, and finiſh all her woes.
Then to her huſband's nurſe ſhe gave command,
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
Go, Barce, go, and bid my ſiſter bring
The ſable victims for the Stygian king,
But firſt be ſprinkled from the limpid ſpring.
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.
Fain would I kindle now the ſacred pyre,
And ſee the Trojan image ſink in fire,
Thus I compleat the rites to Stygian Jove,
And then farewell—a long farewell to love!
She ſaid; the matron, ſtudious to obey,
With duteous ſpeed runs trembling all the way.
Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;
Though pale and ſhivering at her purpos'd doom,
And every dreadful thought of death to come:
Yet many a crimſon fluſh, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.

of painting in language. Hence it comes that the painters and the poets are ſo nearly related: the one paints for the eyes, and the other for the ears: but both of them ought to convey the livelieſt pictures to the imagination. I have taken an example from a poet to give you a fuller image of what I mean by painting in eloquence: for poets paint in a ſtronger manner than orators. Indeed the main thing in which poetry differs from eloquence is, that the poet paints with enthuſiaſm, and gives bolder touches than the orator. But proſe allows of painting in a moderate degree: for, without lively deſcriptions 'tis impoſſible to warm the hearer's fancy, or to ſtir his paſſions. A plain narrative does not move people: we muſt not only inform them of facts; but ſtrike their ſenſes, by a lively moving repreſentation of the manner and circumſtances of the facts we relate.

Archbiſhop of Cambray on Eloquence, Dial. i. p. 74.

Conſcendit furibunda rogos, enſemque recludit
Dardanium, non hos quaeſitum munus in uſus.
Hic, poſtquam Iliacas veſtis notumque cubile
Conſpexit, paullum lacrimis et mente morata,
Incubuitque toro, dixitque noviſſima verba:
Dulces exuviae, dum fata deuſque ſinebant,
Accipite hanc animam, meque his exſolvite curis.
Vixi, et, quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi:
Et nunc magna mei ſub terras ibit imago.
Urbem praeclaram ſtatui: mea moenia vidi:
Ulta virum, poenas inimico a fratre recepi:
Felix, heu nimium felix, ſi litora tantum
Numquam Dardaniae tetigiſſent noſtra carinae!
Dixit, et, os inpreſſa toro, Moriemur inultae?
Sed moriamur, ait. ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, et noſtrae ſecum ferat omina mortis.
Dixerat. atque illam media inter talia ferro
Conlabſam aſpiciunt comites, enſemque cruore
Spumantem, ſparſaſque manus. it clamor ad alta

930 *Preſent.*] The ſword, ſay the beſt critics, was given by Dido to Æneas, not vice verſa, and Æneas had left it in his chamber.

933. *Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment.*] No circumſtance can be imagined more pathetic and moving, than her ſtopping, and burſting into tears at the ſight of the bed and the Trojan robes, and then throwing herſelf in an agony upon the well-known couch. There is ſomething of cool and ſedate deſpair in this laſt of her ſpeeches that is wonderfully affecting.

947. *Then preſſing with her lips.*] Fond y taking leave of it, as Alceſtes does of her bed in Euripides; or rather Deianira in the Trachiniæ of Sophocles. But Catrou, who indeed follows Ruæus, gives, I think, a ſtrange interpretation, and ſays it means biting the bed with rage and revenge. Ruæus ſays "*Os lecto imprimens rabie quadam furoris, inultam ſe mori dolet.*" Surely the other interpretation is more moving, and is beſides agreeable to the cuſtom of the ancients.

949. *And thus, and thus, I go.*—] This repetition of the word

Furious ſhe mounts the pyre, and draws the ſword,
The fatal preſent of the Dardan lord;
For no ſuch end beſtow'd;—the conſcious bed,
And robes ſhe view'd; and tears in ſilence ſhed;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd a moment,—then ſhe caſt
Her body on the couch, and ſpoke her laſt:
Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd!
While fate conſented, and the gods approv'd,
Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,
Take my laſt breath, and catch my parting ſoul.
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go
A ghoſt majeſtic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to ſee a glorious town
Rais'd by theſe hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's ſword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.
Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.
Then preſſing with her lips the Trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (ſhe ſaid,)
Yet die I will,—and thus, and thus, I go—
Thus—fly with pleaſure to the ſhades below.
This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the ſea,
This death, an omen of his own, ſurvey.
Meantime, the ſad attendants, as ſhe ſpoke,
Beheld her ſtrike, and ſink beneath the ſtroke.
At once her ſnowy hands were purpled o'er,
And the bright faulchion ſmok'd with ſtreaming gore.

word *ſic* is beautiful: it ſtrongly imprints on the mind the action of Dido at that moment: one ſees her ſtrike the poniard into her boſom twice, when ſhe ſays, and thus, and thus I go.

The commentators, intent on grammatical conſtructions, more than poetical beauties, have ſtrangely puzzled this plain and obvious paſſage. Even Cowley ſeems not to have underſtood it; he is for omitting this hemiſtich, and having the verſe end—ſed *moriamur*, ait.

954. *Beheld her ſtrike.*] Here is a touch of art in the poet;

Atria; concuſſam bacchatur fama per urbem.
Lamentis, gemituque, et femineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt: reſonat magnis plangoribus aether.
Non aliter, quam ſi inmiſſis ruat hoſtibus omnis
Carthago, aut antiqua Tyros; flammaeque furentes
Culmina perque hominum volvantur perque deorum.
Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita curſu,
Unguibus ora ſoror foedans, et pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat:
Hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petebas?
Hoc rogus iſte mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?
Quid primum deſerta querar? comitemne ſororem
Spreviſti moriens: eadem me ad fata vocaſſes:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tuliſſet.
His etiam ſtruxi manibus, patrioſque vocavi
Voce deos, ſic te ut poſita crudelis abeſſem?
Exſtinxſti te meque, ſoror, populumque, patreſque
Sidonios, urbemque tuam. date volnera lymphis
Abluam, et, extremus ſi qui ſuper halitus errat,
Ore legam. ſic fata gradus evaſerat altos,
Semianimemque ſinu germanam amplexa fovebat
Cum gemitu, atque atros ſiccabat veſte cruores.

he does not expreſsly ſay that Dido ſtabbed herſelf, but with a beautiful brevity only tells us,

——*ferro*
Collapſam aſpiciunt comites——

paſſing on inſtantly to the effect.

961. *Fair Carthage.*] Here he ſeems again plainly to allude to the ſacking and burning Carthage by the Romans under Scipio, after the three bloody Punic wars.

987. *Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew.*] The original ſays, *ſic fata, gradus evaſerat altos*, ſhe was got to the top of the ſteps while ſhe was ſpeaking theſe words, and ſhe ſpoke them as ſhe was going up. Otherwiſe, it would be highly unnatural, for her to ſtop and not run immediately to her ſiſter's aſſiſtance 'till ſhe had finiſhed a ſpeech of eight or ten verſes.

Her ſudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from ſtreet to ſtreet reſound;
To female ſhrieks the regal dome replies,
And the ſhrill echoes ring amidſt the ſkies;
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had ſunk in floods of fire;
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.
Her breathleſs ſiſter runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breaſt, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza cries,
Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your eaſy ſiſter to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?—
Where ſhall my plaints begin?—ah! wretch undone
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And ſhare thy ſweet ſociety in death?
Me, me you ſhould have call'd, your fate to ſhare
From the ſame weapon, and the ſame deſpair.
And did theſe hands the lofty pile compoſe?
Did I invoke our gods with ſolemn vows?—
Only—ah cruel! to be ſent away
From the ſad ſcene of death I now ſurvey?
You by this fatal ſtroke, and I, and all,
Your ſenate, people, and your Carthage fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.
Then up the ſteep aſcent ſhe flew, and preſt
Her dying ſiſter to her heaving breaſt;
With cries ſucceeding cries her robes unbound,
To ſtaunch the blood that iſſu'd from the wound.

Illa gravis oculos conata adtollere, rurſus
Deficit. infixum ſtridit ſub pectore volnus.
Ter ſeſe adtollens cubitoque adnixa levavit:
Ter revoluta toro eſt, oculiſque errantibus alto
Quaeſivit caelo lucem, ingemuitque repertam.
Tum Juno omnipotens, longum miſerata dolorem,
Difficiliſque obitus, Irin demiſit Olympo,
Quae luctantem animam nexoſque reſolveret artus.
Nam, quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed miſera ante diem, ſubitoque accenſa furore,
Nondum illi flavom Proſerpina vertice crinem
Abſtulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.
Ergo Iris croceis per caelum roſcida pennis,
Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores,
Devolat, et ſupra caput adſtitit: Hunc ego Ditî
Sacrum juſſa fero, teque iſto corpore ſolvo.
Sic ait, et dextra crinem ſecat. omnis et una
Dilabſus calor, atque in ventos vita receſſit.

992. *She ſtrives to raiſe.*] How moving theſe circumſtances are, of her ſtriving to open her eyes and fainting away again, and endeavouring to raiſe herſelf on her elbow and falling back again, no reader of taſte need be told! Her not being able to ſpeak and anſwer her ſiſter is very moving. The poet's intending to enlarge a little here was perhaps the reaſon why he ſo artfully paſſed over the manner of her ſtabbing herſelf, which we before took notice of. Obſerve the artful pauſe at the word *deficit*; which repreſents her ſinking and falling away. And the word *ſtridit* is very affecting. Let us alſo remark the force and picturesque propriety of the epithets uſed in this paſſage. *Semianimem—atros—graves—infixum—errantibus.*——

Her boſom groaning with convulſive pain,
She ſtrives to raiſe her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment ſinks, and ſwoons again.
Prop'd on her elbow, thrice ſhe rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
Sought with her ſwimming eyes the golden light,
And ſaw the ſun, but ſicken'd at the ſight.
Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguiſh from the ſky;
And bade fair Iris, from the ſtarry pole,
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing ſoul:
For as ſhe dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor periſh'd for a crime,
Nor yet had Proſerpine, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair;
The ſolemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the ſpirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing ſun the goddeſs drew
A thouſand mingling colours, as ſhe flew:
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
And lo! this conſecrated lock I bear
To Stygian Jove: and now, as Heav'n ordains,
Releaſe thy ſoul from theſe corporeal chains.
The goddeſs ſtretch'd her hand, as thus ſhe ſaid,
And clipt the ſacred honours of her head;
The vital ſpirit flies, no more confin'd,
Diſſolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

EXCVRSVS I.

CUM, si historicam fidem sequaris, Didonis aetas plus quam CCC annis a Troiae excidio Aeneaeque erroribus abfuisse vulgo narretur, (quod iam a Seruio obseruatum videas ad v. 459.) modo in accusando modo in excusando poeta, qui Didonis amoribus Aeneam implicuit, multi docti viri passim operam suam posuerunt. Sed hanc disputationem antequam attingamus, alia, eaque nostro quidem iudicio grauior, quaestio est expedienda, quam intactam fere relinqui videas, quid tandem poetam ad hanc cogitationem ac consilium adduxisse videri possit, vt Didonis amores in carmen suum inferret? casune an ratione an exemplo hoc potissimum episodio vsus sit, cum alia forte cum temporum ratione magis consentanea ad manum essent?

Iam quid poeta in tota hac ratione sequutus sit, dum Aeneam ad Africae litus tempestate atrocissima actum admouit, et supra est expositum, et iis, qui Odysseam animo tenent, obscurum esse nequit. Cum enim Vlyssis errores cum ex aliis periculis ac casibus tum ex naufragio maxime et eiectione Vlyssis in ignotam terram, multum habere suauitatis variarique narrationem videret, cum is alia loca tantum stricte attigisse, aliis aliquamdiu immoratus esse diceretur; nisi ieiunam et parum suauem suam vellet esse narrationem de Aeneae nauigatione, hoc idem sibi vidit esse sequendum, vt Aeneam ventis ac procellis a cursu deiectum in remotam terram, de qua noua ac mira quaedam narrari possent, expelleret.

Cum autem in mari mediterraneo, a Troade verſus Italiam, nauigatio fieret, ſi omnes animo litorales plagas percenſeas, nulla facile opportunior terra cogitari poteſt, quam qua vſus eſt poeta, Carthaginienſis. Nam primum quod auſtrale potiſſimum litus adire tempeſtas coegit Aeneam, factum partim poetarum exemplo partim ventorum natura. Nam in maris huius plagis auſtrinis, infra Cycladas ſaltem ac Cretam, grauiſſimae ab aquilone vento excitantur tempeſtates, durantque certo anni tempore flatus eius continui per plures dies, ob hoc ipſum dicti eteſiae. Videntur hi iidem fuiſſe, qui Menelaum XX dies ad Pharum retinebant Odyſſ. δ, 360. His ventis quis miretur eos, qui a Troade Graeciam vel Italiam peterent, verſus Africae litora propelli! Itaque Graecos a Troia reduces, cum Maleas circumuecti tempeſtate a curſu deiecti eſſent, omnes fere ad has partes actos eſſe videas. Menelaus quidem Aegyptum adiit, l. c. et Odyſſ. γ, 300. Paris et hanc et Phoniceen, Vlyſſes Lotophagorum inſulam in Libyae litore, Meningem, v. Odyſſ. ι, 80 ſqq. Apud Apollonium etiam Argo ex Ionio mari verſus Africae litora proripitur. Si itaque Virgilius ventorum naturas, poetarum exemplum ceteraſque rationes ſequi volebat, ad Africae litus claſſis Troiana erat deferenda. Cum vero reliquae paſſim partes, Aegyptus ac Libya, eſſent ab Homero et Apollonio occupatae, feliciter poeta in Carthaginienſem oram incidit. Quae enim opportunior terra commemorari poterat, quam Carthago, cum Romanis ſuis Aeneidem ſcriberet, quibus iucundiſſimum auditu eſſe debuit, ſi belli grauiſſimi, quo primum populus Rom. aditum ac viam ad terrarum imperium ſibi parauerat, femina ac cauſſas in ipſis olim Aeneae fatis ac caſibus iacta eſſe videret.

Vt autem Didonis potiſſimum amore vteretur, cum Calypſus vel Circes aut Medeae amores exempli auctoritate adducere poetam poterant, tum feminae huius claritas

claritas ac fama, tum ipſa rei ratio ac neceſſitas. Quod ſi enim ſemel appulſum Troianorum ad Carthaginienſe litus praeferendum eſſe videbat, in tam antiqua de Aeneae erroribus hiſtoria, quae Carthaginis incunabula anteuertebat, quid de hac vrbe aliud memorari poterat, quam ipſa eius primordia? Quam opportunum autem ad poeticam tractationem vel in epico carmine argumentum eſſet amor, Apollonii exemplo intelligere poterat, qui hunc quidem locum in Medeae et Iaſonis amoribus egregie tractaſſe videri debet. Sed Virgilius et illum et ipſum Homerum longe poſt ſe reliquiſſe dicendus; quod quidem, ſi recte iudico, duobus potiſſimum modis aſſequutus eſt, partim quod Tragicorum grauitatem ac vehementiam ſequi, partim quod ab heroici moris ſimplicitate ad elaboratiorem ac cultiorem vitam deflectere maluit, qua decoris et honeſtatis alicuius exquiſitioris famaeque laudem propoſitam ſibi habent feminae. In toto enim Homero et ex Homerici temporis ſenſu amor parum idoneus eſt ad pathos inſerendum.

Quae a nobis commemorata ſi quis animo conſideret, nae is, puto, Segraeſii aliorumque rationes ad poëtam, tanquam qui tempora confuderit, turbaritque, defendendum allatas, vanas fere aut infirmas, non magnopere deſiderabit. Delectationis ſane potior habenda eſt poetae ratio quam hiſtoricae veritatis; et ſi doctrinae laus poëtam decet, non tamen illa ex temporum ſubtili ratione eſt exſpectanda, nec in poëta vllum peccatum habet reprehenſionem, niſi quod aduerſus praeſcripta artis ſuae eſt commiſſum.

Si tamen in ipſas Carthaginis origines variaſque ſuper iis veterum narrationes accuratius inquirere voluiſſent viri docti, totum hoc poetae peccatum et accuſatione et defenſione vacare omninoque eſſe nullum facile intellexiſſent. Tam diuerſe enim de condita Carthagine tra-

ditur

ditur et in tam diuerſa tempora eius incunabula reiiciuntur, vt vel hiſtorico minus ſubtili liberum fuiſſet eligere, quod maxime ſequi vellet. Quamquam ea narrationis varietas facile ad certam rationem reuocari poteſt, ſi memineris condi vrbes dici non vno ſenſu, nec modo primis iactis fundamentis, ſed et moenibus ductis, colonia noua adſcripta, aucta denique et amplificata quocunque modo ciuitate. Certis quoque temporum interuallis a Phoenicibus Africam occupatam, a Salluſtio quoque proditum, bello Iug. 22. Saepius itaque haud dubie condita eſt Carthago, et poſſunt varie traditae eius origines commode ad certas epochas reuocari. Iam primum L. ante Troiam captam annis Carthago condita eſſe dicitur a *Tzoro* et *Carchedone*, apud Appian, Punic. pr. quod idem ex Philiſto repetit Hieronymus in Euſebio latine facto ad Num. 805. in ed. Scalig. p. 91. et ad Num. 798. in ed. Pontani et Vallarſ. h. e. ante Chr. 1198. (ad Euſeb. computum 1217.) et ante Troiae excidium, ex eadem Euſeb. computatione, a. 37. Graeca Euſebii ſeruata ſunt a Syncello p. 172. ed. Par. vnde Scaliger tranſtulit in Graeca Euſebii p. 33. l. 31. Adde Chronicon lib. I. p. 18. et p. 126. Tzori quidem et Carchedonis nomina imperite, ex antiquo tamen more, ad virorum perſonas deſignandas eſſe tradu&ta, ab aliis Didonis nomen temere in hoc tempus referri, facile apparet; manet tamen illud, paullo ante belli Troiani tempora L. vel adeo XXXVII annos, Carthaginis prima exordia in veteri hiſtoria collocari ſolita fuiſſe. Altera Carthaginis conditae epocha eſt CLXXIII. a. poſt priorem illam, paullo ante Coloniam Ionicam, ſecundum Chron. Euſeb. Hieronymi ad Num. 971. aut, (vt verius apud Syncellum legitur, qui Graeca Euſebii ſeruauit p. 181 A) CXXXIII. annis poſt Troiam captam, h. e. a. C. 1025. (ſec. Euſeb. 1044.) Hac quoque epocha

Didonis opera celebratur, quae amplificanda ac muniendа vrbe Cartha, et Byrſa arce condenda maxime fuit conſpecta. Ἐπωνύθη Καρχηδὼν ait Syncellus: accepit etiam illo tempore ſuum nomen, cum antea Origo eſſet dicta; ſi modo vera tradit Syncellus. (XXXI annis ſerius ab aliis hanc epocham definitam fuiſſe, ex Euſebio Hieronymi diſcas ad Num. 1002. (ſec. Scalig. 1000.) quod in ipſa Salomonis tempora incidit.) Tandem CXC annos vbi deſcenderis, tertio loco Carthaginis conditae memoriam fieri videas a Ioſepho in Apion. lib. I, 18. p. 1042. et ex eo ap. Syncell. p. 182. poſt Salomonis templum conditum anno CXXXXIII menſe octauo; qui eſt a. C. N. 861. a Troia capta CCCXXIII. Et ad has fere epochas alludunt ceteri numeri, qui paſſim apud alios leguntur, vel ex annis, quibus Carthago ſtetiſſe dicitur, eliciuntur, quos ſigillatim h. l. repetere vel excutere, a conſilio alienum eſt. Vid. VV. DD. inprimis Scalig. ad Euſeb. et in App. de Emend. Tempp. p. 31. Ioſeph. l. c. Vellei. I, 6, 4. Iuſtin. XVIII, 4. Salmaſ. ad Solin. c. 27. p. 228. et ſi ad manum eſt, vel Guthrium conſulas To. III. p. 253. vel Simſon. A. M. 3132. cum Weſſeling Nott. Eſt ſane tertia haec epocha, paullo maturius forte et illa conſtituenda, vera Didonis aetas, ſiquidem illa Pygmalionis fuit ſoror. Fuiſſe tamen communem veterum errorem, vt ad Didonem prima Carthaginis exordia referrent, non modo ex iis, qui vetuſtiores exſcripſere, Cedreno p. 140. et Io. Malala p. 68, verum etiam ex Appiano Punic. pr. conſtat. In tanto itaque ſcriptorum optimorum diſſenſu tantaque rei obſcuritate, quis hoc a poeta poſtulet vel exſpectet, vt temporum rationes ſubtilius, quam ipſi hiſtorici nonnulli fecerunt, ſubducere ſuſtineat? Vltimo loco et illud monendum, iam ante Virgilium amores Didonis et Aeneae videri celebratos fuiſſe ab hiſtoricis Rom.

Nam

Nam ad lib. IV, 682. Seruius: Varro ait non Didonem, ſed Annam, amore Aeneae impulſam ſe ſuper rogum interemiſſe. Cf. eund. ad V, 4. Nullam igitur in Didone ad Aeneae aetatem reuocanda reprehenſionis materiam ſubeſſe, ex iis, quae diſputata ſunt, ſatis intelligi puto.

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